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THOMAS CRUSE
Brigadier General, U.S.A., Retired

APACHE DAYS *and After*

by

THOMAS CRUSE

BRIGADIER GENERAL, U. S. ARMY, RETIRED

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY
EUGENE CUNNINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS



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IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED WIFE
BEATRICE COTTRELL CRUSE

who was with me during the events herein
recorded; always helpful; never ready to
concede we were beaten at any time in
the drama of life.

Author's Preface

THESE REMINISCENCES were begun with the thought of covering the happenings in New Mexico and Arizona from 1879, when the Apache chieftain Victorio ran a bloody trail across those states, to the final events which led to the surrender of Gerónimo to Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood of the Sixth Cavalry in 1886.

Friends then insisted that certain other events were worth recording, as giving side lights upon the life of an Army officer. And it was insisted that my career spanned a section of American history of interest to the general public. So my original plan to leave my reminiscences in manuscript form for my descendants was abandoned for this more general publication.

If the narrative gives the reader something of interest concerning the last Indian campaigns in the United States, those whereby the war-like Apaches were subdued, I will be content.

Most of my dates were checked against the records of the War Department, and my own narrative has been supplemented by the personal accounts of participants in the events described—whites and Apaches, both. The best book known to me on the subject of Gerónimo is Britton Davis' *The Truth About Gerónimo*. I must express my indebtedness to Colonel Charles B. Gatewood, U. S. Army, Retired, who loaned me his father's description of the final surrender of Gerónimo. Also, I was greatly helped in preparing this narrative by the late Will C. Barnes, who served as telegraph sergeant at Fort Apache in the strenuous days between 1880 and 1884, and until his death in 1936 was variously forester, scientist, and author.

Tony Mazzanovich, once sergeant of the Sixth Cavalry, who died in 1934, gave me several side lights on events I had forgotten.

THOMAS CRUSE,
Brigadier General, U. S. Army, Retired.

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Introduction

WHEN Second Lieutenant Thomas Cruse left West Point, wearing a brand-new set of shoulder straps, he had behind him four strenuous years of schooling and before him the prospect of a very active Army career, no matter what branch of the service he might choose.

For in June of 1879 there was an enormous expanse of frontier territory left; the "Indian question" really was a question the West over and, very much, it was an Army question. Settlers were moving everywhere, stirring up the red men of various tribes. Where and when these sturdy individualists could cope with the Indians unassisted, they drove them back—or slaughtered them. If the Indians were too much for them, the settlers called for help from the military.

Custer had been wiped out at the Little Big Horn just four years before, and for quite different reasons white men and red remembered that massacre.

The passing years have seen the shelf of books lengthen, reporting and interpreting every phase of Western history from the 1820's onward, with particular attention devoted to the ancient case of *Indian vs. White*. The blame for "Indian troubles" has been most variously fixed, as soldier and civilian have written reminiscence, record, analysis, pure speculation. Responsibility has been laid to the account of settler and soldier, parson and politician, rumrunner and red man—just everyone present in the West of the day.

The truth seems to be that all charged were responsible, at some time and in some degree. But, underlying every difficulty between whites and Indians, at once causing and explaining all friction, was what amounted to a racial determination of the whites to take and hold every foot of land in the United States.

Not every white felt so, but the overwhelming majority of Americans, East and West, did hold this determination. There was no place

in this scheme for the living red man. Every negotiation with the Indian, every agreement made, could be no more than a temporary expedient. With such a resolution moving the whites consciously and subconsciously and with the intelligent Indians clearly perceiving the ruin of their life by advancing waves of settlement, atrocity and counteratrocity were inevitable.

But, happily, in these plain, straightforward reminiscences of a gallant soldier in the Apache campaigns, the pro and con of the Indian question as such hardly figure. The whites were already permanent residents of parts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas in the seventies and eighties. Provision of a sort had been made for the Southwestern Indians at various agencies and at least tacitly accepted by them. The Army faced a fact, not a theory.

So, when restless Indians slipped their leash and took to the war-path, the soldiers were sent after them. They went as they were ordered and found the malcontents. Then they bluffed them, or persuaded them, or fought them, in order to make life safer for civilians. It was no part of their task to question orders or discuss politics—however often they had good reason to curse politicians!

So, when the young Kentuckian, Second Lieutenant Thomas Cruse, chose the Cavalry as his arm of the service, Washington's policy toward the Indian was not his affair. Traditionally, young officers looked for the most exciting duty and the greatest opportunity for advancement. Service on the frontier naturally appealed to red-blooded men of twenty-one. There the Sioux, the Comanche, the Cheyenne, the Kiowa, and the Apache were forever raiding; there among the whites were the gunfighters standing for and against the law; there cowboys, rustlers, scouts, miners, and other figures of the Western saga lived and died splendidly.

New Mexico and Arizona offered the larger chance of fighting. Of all the American Indians, the Apache was perhaps the greatest all-round warrior. Many soldiers of wide experience in Indian warfare consider him to stand alone for both savagery and fighting efficiency. The man who campaigned against him in the rugged mountains and waterless plains of the Southwest would live hard and dangerously—while he lived.

Proof of Apache ability on the warpath is furnished by the records of Victorio and Chihuahua and Gerónimo, who went out time after

time with mere handfuls of fighting men, dodged the soldiers, struck ferociously at civilians and military, slipped away from counterblows like so many malignant ghosts, then struck and struck again. Nor were the soldiers they fought mediocre men. Many of the officers active in the field were able veterans of the Civil War; even among the non-com's were men who had held commissions a few years earlier.

It was this land, this life, that Second Lieutenant Cruse entered upon graduation from West Point. He had part in the major movements until closing of the Apache troubles. Afterward, as he relates, duty not so spectacular came his way. Very much against his wishes, he performed the responsible work of equipping troops for the field during the Spanish-American War, the pacification of the Philippines, the Boxer Expedition, the World War. His modest, though dramatic, narrative shows the man himself in both war and peace, holding to the clear-cut code of the soldier, living up to that fine standard of "an officer and a gentleman."

It has been a pleasant work, the editing of these reminiscences which were originally planned only for the writer's family, but which he was persuaded to give wider publication.

My editing, it should be explained, has been largely on the technical side, a matter of arranging the narrative for best effect, revising military phraseology somewhat for better understanding by the lay reader, reconciling variants of spiky Indian names. Too, there has been much discussion with the General of various phases of the period covered, which has sometimes served to remind him of events omitted from the original narrative, or clarified the portrait of some controversial figure.

In the treatment of Apache names, I have several times departed from the spelling found in other records. There are few such names which have not been spelled in a half-dozen ways. The explanation is simple: The Apache tongue is difficult for a white man and when a name was written phonetically it had as many variants as there were listeners to write it. Many of the Apaches had also a Spanish name and even in these cases, where the names might easily be found in written Spanish, many recorders have rendered them phonetically. I have simply returned the name to its correct Spanish spelling.

There are statements in General Cruse's narrative which conflict with the statements of other writers. Most of these, I think, represent differences of opinion. But in some instances—the disputed circum-

stances of Gerónimo's final surrender, for one—demonstrable errors exist in print and General Cruse, on the ground at the time of the event, not merely familiar with but friendly to all participants, gives the correct version. Too, in the Army as in other organizations, sharp rivalry between strenuous characters will inevitably create two groups of supporters. Sometimes General Cruse has frankly and openly taken one side of a controversy and now tells his considered reason.

To me this partisanship—or loyalty—adds to the warm human quality of this writing, as inclusion of detail, the little and the big, does also. After all, this is the General's own book.

EUGENE CUNNINGHAM

San Francisco, California,

September, 1941

APACHE DAYS
and After

West Point to Arizona

GRADUATION DAY was West Point's great day in 1879, just as it is now, sixty-odd years later. I stood Number 26 in a class of sixty-seven members.

There was the usual series of drills, parades, and examinations before the Board of Visitors. Then—June 13, 1879—the Corps of Cadets assembled in front of the old library to hear speeches. The famous General William Tecumseh Sherman spoke briefly in conclusion, we were handed our diplomas, and there we stood—brand-new Second Lieutenants ready for service. A great day!

By midafternoon we were out of the post. Most of us were in New York by nightfall. One chapter in our lives had ended; another was about to begin. But what the future might hold for us, of good and evil, I am sure concerned us very little that evening. The lovely young Lillian Russell was playing Josephine in *Pinafore*. We went to the theater.

Those were the days of regimental promotion, so young officers looked for branches offering, first, the most interesting service and, next, the largest list of vacancies. My roommate, Bill Shunk, and I had chosen the Cavalry. The Engineers had only five vacancies, the Cavalry had about twenty-five. So Shunk and I "put in" for the Eighth Cavalry, then stationed at Fort Clark, near Brackettville in Kinney County, Texas. Clark was a great old frontier

post, covering the "stamping ground" of raiding Comanches, Kickapoos, and Lipans when established in 1852.

But it was my second choice that I got—the single vacancy in the Sixth Cavalry at Fort Apache, Arizona. Shunk and another classmate of higher numerical standing than myself filled the Eighth's two vacancies in Texas.

But, in spite of the fact that it had been second choice, I was really delighted to go into the Sixth. We had been hearing regularly of its hard, rough service against marauding Apaches, and, too, Arizona seemed a romantic land—the wild home of cowboy and miner, desperado and frontier peace officer. I started for Kentucky to spend the remainder of my leave, very well satisfied with my prospects.

Owensboro was very pleasant to the young Lieutenant. Here I had been born, December 29, 1857. Here as a small boy I had seen Confederate and Union soldiers drilling, and watched men of N. B. Forrest fight some of the Third Kentucky under Colonel Gabriel Netter. It was back to Daviess County that my father had come, returning from service with General Scott in the Mexican War. And I was only visiting here, before going West to do some fighting on my own account. It was a pleasant time.

There was another important reason for spending time in Owensboro: my attempt to find favor with a highly attractive young lady. It did seem to me that, as a young officer who still owed for the uniforms he wore and who was bound for the far frontier in savage Arizona, I had very little to offer a wife!

I could not even learn how to get to my post. The end of the Santa Fe Railroad, at that time under construction, was at Trinidad, Colorado. Normally, I would have

gone to that point by rail, thence by stage through Las Vegas, Santa Fé, and Albuquerque to Fort Wingate, and on by Government transportation or otherwise.

But in 1879 the notorious star route trials were being held, and causing as great a sensation in the country as did the Teapot Dome scandal a half-century later, and with almost as high officials involved. As a result of this difficulty over mail contracts, stage lines had been discontinued, and there was no regular system of communication between Trinidad and Fort Wingate. Nor was any established for more than a year—or until the Santa Fe Railroad got through Raton Pass and, ultimately, to Albuquerque.

The Southern Pacific Railroad had reached Los Angeles and was building its bridge across the Colorado River at Yuma. So, after much consideration, my superiors ordered me to go by way of Yuma. I was also notified that it would be wise to start early in September, to allow for delays considered inevitable.

My orders directed me to report to my command September 30, 1879. On September 10 I left home—with a sort of understanding existing between me and Miss Beatrice Cottrell. My road was through St. Louis to Omaha.

The Union Pacific Railway was the only overland route of the time and in that line constituted itself the law—and all the profits! At Council Bluffs I must buy a ticket from there to San Francisco. The cost was \$110, as against the \$28 of today. In addition, my trunk and bedding roll were slammed on the scales and weighed to the last fraction of an ounce. Much to my dismay, I was informed that I owed \$28 extra-baggage charge.

At the moment I had some \$20 in cash for meals en route. Also, I carried a Treasury check for \$150, intended for emergencies. This situation began to seem the emer-

gency—but how was I, a stranger, to cash it? It was eight in the morning, and the train left at ten o'clock.

At that moment a classmate named Alexander came into the baggage room, San Francisco-bound from Chicago. I hailed him most hopefully, but he was in no better financial case than I. However, he recalled that in Omaha was an Army paymaster who might cash the check. I caught a streetcar and crossed the Missouri River into Nebraska. There was nobody of rank in that paymaster's office, but a clerk I located went to a bank with me and identified me from my orders. I rushed back to the train with my money, barely catching it.

We were five days and nights making the Oakland ferry, and every moment of that time was pleasant. For everything I saw was new and different, and I was young and going toward active duty.

Alexander's family met him and bore their future general triumphantly away. As for me, I crossed the Bay and entered that startling city, San Francisco, then as now the most unique in all the world. And registered at the Palace!

The Palace Hotel of 1879 is gone. The—fire—of 1906 destroyed it. Senator Sharon and his fortune have gone, and, more important, the Palace's celebrated clerk, Smith, with his three-carat diamond stud. There was never a clerk like Smith; ten thousand travelers attested it. He looked once at me, saw me for the new and lonely Second Lieutenant I was, and took me in charge; made me feel his only guest.

I have never forgotten him and the Palace, as they appeared to me in 1879. The old hotel has disappeared, but memory persists, of its wonderful paintings, its gold dining room in the interior court.

Divisional Headquarters informed me that practically the entire Sixth Cavalry was in the field, in pursuit of renegade Apaches, the principal band led by the notorious Victorio. At the time of calling at Headquarters, there was no communication of any sort with my post, Fort Apache. The telegraph line was down, and the star route trials had resulted in withdrawal of all stage service out of Fort Grant.

"So, how do I proceed to my post?" I asked the Chief Quartermaster and Adjutant General.

They deliberated for a time, consulting schedules and reports. Then the Chief Quartermaster said:

"He'll have to go by way of Los Angeles over the Southern Pacific. Then to Yuma by construction train. From there to Tucson—that's headquarters for the Sixth—by stage."

"And from Fort Lowell to Fort Apache?" I inquired. "Is there transportation?"

"Oh, I wouldn't even make a surmise, about that!" the Chief Quartermaster told me cheerfully. "When you get to Tucson, report to Lieutenant J. B. Kerr. He's commanding there in the absence of Colonel Carr and Captain Rafferty. You and Kerr will have to work out something beyond Tucson, from that point."

My train pulled out in the afternoon for Los Angeles and for a little while I felt very much on the farthestmost edge of things. But a doubtful mood could not endure long. Presently I found myself listening to the talk among the adventurers who packed the car, men going to Arizona, bound for the marvelous mines at Globe and Tombstone, others on their way to find the gold at the rainbow's foot in other parts of the Southwest. I heard of incredibly rich veins, of huge nuggets, of fortunes made overnight. Pres-

ently I was only anxious to reach Arizona and become a part of that amazing land.

Los Angeles—reached at ten the next day—was only an adobe town, very small, very hot, very dusty. I had a day to wait for departure of the construction train, so I looked about the town and surrounding country. I remember that I was most surprised by the prices being paid for raw land crisscrossed by channels called irrigating ditches. When men informed me gravely that this land would soon produce crops of oranges and lemons and was, therefore, a bargain at two hundred dollars an acre, I believed just as much of *that* story as I pleased! The best land in Daviess County, Kentucky, was selling for about twenty-five dollars an acre. If those informants of mine had been more accurate in the role of prophets and had said that one day those acres would sell—at a bargain—for one thousand dollars the acre—— Well, I took little stock in the tale and only thought myself taken for a tenderfoot.

Some three hundred of us were aboard the construction train, next day, when it pulled out for Yuma. The cargo was highly assorted, bridge material, ties, rails, merchandise, and passengers, the human element being the least important burden. We reached Yuma after a fairly comfortable night and shortly after sunrise we were rushing for the Palace Hotel to eat. But the flies had beaten us to breakfast, and the magnificence of our hostelry's name helped not at all.

Under the blistering sun of the Yuma desert those of us bound for Tucson packed ourselves like sardines into a half-dozen ancient stages and rode all day to Maricopa. Supper was a better meal than breakfast, as traveling through the night was a decided improvement over jolting miles made in that fierce sunlight.

At Tucson, into which we bounced at eleven of the forenoon, there was another Palace Hotel. When I had dropped my baggage there, I went out to see the noise and movement and excitement of a "wide-open, all night, hurrah" town of the Southwest.

There were huge gambling houses, barrooms glittering with plate glass and mahogany, crowded with miners and cowmen and others who had money to burn and were industriously burning it. Plenty of hangers-on, male and female, were present to help in the process of celebrating. There was a great deal of drunkenness and noisy roistering, but little of shooting or violent crime.

There was one exception to this noticeable "quiet": The day before our arrival Tucson's sheriff had efficiently and promptly removed from the gallery of active criminals a stage robber known about the town as "Bill Brazelton." This Brazelton had drifted into Tucson and taken a job as hostler at the livery corral. But he had added to this regular and perhaps monotonous duty a side line—the stopping of stages near Silver Lake. At last, trailed by the peculiar shoes on his horse, he had been ambushed while in the very act of committing a robbery and killed when he resisted arrest.

Brazelton's body was put on exhibition, in the hope that someone could identify him. So far as is known, the outlaw's real name was never discovered. Neither was his cache of loot, believed to be large. In 1883, when I was stationed at Fort Lowell, near Tucson, searching parties tried unsuccessfully to trace it. Brazelton evidently never traveled far from the scene of his exploits. Many people still think his treasure is buried in the Santa Catalina Mountains near by.

As soon as possible, I communicated with the Regi-

mental Adjutant at Fort Lowell. He came to town that night and insisted upon my going out to the post with him. There we could see the Quartermaster, Captain G. C. Smith, about transportation, so passage was secured for me on a small two-horse *jerky*.

This vehicle had replaced the good stages of the famous Butterfield Line that had run from San Antonio to Los Angeles, but which—like all the other stage lines—was ceasing business with advent of the railroad and because of the drastic star route investigations. I was forced to leave my trunk and box of books at Lowell, to be sent on to Fort Thomas sometime in the future by the bull train bringing supplies to that post. I could only hope to see them in the *near* future!

The *jerky* was to leave me at Point-of-Mountain Station, some thirty-five miles from Fort Grant, and we arrived there about ten that night, half frozen. Transportation from there to Fort Thomas was in an open cart which had barely room for mailbags and the driver. But a Signal Sergeant and I had to be stowed away somewhere. That was one of the coldest, most uncomfortable rides that I have ever experienced, even in the zero weather of South Dakota.

It ended at the trader's store at Grant, just as the sun was coming up and reveille was sounding. After thawing, and eating a good breakfast, I again got on (not into) our cart and by noon was being broiled alive in the sizzling dust of the Gila Valley. At Solomonsville we had lunch, then started down the Gila River for the final lap of the course. We reached Fort Thomas about dark, and I reported to Captain May H. Stacey, Twelfth Infantry, Commanding Officer.

Stacey saw that I was a wreck and with extreme kind-

ness took me to his own quarters. He provided supper and introduced me to his wife and family.

Troop G of the Sixth Cavalry was also stationed there under Captain Foulk, but G was out on a scout after hostile Apaches, and Captain Stacey's First Lieutenant, Allen, was with it, so he was the only officer there.

As soon as he saw that I was comfortable, the C. O. excused himself and went to the log hut that served as his office. When he came back he was smiling; when I requested that he furnish me with some kind of transportation, so that I could join either my troop or my post, he said:

"Get a good night's rest. We'll settle all that in the morning."

A small brushwood shack about the size of a dog kennel was my resting place, and I went toward it, not knowing why Stacey was amused. As it turned out, the telegraph line to Prescott and Department Headquarters had finally been repaired. So Stacey reported my arrival, requesting that I be assigned to duty at that post, as he had no transportation for me and was the only officer present at the post. Also, he told Headquarters, while I was very anxious to proceed—even alone, horseback—he did not deem this advisable, as the hostiles only recently had been reported between Thomas and Apache.

On the way to my quarters, suddenly I heard a whirring noise almost at my feet. I had never heard it before, as we had no rattlesnakes in my part of Kentucky. But I didn't wait to be informed concerning the matter. I simply jumped about ten feet to one side, and the orderly who was carrying the candle lantern (no kerosene for the Army in those days) beat my record—by several feet, I thought—then ran to the guardhouse for a long-handled

shovel. He came back, found the snake, and killed it. All this occurred only about fifty feet from the Commanding Officer's quarters on the main parade!

Before I crawled into my bunk (a sack of fresh hay laid on four planks six inches wide, with the old, blue Army blankets) I heard a peculiar sound, as of some animal walking slowly about to enter the shack doorway, which yawned doorless. I stamped my feet and scared the animal away, but he left his odor behind. The orderly came running to tell me not to bother *that* animal! It was a skunk, and I would most certainly get the worst of it.

Once in bed, I was so tired that it seemed no more than minutes until reveille was sounding for another day.

A Frontier Post

MORNING LIGHT showed the forlorn drabness of a two-company frontier post. There were two long, low adobe barracks for the men, a two-room adobe shack that, with a couple of wall tents, served as quarters for the Commanding Officer and his family, two small cubicles of adobe with a tent extension, a guardhouse and Adjutant's office. All had been built by soldier labor without expense to the government; all had dirt floors and dirt roofs. There were no stables for the horses and mules; only brush shelters to keep off the blistering Southwestern sun.

The only building that even remotely resembled a habitation for civilized human beings was the post trader's. This had adobe walls nicely plastered. The trader's was a long room, perhaps thirty feet by fifteen, partitioned into a big barroom for the men and a smaller one for the officers and transient visitors. It was encircled by a broad veranda. All had been made as attractive as possible. The trader was there for money and he knew that, if the men had it, they would naturally come where it was pleasant and restful to spend it. If they did not buy liquor, they would buy something else.

All this has passed, but I, for one, could never be harsh in judgment upon those who got blazingly, gloriously drunk every payday. There was absolutely nothing else to do, no place to go except the post trader's, who was

licensed by the Secretary of War to furnish liquor to the Army. I might remark here that at no time in my life have I used intoxicating liquors, or even wine or beer, so my sympathy for the men is unselfish, at least. It might also be noted that thirteen dollars (the soldier's monthly wage) would not buy much beer at one dollar the bottle for Anheuser-Busch, the current price at Apache and Thomas.

That morning, Captain Stacey gave me a copy of a telegram, by which I was ordered to report for duty at Fort Thomas, to remain until such time as transportation could be furnished me to proceed to Fort Apache. Thus it turned out that I reported for my first duty in the Army at Fort Thomas, Arizona, September 25, 1879. I wrote a letter to my Captain (Kramer), explaining the situation, but as he never got it until I personally carried it to him a month later, I was carried on the September roll of the troop as A.W.O.L. Because of exciting events and varied movements during the next three months, the matter was not finally cleared up until the following April. Lack of communication was a deadly thing in those days.

The Post Surgeon, Dr. J. B. Moran, was a contract doctor, a cultured, well-educated man from North Carolina. Having failed physically in examination in the Medical Corps, he had later (on account of his health) secured a position therein and been ordered to Arizona. At that time he was taking his meals with a man named Heller, who had a Mexican wife. The Hellers lived at the little village of Maxey, about a thousand yards from the post and out of the reservation line. He invited me to mess with him, remarking that the accommodation was not much, but by far the best available so long as Heller didn't get drunk and "beat up" the cook, who was Mrs.

Heller. I found Dr. Moran a wonderful hunter, a charming and unique personality. He gave me many tips on Army life and customs.

Fort Thomas, in the middle of the day, was very hot even in late September. But usually it was chilly, even cold, after the sun went down. Thomas had been established to "guard" the San Carlos Agency thirty-five miles down the Gila River. Since this Agency was supposed to be the heart of the large reservation—then the home of all the Apache tribes, which were hostile to each other and all suspicious of the whites, outbreaks were frequent.

The first Army post intended to guard that end of the Gila Valley had been located at Camp Goodwin about 1868, at a little spring five miles south of the river. Goodwin had been built up with adobe quarters for the officers and men of two companies of infantry. But in 1877 a fourth of the garrison died, and the remainder were so stricken with a severe form of malarial fever that at one time only a single officer and eight men were able to do guard duty. The authorities then ordered the location abandoned and the garrison moved to the site of Thomas. As the money expended on Goodwin was a total loss, the Department would not build at Thomas until it was determined whether troops could or would be kept there. Finally, after the Sixth Cavalry had left the place, a large appropriation was made, and in 1884 the post was beautifully built up. But after Gerónimo surrendered in 1886 the site lost its importance. So it was finally abandoned in its turn and is now almost forgotten.

I did all kinds of duty and had many interesting experiences while at Thomas, but finally a batch of recruits for my regiment arrived, en route to Apache. The tele-

graph repair men succeeded in getting the line to Apache repaired after it had been down for two months. At last I was ordered to proceed with the mail and recruits in two six-mule teams to that post.

I left Thomas about October 20, and arrived at Apache four days later, meeting en route Captain McGowan and his company of the Twelfth Infantry, with Lieutenant Stephan C. Mills (later Colonel and Inspector General), who were rebuilding the road through Rocky Cañon. Mills was delightfully cordial and was the first man I had seen up to that time whom I had previously known at the Academy. He belonged to the Class of '77.

I might say here that I was the only Lieutenant to come from West Point to Arizona that year, as the Sixth Cavalry had only one vacancy in it, and the Twelfth Infantry—the only other Arizona regiment—had none.

Upon arrival at Apache I was warmly welcomed, on account of the mail and the recruits. I was charmed. The barracks and storehouses and some of the officers' quarters were built of frame with shingle roofs; there were good stables for the horses, and cool trout streams ran at the back door. The parade ground was long and grassy, and over all loomed the snow-capped White Mountains with their cañons and foothills covered with cedars and pines. I felt that, if it were hard to get to, it was certainly pleasant when you did reach it.

I was assigned a log cabin with a lean-to and a big stone fireplace with a bright fire crackling in it. On an Army bunk and under a couple of blankets, I fell asleep with the thought that the Cavalry and the country were pretty good, after all.

Apache was garrisoned at that time by two troops of the Sixth Cavalry and two companies of the Twelfth

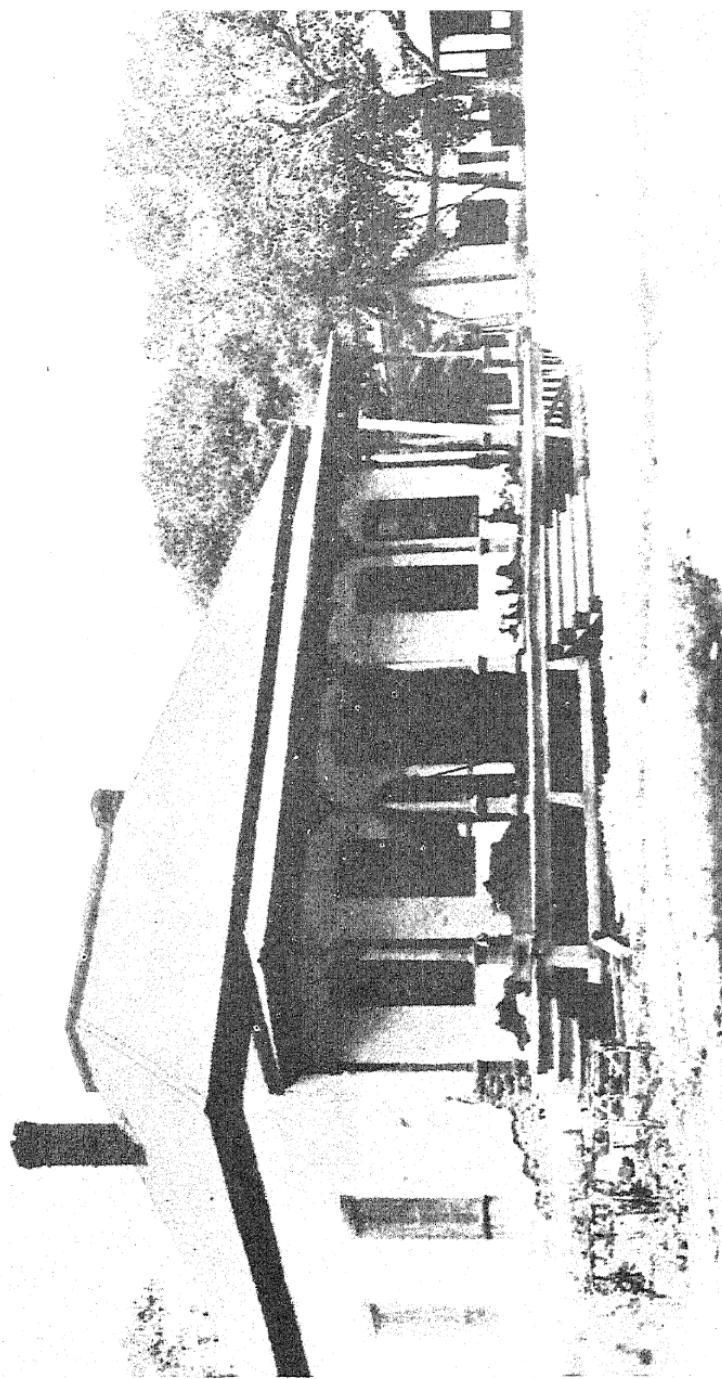


Photo courtesy Signal Corps, U. S. Army.

The old adjutant's office at Fort Apache, Arizona. It was built of adobe in 1875.

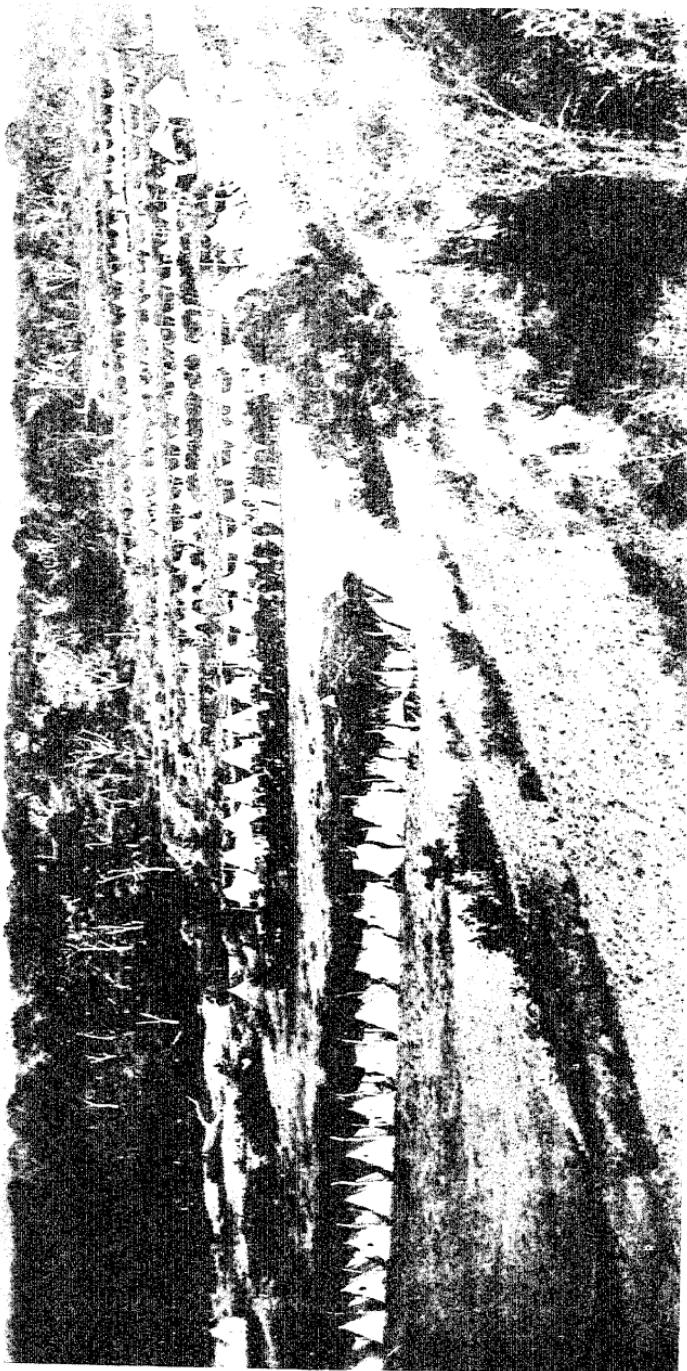


Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Gila River cavalry camp near Fort Thomas in 1885.

Infantry and commanded by Major Melville E. Cochran, Twelfth Infantry. Our roster ran:

D Troop, Sixth Cavalry, Captain Hentig, First Lieutenant C. G. Gordon, Second Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood (Class of 1877, the celebrated leader of Indian Scouts); E Troop, Sixth Cavalry, Captain Adam Kramer, First Lieutenant William Stanton, Second Lieutenant Thomas Cruse; Company E, Twelfth Infantry, Captain A. B. McGowan, First Lieutenant J. B. Halloran, Second Lieutenant S. C. Mills; Company F, Twelfth Infantry, Captain John Viven, First Lieutenant R. Kingsbury, Second Lieutenant Augustus Tassin; and Surgeon Walter Reed.

This Tassin was a queer, romantic Frenchman. He had done valiant service during the Civil War and had come out of it Colonel, in command of a regiment. He had accepted a Captaincy in the Regular Army, but, when the war between France and Germany broke out in 1870, he resigned to go over there. He fought bravely in several battles, but when the French were beaten he returned to the States. In 1872 he found himself in a Government position in Washington where he was very unhappy. So his friends secured a Second Lieutenancy for him, about 1877. Here he was, in Arizona, serving under officers every one of which he formerly ranked! Tassin was on detached service most of the time, however; when I arrived he was away as acting Agent of the Mojave Indians.

After Lieutenant Gatewood's return, Stanton's mess was increased by the addition of Dr. Dorsey McPherson. McPherson was a contract surgeon who had been with Gatewood and his company of Apache Scouts for the past six months, serving with that outfit in its campaign against the famous Apache chieftain, Victorio.

McPherson had been in several very severe engagements with the hostiles during service with Gatewood. But he rarely mentioned these fights; he was, altogether, one of the quietest, most self-effacing men I have ever met. Just at this time he was completely in love—and showed it—with that young lady whom he married three years afterward.

Marriage was no easy thing to accomplish in Arizona of "Apache Days." When McPherson did get to marry, it was a very hurried affair. He came in from one expedition and had the knot tied before he could be pitchforked out on another. There was a cast-iron order in our time, permitting no leaves of absence while in the field against hostiles. Even *applications* for leave were forbidden.

Lieutenant Stanton, who ran the mess, took "this world and its affairs" very seriously, but he was an excellent duty officer and went through all the grades until finally he got his "star" just before retirement.

Dr. Walter Reed, who afterwards became the famous yellow fever expert, was at that time the greatest wag and joker that I ever saw. If anyone at our table had pondered the possibility of our future greatness, I doubt if Reed would have been selected as a likely subject. But he did wonderful work for humanity in discovering the method of transmission of yellow fever and now has a monument in Washington that keeps alive his memory, Walter Reed Hospital.

In the seventies the most noted surgeon and gynecologist in the United States was Dr. Bumstead of New York and, in the process of taking a postgraduate course, Reed had been in Bumstead's office for a month or so. Evidently the processes there had made a deep impression upon him. Turning to the grave Stanton in mock solemnity,

when discussing what he really wanted to do, he would often say:

"I'm going to be like old Bumstead. When you enter his outer office you lay down a ten-dollar bill, just to get into the waiting room. There you tell the attendant what you think is the matter with you, and he notes it down. He takes you in to the Doctor when your turn comes. The Doctor looks you over while glancing at the symptoms, asks a few questions and gives directions. Then you are bowed out, or placed in the examining chair, examined, and then bowed out. In the first instance you find twenty-five dollars inscribed on the card. In the second instance it will be fifty dollars or over. Both cash, of course! Say, six or eight hundred dollars a day."

"Now, of course, Stanton, if you or Gatewood get in trouble and come along, that will be all right. I'll treat you free for old times' sake."

Stanton would boil at the insinuation that *he* would ever be so indiscreet as to need that sort of treatment, and the mess table would rock with the discussion.

Reed very seriously considered resigning during his time of service at Fort Schuyler, New York, between 1882 and 1885, but remained in service to achieve glory—if very little money—in Cuba, 1900-01. He died in 1902, a martyr to medical research.

(In 1896, when we were both stationed in Washington, I asked him about the glittering Bumstead role. He sighed.

"I would better have done it," he said. Then, the inevitable wag in him coming to the surface, he added: "Might have helped you fellows out of your troubles, then.")

Of all the members of the mess, Gatewood was the most noted. He had been in several engagements with

hostile Apaches and on every occasion had acquitted himself with great credit, both in the opinion of the white soldiers and, what was probably a more coveted distinction, in the eyes of the Indian Scouts.

The Scouts had the utmost confidence in Gatewood's leadership and warlike acumen. His nature and method of procedure appealed to them in such degree and manner as I have never seen the like before or since. His service was finally crowned in 1886 when he went alone, except for an Apache recently on the warpath, into the camp of Gerónimo. There, at the extreme risk of his life, he persuaded that desperate and extremely suspicious chieftain to come in and talk peace with General Miles. This act saved the lives of hundreds of people, as it gave permanent peace to that section of the country and quieted hostile Indians who had been on the warpath for centuries. To Gatewood alone is the credit due.

In saying this I do not mean to detract one iota from the glory of Lawton, Leonard Wood, A. L. Smith, and others, all very dear friends of mine, who took a hand in the affair later on. But I do mean to insist as strongly as possible that Gatewood was the only man in the country whom Gerónimo trusted sufficiently to permit to enter his camp to talk peace. Even so, Gatewood himself thought failure probable, and his life forfeit, for several anxious hours.

I dislike recording the "reward" he received from his country: Nothing! except ultimate retirement as First Lieutenant of Cavalry, for physical disability from an explosion of dynamite, while on active service in 1892; and death and loving burial by the old Sixth Cavalry in Arlington Cemetery in 1896. It does seem, sometimes, that the United States Government is a harsh and unappreciative

master to many of its most deserving followers. Many officers of that day, not half so deserving as Gatewood, later on reaped all kinds of rank and honors, the Gerónimo campaign being their steppingstone.

The other member of the mess, that Dr. McPherson of whom I have spoken, owned the most ferocious crop of whiskers I ever saw. These whiskers tremendously impressed the Indians. McPherson was with us in the campaign against Victorio in 1880, then married. After some four years' service as contract surgeon, he returned to Washington as pension examiner and practicing physician, made a great success, and is now living in fine style in that city.

Agency Apaches

IN MY day the members of Company A, Indian Scouts, were enlisted for six months. They were supposed to come from the Coyotero, or White Mountain, tribe, but in 1879 the company was not filled because the Coyoteros wanted a rest.

So, it became necessary to send some discharged Scouts back to the San Carlos Indian Agency and recruit a half-dozen Tonto Apaches to make up the quota.

Much to my delight, I was detailed for this recruiting and given Chief of Scouts Sam Bowman and two cavalry-men, with pack mules, for the trip.

The trail was one of the roughest in the territory, but it was movement and I was glad to go, particularly in company with Bowman, a Cherokee Indian and one of the queerest characters I ever met.

We reached San Carlos near noon of the third day and were surprised to find the regular Agent gone and the Agency commanded by Captain Adna R. Chaffee of the Sixth Cavalry.

Our telegraph line had been down for about a week, and we had not heard what the outside world was doing. Now we learned that the Agent, or some of his employees, had been charged with selling several wagonloads of the Indians' flour and bacon to the miners of Globe. So Chaffee, then at Fort McDowell, had been ordered to proceed at

once to the Agency and take charge. He had done so with his characteristic vigor and energy.

At this time, Chaffee was in the prime of life. His had been an adventurous career which commenced when he enlisted in the Sixth Cavalry soon after its formation in 1861, when he was only seventeen years of age. Promotion came quickly to him—always for gallantry. He received his commission in 1863 and participated in all the fights of the Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac—Brandy Station, Aldie, Gettysburg, Cedar Creek, Upperville, and others. He "had seen it all," and you knew it when you marked his fine bodily appearance, his fierce eyes, his granitelike face and harsh voice. He was something of a martinet, but a thorough soldier, equal to every emergency. To the day of his death (after he had become Lieutenant General and I was a Colonel) while we were in every way friendly, I stood somewhat in awe of him. My first impressions of him, formed at San Carlos in 1879, never changed.

Chaffee received me kindly when I saluted and reported to him. He took my papers, looked over the Indians, and showed me where to camp. All this in brusque, military style. Then he told me to bring my bedding to his room and be his guest during my stay. This was spoken in the most engaging, friendly manner possible. At lunch soon afterwards he turned to his assistant at the Agency.

"Has that damned scoundrel gone?" he asked in a quiet, but icy voice.

He was told that "Mr. S——" had already left the Agency and that his people were loading his belongings in wagons, trying to get away in the time specified.

Chaffee added several very uncomplimentary remarks about the man specified (still living in El Paso and one of

the Southwest's millionaires), then turned to the Chief of Police and renewed his instructions. If S—— or any of his understrappers were inside the reservation line, thirteen miles to the west, after five o'clock, they were to be arrested and brought to the Agency guardhouse at once.

It was "issue day" at San Carlos, and practically every Indian belonging to the Agency was in to get rations. They were much surprised to receive the liberal portions served out, but the truth was that for some time past they had not been getting all to which they were entitled. After Chaffee had authorized Sam Bowman to look up some Tontos who might want to enlist, he asked me to accompany him on his round of inspection.

First we went to the beef pen, where a lot of lean, "dogified" longhorn cattle were being weighed. I noticed as the weighing proceeded that Chaffee became more and more irritated. Finally he broke forth with a stream of profanity and invective that was a real classic. Everything that I had ever heard in that line paled into insignificance by comparison.

"Do you know what's been happening?" Chaffee demanded, when he had cleared his system a trifle. "That—" he specified "—S—— had the beef contract. Now, the specifications call for a minimum weight per head of six hundred pounds on the hoof. Look at these things we're weighing! Not one has topped four-fifty. Most are around three hundred."

I had seen that. But Chaffee roared on:

"Not only that, but he had such an eye for business that he bought about two thousand head from that damned little outlaw they call 'Billy the Kid.' The Kid stole the cattle on a raid into Sonora and S—— got the beef at a bargain, for naturally the Kid was in a hurry. Then S——

cut the herd and sold the good beef to butchers in the mining camps and turned back the culs to the Agency. More! When I got here the Agency scales were set to register six hundred pounds whatever size steer walked across!"

Chaffee, blunt and honest soldier, was furious. The final result of his investigation at San Carlos was confiscation of the entire beef herd, issue of two steers for one, and withholding of all payments "due" the Agent-contractor.

At the time I wondered if Chaffee could "get away with it" in the face of the sort of politics which made agents of the day. But, somehow, he did. When a civilian came out later to relieve him, Chaffee was delighted. But the impress of his particular brand of honesty was on the Agency so deeply that no more flour and bacon went to mining camps, no more scales were "doctored," and the Apache got something like the ration due him.

During my time at San Carlos I met all the notables of the reservation as, for a wonder! they had all come in from the warpath. Among them was Juh (or "Whoa"). Juh served as leader of the Chiricahuas, though Nachiz, son of old Cochise, was the hereditary chief. I talked with Gerónimo, who was to succeed Juh when the latter, on one of their raids, fell over a cliff near Casas Grandes, Sonora, Mexico, and was killed, a couple of years later. From old Loco I bought a lance, the blade of which was an officer's sword of 1857, with probably a gruesome history. At San Carlos I met several whom I shall have occasion to mention later on.

All in all, what with Chaffee and the Apache leaders, I spent three days very profitably at the Agency, then returned to Fort Apache. We made the return trip in two

days, as the weather was fine, but Sam Bowman and the Apaches alike declared we were in for a big snowstorm. Sure enough! Snow came the day after we reached the post and lay so deep that it blocked the trails.

From that time until about December 19, I performed regular troop duty as Second Lieutenant, under the careful supervision of Captain Kramer.

Kramer certainly knew his business from the ground up! He had started soldiering as a boy of seventeen when he enlisted at old Carlisle Barracks (Pennsylvania) in 1857. His first assignment was to the First Dragoons, then stationed at Fort Leavenworth and commanded by the redoubtable General Phil Kearny. After a month or so at Carlisle, he and a hundred fellow recruits for the same regiment were sent to Pittsburgh by the switchback railroad, thence by river steamer down the Ohio and up the Mississippi River to St. Louis. While waiting at St. Louis for a steamer, cholera broke out in the city, several of the recruits died, and the entire outfit was held there for three months.

Soon after Kramer joined, the Dragoons were ordered into the field to follow up and watch Brigham Young and the Mormons, who were threatening trouble to the United States. Winter caught the outfit near Fort Bridger on top of the Rockies; the contractors did not arrive with promised supplies and, insufficiently clothed and on short rations as they were, the Dragoons suffered many deaths from scurvy and kindred diseases. The impression made upon all the survivors was so deep that any hardship endured later on, in the Civil War and other campaigns, was regarded lightly.

Many a night—and after marching all day, too—I have willingly lain awake and listened to Kramer tell of

those events until he finally fell asleep telling an extra good one and I reluctantly followed suit. He was the storyteller par excellence of the Army—with possibly a close rival in General Jesse M. Lee. With his broken English and queer way of dramatizing situations—even when he was the “goat” of the tale—Kramer surpassed any monologue artist I ever heard. I listened to him and his stories for more than ten years and I give it as a fact that he told a lot of new stories the last time I saw him, some six months before he passed away on the retired list, a Major.

For his services Kramer should have been a Brigadier General, at least. When his four-year term of enlistment expired, he was First Sergeant of his troop, serving in the Indian Territory. This was about the time in April, 1861, that Fort Sumter was fired upon. Kramer thereupon took his discharge with transportation back to Carlisle, visited his relatives for a few days, then went on to Philadelphia. The famous City Troop had volunteered its services to President Lincoln, had been accepted and was being enlarged to a squadron of four troops under Major Rosen-garten, member of a very wealthy Philadelphia family, who later was killed in action at Stone River.

Kramer was promptly and enthusiastically enlisted and used as a Cavalry drillmaster. Soon after, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant and received his Captaincy early in 1863. This regiment was sent to the Army of the Cumberland and saw very hard service in Tennessee, being present at the battles of Murfreesboro and Stone River, the advance on Chattanooga, and, finally, the surrender of General Joe Johnston in 1865.

About October, 1864, on account of excellent service, Kramer was nominated by the Secretary of War to be Major—but he never got it! While it was really a dire

tragedy, to hear Kramer tell it would make a stone image laugh, and Kramer himself always laughed heartily over it.

The tale was this: After a strenuous campaign against N. B. Forrest, the regiment rested during November at a little town in Tennessee. One day Kramer and some of his *compadres* were having a lively game of draw poker with all the concomitants of drink and food. An officer entered, who remarked casually that the regiment was to vote for President the next day, and he would bet that no one would dare to vote against President Lincoln. Kramer asked how much he would bet, and when the officer said "a hundred dollars," Kramer took the bet and went on with his game, when he had learned that General McClellan was running against President Lincoln.

The next day, in spite of the expostulations of his friends, Kramer cast his vote for McClellan, the only vote so cast in the regiment. Secretary Stanton was apprised of this fact within twenty-four hours and lost no time in withdrawing Kramer's name for the Majority. To all subsequent pleas of prominent Pennsylvanians he remained adamant. After the war Kramer was commissioned Lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry and went with it to Texas in 1866. Ever afterward he was fighting Indians—Comanches, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Sioux—one after the other on the extreme frontier. Only after his retirement did the Sixth finally get east of the Mississippi.

But I must get on with my own story! From the time of my arrival at Apache I had heard of the Christmas hunt for deer and turkey. This was regarded as much of a necessity as evergreen decorations. I was pleased when the C. O. permitted me to go with Lieutenant George W. Kingsbury of the Twelfth Infantry, in charge of pack mules and packers and about ten of the best Indian Scouts.

We left on December 19 and marched to the point selected by the Indians on upper Black River, twenty-odd miles from the post. There was a foot of snow on the ground, and we had fine hunting. We returned December 23 with about twenty-five deer and forty or fifty turkeys. These were distributed to the families of the post, the soldiers and civilian employees, so that everyone could celebrate. The turkeys were magnificent. They regularly weighed from twelve to twenty-five pounds and were plentiful, as the Apaches do not eat them—or did not in my time.*

I killed my first deer and shot into flocks of turkeys so numerous that they seemed to cover a five-acre lot. But, much to my surprise, the ground was not strewn with dead and dying when I went to look. But I became a much better shot later on.

Christmas was duly celebrated in great style, with egg-nog and other trimmings at the post trader's, even with champagne by some of the officers.

Our new commander, General Eugene A. Carr, was with us during the holidays. He had come up from Fort Lowell to see the troops at Apache and to arrange for field operations against the hostile Apaches he was ordered to strike.

* They said that they would not eat a bird which ate snakes.

Scouting Hostile Trails

THE LONG and, for me, eventful year of 1879 finally passed. New Year's Day, 1880, all the officers, in full dress, called on General Carr and the Post Commander, Major Cochran. After that everybody adjourned to the post trader's. Although I never at any time used intoxicating liquors, I always went with the crowd and enjoyed the occasions very much. While at the trader's, I was surprised to be handed an order from General Carr, directing me to report to Lieutenant Gatewood, for duty with Company A, Indian Scouts, in charge of the pack train and supplies. I was delighted with the order, which was regarded by all as very complimentary, but seriously regretted leaving Captain Kramer and Troop E after such a short term of service. Then and there commenced three years of field service, full of adventure and hardship, with experiences never to be forgotten.

The order also directed the Scouts to leave the post and proceed to scout the country to eastward, toward Eagle Creek and the headwaters of the Gila, where some of Victorio's band were reported to be located. These Indians were trying to communicate with the malcontents at San Carlos and especially anxious to secure ammunition and supplies.

We started January 3, traveling on a glare of icy snow that made progress very slow, indeed. But we reached

Black River, about eighteen miles distant, before dark. Thence on to Stevens' Ranch on Eagle Creek, where we camped for several days while the Scouts spread out in every direction for about thirty miles to cut and thoroughly examine all the trails which concentrated in the beautiful valley. We also acquired quite a lot of information from Stevens, a former Sergeant of the Fifth Cavalry, and his wife, Mollie, an Apache woman of high caste.

It was here that I first fell under the lure of Arizona, its climate, its topography, and its dim, prehistoric past; impressions which have been intensified from year to year. The climate in this beautiful valley, surrounded by high mountains on all sides, with a rushing trout stream furnishing water for irrigation, as well as sport, was on this date, January 10, as mild as spring; it gave one a desire to be up and doing every hour of the day.

Our camp—a wagon sheet for Gatewood and myself, shelter tents for the soldier detachment and wickiups (brush shelters) for the Scouts and packers—was located on a series of mounds that had been the site at some time of a city of probably five or six thousand inhabitants, a people who had vanished, leaving no history. Two miles down the stream was an obsidian cliff two or three hundred feet high, where these prehistoric people had evidently made arrowheads and knives. Irrigating ditches, laid out with extreme accuracy to conform to the adjacent topography, ran from where the stream emerged from a box cañon, along both sides of the full length of the valley.

One bright morning, one of Stevens' Indians took me up a side cañon to show me several of the famous cliff dwellings, with walls fifteen to twenty feet high, divided into rooms, with thatched roofs of reed, just as the original occupants had left them. I could let my imagination run

riot, yet feel that my most fantastic surmises concerning the vanished folk might be well within reasonable bounds. The Apaches had no knowledge of those people. They could not so much as speculate concerning the time that they may have been there, or the cause of their removal or destruction. My closest and most persistent inquiry during ten years failed to develop even a legend about them.

My side trips during our stay at Stevens' Ranch, however, were rarely for pleasure. They formed part of my military duties which, in part, were to locate the trails usually traveled by hostile Indians and to learn the lie of mountains and streams.

At that time there were no maps of the country other than the Wheeler Survey. That, being general in character and of large scope, did not give information that the Department Commander deemed necessary for the intelligent conduct of operations against the hostile bands that constantly plagued the country. Stringent orders had been given in 1878 that all commanders of Indian Scouts, especially, should render with their reports of operations a sketch map showing trails traveled, location of ranches, etc. But generally when on a hot trail there was no time to do any such thing.

Hence, when it was reported that hostiles had been dispersed near Such-and-Such-a-Ranch, or on some creek, there was absolutely nothing to show where such places were, or how the troops got there. The celebrated Lieutenant Tony Rucker, Sixth Cavalry, brother-in-law of General Sheridan, who was very active and energetic against the hostiles, was the greatest sinner by omission. But Gatewood was just about even with him; both were impossible topographers. Their wonderful success in the

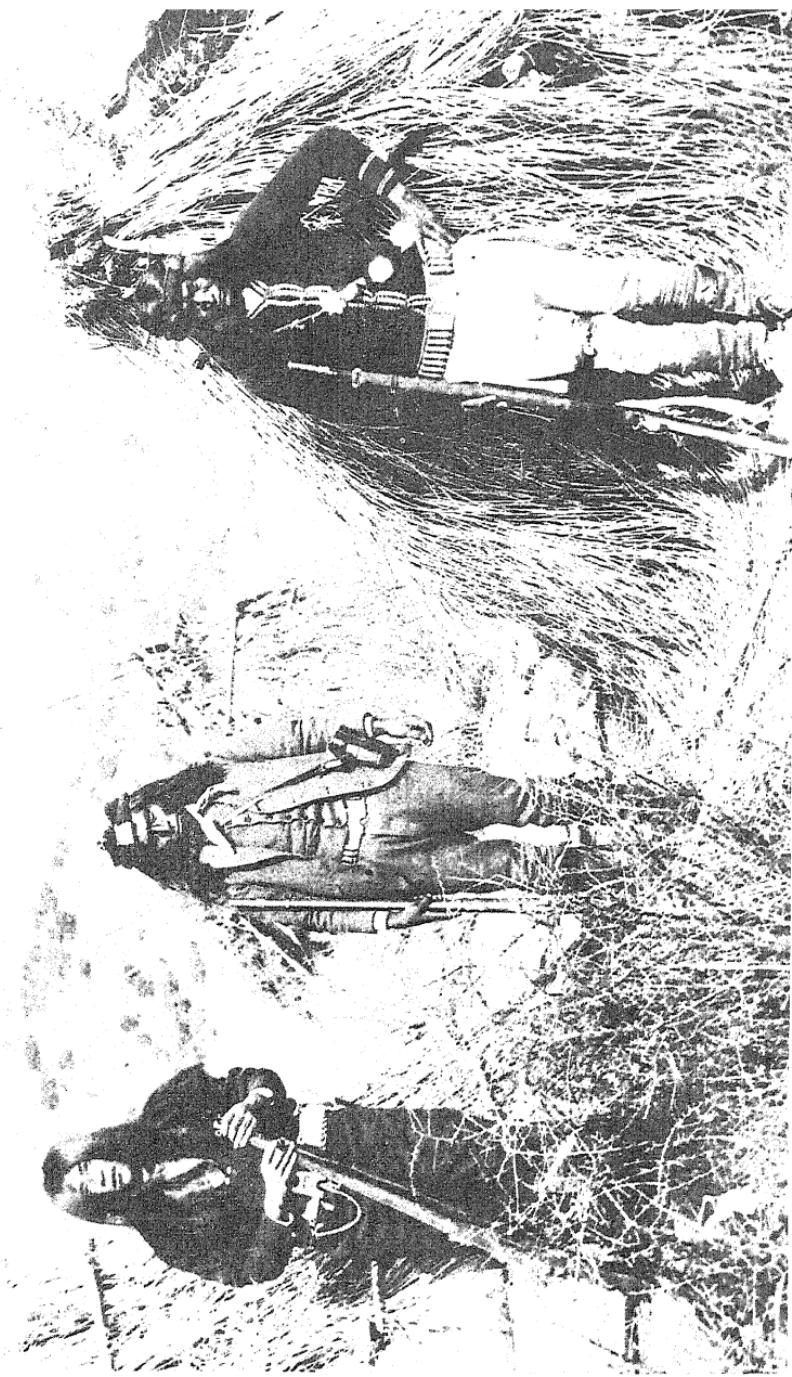


Photo courtesy N. H. Ross, San Antonio, Texas.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Apache squaw whose nose has been cut off. This is the Apache penalty for infidelity.



Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, 1879.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.
Fort Bowie, Arizona. This picture was taken by Lieutenant Charles Gatewood, 1885.

field was approved, but their meager reports as to when, where, and the attendant circumstances left much to be desired.

So, when I reported to him, Gatewood told me that he would hold me strictly accountable for providing an accurate sketch and report of all our operations. As it turned out, he let me in for quite a job. While the others were marching along in the blazing hot sun, or the chilling blast, I had to dismount every mile or so and take a couple of sights with my box compass, note them, record the condition of trail, whether grass and water existed, if rough or smooth terrain—everything that would give any information as to the country traversed. Then, upon arrival in camp, I would have to work up my notes into the sketch map while the others were stretched out asleep or engaged in some other genial occupation. But I had the satisfaction of being informed later on that my reports and sketch maps, while very crude, were of the greatest help in getting out maps of the trails and locations hitherto absolutely unknown.

Gatewood had sent a courier with report that no signs of hostiles had been seen recently in the Eagle Creek country, so he was ordered to proceed to the eastern end of the Ash Creek Flat, near the Gila River and about thirty miles from Solomonsville. He was to scout that country carefully, so we went in and located a camp in the foothills near a nice spring, with plenty of wood, water, and grass—as I noted at the time. While here we had a series of severe snowstorms which lasted about ten days and rendered the flat impassable. So we could not send couriers to Fort Thomas as directed in orders and, worst of all, the good grass was covered with ice so that our animals could get no food.

Matters were very serious for about a week, when we finally got a messenger through, who returned with a roasting for Gatewood for not having complied with orders, and direction to proceed at once to Fort Bowie. We obeyed this order with alacrity, passing through the oasis of Solomonsville. Here our animals had a feed of barley and gramagrass for the first time since leaving Apache, while the Scouts and enlisted men got some wonderful meals of meat and vegetables; all this through the kindness and hospitality of the Solomon Brothers, Jews, and two of the fairest and squarest men that I have ever met in my wanderings over this earth.

They were very wealthy in their own right and, in addition, the older one had married a Miss Lezinsky, whose family at that time had just sold the Clifton Copper Mines for a million dollars or over, and occupied the position in the business world now awarded the Guggenheims.

Isadore, the younger brother, had contracted tuberculosis in the East and when he was banished to live in a warm, dry climate, his brother and wife had accompanied him. They had bought several thousand acres and built a nice house on the ruins of an old pueblo that extended for miles up and down the Gila at that point. The closest railroad points in 1877 were Fort Dodge and Dallas to the east and Los Angeles to the west. But they set up a store and, what with cattle and sheep, were making money, which I never heard anyone begrudge them, because they were always so absolutely fair and square and generous with all. We never camped at Solomonsville without thanking the Lord that He had sent the Solomons there. Queer, too; the worst of the hostile Apaches passed by without causing them much loss. Perhaps they took a few head of cattle for food and moccasin soles, but committed

no widespread destruction, such as was ruthlessly meted out to other settlers.

Gatewood's orders, which I had not seen, directed him to proceed to the vicinity of Fort Bowie, camp, and communicate with General Carr, then at Fort Grant. But he pushed on into Bowie, as we needed rations and other supplies. Too, he had heard that the Paymaster was there, and the men had had no pay for three or four months. So we arrived there one morning about ten o'clock, saw the detachment and Scouts receive two months' pay and proceed to make it a holiday, each according to his lights. Practically all the detachment "tanked up" to get the chill of the past month out of their bodies and minds.

Gatewood, immediately upon arrival, had reported his action. He stated that he would remain for a day or so to refit and requested further instructions. He got them about three o'clock in the form of an ultimatum to leave Bowie at once, move out to the Hay Camp eight miles away and there await instructions. He called me in and told me that we must pull out at once. I was busy drawing rations, but from the sounds coming from the post trader's, I knew that every mother's son of my packers—and the detachment of enlisted men—had embarked on a joyous spree. So, I doubted if we could carry out our orders, even if the men were willing to do so, until they had slept their liquor off.

However, I got Nat Nobles, my chief packer, and Sam Bowman. We rounded up the pack train and packers and began loading. Then the men started straggling in, all drunk and inclined to be ugly. Finally, about five o'clock, Gatewood mounted, asked the Post Adjutant to report his departure and moved out, directing me to bring up the rear and prevent any straggling or return to the post.

I have been in many tough situations and have had many hard jobs in my life, but that march from Bowie to the Hay Camp stands out as the very worst that I ever tackled. My troubles began when the men overcome by liquor would fall inert from their horses and insist and demand they be permitted to sleep it off "for a few minutes." With the fumbling assistance of a noncom' we would hoist the man aboard his horse and gallop forward for a short distance—only to run into two or three more and do the same thing over again. Just as it was getting dark and we were probably a mile from camp, one of our best noncom's let out a yell and, sticking spurs to his horse at every jump, started up the mountainside. Some of the others encouraged him by yelling.

I was the only one there who could go after him, and I did so, against the entreaties of Sam Bowman, who said the man was crazy and dangerous. I finally caught up with him, and he stopped and dismounted. When I ordered him to mount and rejoin the column, he said he would do no such thing and, furthermore, there was no one in that vicinity who could make him, with several other concise words of defiance.

I reasoned with him until he stepped to the side of his horse and started to draw his carbine from the boot. Then reason seemed inferior to force, so I whipped out my revolver and jammed it against his breast. I told him that if he moved in the slightest I would kill him at once and without compunction, adding that I was entirely sober and knew exactly what I was talking about. Something in my attitude or tone seemed to sober him; he promptly dropped his hands and said:

"I never meant that, Lieutenant! So help me God, I didn't."

"All right," I answered, "but understand, if you make the slightest break, your life is forfeit."

He mounted and rode a few feet in front of me. We soon rejoined the tail of the column.

We afterwards gave him the Medal of Honor for distinguished gallantry in action, and he deserved it ten times over, but I still have a cold chill down my spine when I remember that brilliant starlit night on the mountain slope near Bowie, when it seemed that I would have to kill or be killed.

I finally reached camp about midnight and busied myself until daylight unsaddling horses, arranging the herd guard among the Scouts—all the guard detail being asleep—and covering those sleepers who had cast themselves down on the ground without troubling about cover, although it was a very cold night in late February. Reveille was sounded as usual the next morning, and the command awoke hungry and cross. But the camp soon assumed its normal appearance, and repentance and apology was exhibited in the extra care bestowed on the horses and mules which had been neglected the night before.

I was destined to see many other sprees during my career, both of joy and despair, but I think that for complete participation, from the highest to the lowest, the one at Fort Bowie in February, 1880, took the prize. Although it always meant extra duty burden for me on such occasions, I never could bring myself to blame the men for spreeing. There was nothing else to do; scarcely ever anything to read; no lights but candles to read by—and a niggardly allowance even of those; Army ration "straight," as the commissary at that time did not provide the various canned foods, now so freely issued.

About four days later, Gatewood received orders to

proceed without delay to Fort Bayard, New Mexico; report arrival to the Post Commander, who would get instructions from the District Commander, General Edward Hatch, Ninth Cavalry, who would use us in the projected campaign against Victorio.

Victorio's band at that time was located somewhere in southeast New Mexico. They had recently destroyed several freight trains, captured two stages, killing the drivers and passengers (one of whom was Emory Madden, son of Captain Dan Madden, Sixth Cavalry, at Fort Bowie, a young collegian en route from the East to join his parents after three years' absence) and rendered travel on all roads between Socorro, Silver City, El Paso, and vicinity very unsafe.

The Ninth Cavalry and Fifteenth Infantry were active and energetic in going after the hostiles, but had no pack transportation and could get no money from the War Department to get any; so, whenever the Indians were pressed, they disappeared into the nearby recesses of the Black Range or adjacent mountains and the troops, having eaten all their supplies carried on the horses, would have to return to a post to refit.

Wagon trains were of no earthly use in that country or campaign. New Mexico at that time was a part of the Department of the Missouri. General John Pope was in command and he had requested the War Department to loan him two or three pack trains from Arizona—that usually harassed territory being at peace for the time being.

Hence our loan, and I must state right here that it was the pack trains that finally defeated the Indians, this on the admission of all the noted chiefs with whom we talked later on. The troops were enabled to hold on to the trail as long as the Indians left one, and as the Apache is a

temperamental person in spite of his stoicism, this persistent following "got on his nerves." So, ultimately, he would stop and make a stand to scare his pursuers—and that was his undoing! He shot away his limited stock of ammunition, lost two or three men killed, both irreplaceable, and was finally forced to flee with the Scouts in close pursuit, while the pack train was right there with ammunition and supplies for the troops. The Apaches remarked that it was *very* discouraging!

On the march between Bowie and Bayard we were really in the enemy's country, so I had daily lessons in the proper procedure under such circumstances. The horses and mules were always loose-herded, that is, without lariats or picket ropes. Upon arrival in the designated camp they were at once turned loose, watered, and sent out on the grazing grounds, probably a mile from camp. The Scouts would have preceded us and carefully reconnoitered all the vicinity, especially the suspicious-looking localities.

As soon as the herd with its soldier guard reached the grazing grounds, those Indians came into camp. Very soon, others who had rested a little and had something to eat and especially some hard-boiled coffee, would go out and occupy favorable positions to keep a keen lookout all over the country until darkness fell. Then the herd was brought in for water and grooming and turned loose again, nearer to camp for the night, in a different place and different direction from where they had been during the afternoon.

The animals would graze a bit, then quiet down and go to rest. After supper Sam Bowman and the Scouts would come to Gatewood's bedding roll (he never had a tent of any kind) and after a discussion would decide on

the next day's march, and what especially to watch out for, and exchange the latest news of the hostiles. The Indians were always invited to tell what was their opinion of the situation.

The hostile Apache is quite different from the Comanche, Sioux, Cheyenne, or other Indian. He never attacks at night, but he is deadly poison in choosing to attack at early daybreak, or as the command is saddling up to move out. So we all slept securely until dawn. Then the Scouts, who had eaten an hour before, moved out quietly in groups of three or four. They went on foot (because, contrary to the belief of many, the Apache is not a "Horse Indian" and our Scouts were not mounted) spreading out in fan shape for some three or four miles on each side of the trail that we were to follow.

About the same time the herd was brought in, caught up, and groomed. Then we had breakfast, bedding was rolled and delivered to the packers, and by five-thirty or six o'clock the command was on the road. The train came along as soon as the packs were on, sometimes a half-hour later, to overtake the command at the first authorized halt. But with hostiles known to be in that vicinity, the pack train was kept close to the command and with a strong rear guard at all times.

Old Victorio had said that he was very anxious to catch a pack train with its ammunition and supplies and had done his best to do so near Lake Guzmán in old Mexico. Gatewood's train was in a fight where all the troops were on the front line and a party of Indians under Nana slipped to the rear and jumped the train—and came near getting it, too! They got Gatewood's private horse, Bob, with two or three bedding mules, but no ammunition or flour or coffee, which they especially desired.

In relating this, Gatewood said that never before or since had he had the feeling of "goneness and disaster" that came over him when he heard the Winchesters rattling in that attack and realized the results if it chanced to succeed. The ammunition mules were veterans of the "Hank-and-Yank" Oregon trains and when the hostiles tried to stampede them, they merely snuggled closer to the bell mare, ridden by old Tom, the Mexican cook. So long as they stayed put, so did the ammunition. This attack occurred just as dusk was settling.

In 1875, while most of the Sixth was stationed at Fort Hayes, Kansas, General Phil Sheridan had inspected that post and after a review of the regiment, had given it out publicly that the Sixth at that time was the finest mounted, equipped, and appearing Cavalry regiment that he had ever seen. In 1876 the regiment was ordered to Arizona to relieve the Fifth Cavalry and instructed to exchange horses and wagon equipment with that regiment at Santa Fé. In this process there ensued much wailing and gnashing of teeth and, incidentally, innumerable fights among the enlisted men of both regiments.

The men of the Sixth almost wept at exchanging their magnificent Missouri horses for the runty woe-begone mounts (range-bred California stock) tendered by the Fifth. These men, in turn, hotly resented the harsh criticism of their tried and trusted *compadres* of many a hard scout and fight, horses which they knew were the best on earth for such service. Our regiment discovered this when later, following the trail of hostile Indians, those horses would be turned loose on almost bare ground, and with their inherited knowledge of rustling for grass, would come in prancing the next morning, ready for the day's doings. The few Eastern horses (mostly officers' mounts)

had to be put out on lariats, did not know what grass was nutritious, and would gradually lose health and strength on trips where there was no grain or hay for months at a time.

I must confess, though, that I was not much impressed with the parade appearance of the motley-colored horses when merely in a post and on inspection. It was a great life, but when you knew all the angles you could and did make many allowances for both men and horses. Appearances are often very deceptive when efficiency is considered. The preceding remarks were induced by the fact that when we arrived at Fort Bayard we found the Ninth Cavalry mounted on Missouri horses and they certainly did appeal to me. But after four months' hard campaign in the field, with very little grain and no hay, about half the troopers were dismounted from stampede, or weakness, whereas we never lost a single horse or mule in the entire campaign. So, while not unduly elated over our appearance, we felt very complacent over existent conditions.

Fort Bayard at that time was commanded by Major A. P. Morrow, Ninth Cavalry, a gallant and efficient officer of the Civil War. Morrow was specially noted for his campaign against Victorio in 1879, when he had brought that wily Indian leader to bay at three different times and finally had driven him far into Mexico. He was the youngest man of his rank in the Army at that time. The garrison consisted of four troops of the Ninth Cavalry and two companies of the Fifteenth Infantry and was located in houses and barracks that gained our unbounded approval, surpassing any that we had at any post in Arizona.

After four days' stay there, orders came for us to proceed via old Fort Cummings, Lake Valley, and Hills-

boro, to Palomas on the Rio Grande; to scout carefully for small hostile bands reported in the vicinity of those places, and in case of necessity to call for reinforcements or supplies from Beyer's troop at Hillsboro, or Moore's troop at Chase's Ranch. On this trip I was constantly having new and novel experiences with people and things. For instance, the first night out from Bayard we camped at Hudson's Hot Springs, where from a mound in the plain a strong flow of hot water came gushing forth from an ancient volcanic cone, about fifty feet above the surrounding terrain.

Everyone, including the Indians, took a very enjoyable hot bath before going to bed that night. This was my first experience with a hot spring, so I was very curious concerning it. That night we were regaled with stories of frontier life by the owner, Dick Hudson, who was quite a noted character in that region. It was here that for the first time I heard the story of the lost Dr. Thorne Mine, with all the attendant circumstances of the search, later on, for the location of this wonder treasure pocket. And I wish to record right here that I believe every word of the weird tale, for I have lived to see much more fanciful and impossible stories come true. To digress for a moment I will tell the story briefly, although the atmosphere pertaining to the country and actors be lacking to impress the reader as it did me.

Our march from Bowie to old Fort Cummings had traversed the domain of Mangas Coloradas,* predecessor of and probably greater than Cochise, who was such a plague to the people going to California from 1849 up to

* "Bloody Sleeves" or "Red Sleeves" in Spanish; said to have been given the chief by Mexicans because in one of their early encounters with him he wore a red flannel shirt. Often written—incorrectly—Mangus.

and during the Civil War. The Butterfield stages were jumped every so often, and emigrant trains looted and their people killed—or captured, which was worse. At one or two of our camping places the Scouts had taken me into side cañons and showed me grisly remains of vehicles and animals—"Mangas Coloradas" was the answer—and the terrible inscriptions on the rude headstones in that cemetery of accumulated horrors at Fort Bowie:

"Tied to cactus and roasted to death"—"Staked out on ant heap and left"—etc., etc., until one had a nervous chill and fled to the post trader's for something or other. All the work of Mangas.

In Cook's Cañon we traveled for about two miles through wagon wheels, bones of horses and mules and other debris resulting from his destruction of a train of fifty wagons en route to Tucson and the West. This was regarded as his greatest fight, as he captured or killed practically every person connected with the train. Which sets the stage for the entry of Dr. Thorne.

About 1852 a party of ten or fifteen men, with two or three wagons, well armed and equipped, was jumped about twenty-five miles to the west of Hudson's Springs. The men put up a hot fight but Mangas finally got them—two or three still living. Two of the survivors were dispatched with various tortures, and Dr. Thorne was left for further attention later on. Although successful, Mangas had lost heavily in killed and had several badly wounded men on his hands.

In some way it became known that Thorne was a surgeon, so his kit was given him and he was told to treat and cure the wounded Indians or he would be treated much worse than his companions had been. Thorne did his best, and in three or four days the entire band moved

to Mangas' permanent camp. This was toward the Gila River and upon the exact situation of Metcalf's Ranch from 1879 to 1886.

All this was verified by Thorne in 1866, also by some former members of Mangas' band who had come into the reservation. But the Indians disclaimed any knowledge of the gold mine described so vividly by Thorne. The doctor stayed two or three years with the Apaches. At last, Mangas agreed not only to let Thorne return to his people, but promised to reward him liberally for the services rendered the band. The only condition set was that Thorne promise to tell nothing of the camp or the surrounding country.

Thorne was carefully blindfolded and mounted on a pony. A guard conducted him what he took to be nearly thirty miles in an unknown direction. When the party camped in a deep box cañon he tried unsuccessfully to find landmarks and fix his bearings by stars. For two days more they rode. On the third day they halted in a cañon through which ran a small stream. There were many side cañons and Thorne was led up one of these.

The doctor stood absolutely amazed. He stood in one of Nature's own treasure chambers. The walls and floor of the cañon glittered with gold particles; there were nuggets everywhere he looked, ranging in size from a pea to a walnut. The Indian who had guided him from camp laughed at his astonishment.

Thorne was told that he might carry away all he wanted, so he feverishly filled all his pockets and everything else that would contain the gold. Then they went back to camp in the main cañon to sleep. The next morning he was blindfolded as usual and three days later was back at Mangas' camp. Sometime later he was released on

the plain where Lordsburg now is and told to go east, which he did, arriving ultimately at Santa Fé. After the Civil War, when Mangas and his band had been driven out, Thorne with several adventurous companions tried to locate the treasure house, but until the day of his death was not able to do so. But one of the parties located the celebrated Clifton Copper Mines, which probably were worth several times what the gold mines would have been, as they have paid dividends since the early seventies.

As we marched to Fort Cummings we passed Mimbres City, scene of one of the biggest land fakes in America at the date (1850) it was sprung on the gullible public. The gold excitement about California was strong, and a sharper named Mowry, with associates, issued a blazing prospectus showing the wonders of the country. There was a map which showed a lordly city, located on a broad river carrying on its bosom a magnificent Mississippi River steamer, loaded with ecstatic passengers pointing out and admiring the superb scenery. This steamer had apparently come up the Mimbres River from the Gulf of California, totally disregarding such small obstacles as the lofty Sierra Madres.

As it was a stopping point for the Butterfield stages the promoters felt compelled to expend a little money on the site, so they had erected a two-story stone mill and about a dozen adobe houses. Town lots were staked for miles in every direction with the most appealing names for streets and sub-divisions that one ever heard of. Florida with its boom never exceeded this literature in lure for the adventurer with a little money to invest.

Mimbres collapsed in 1857, when a lot of other, much stronger, institutions died. At the time we stopped to water our horses at the puny little stream, called the Mim-

bres River, no one was living there, even the stage station having been removed. The river ran feebly about five miles toward where Deming is now, then sank into the earth to (probably) reappear as the Janos River about fifty miles below the Mexican line. Later on I saw some of that Mimbres literature, and it certainly did give the reader a thrill, even though one knew full well it was a deadly swindle.

Fort Cummings was one of the few walled stations that I ever saw in the West and was established to furnish escorts for stages and emigrant trains going through Cook's Cañon near by. All the quarters, stables, and storehouses were inside a quadrangle, enclosed by an adobe wall about twenty feet high, with lookout towers on the corners. There was only one opening, filled with a large double gate which, when closed and barred, was impervious to rifle and arrow shots. Many a time though, the stage would come rushing in with arrows sticking in it and with tales of narrow escapes from Apaches. The Indians seemed to be forever on the job. Even as recently as thirty days before our arrival, old Nana had waylaid the stage. He had failed to land a fatal shot, although the stage itself was shot full of bullet holes and a couple of horses afterwards died of wounds.

We camped at Cummings for two days to scout the adjacent trails for signs of hostiles, as some small bands had been reported in that vicinity recently. Our next march took us to Lake Valley and McIvers'—a ranch which had been the scene of many raids by Victorio's band. A prospector had been killed within a mile of it only a week before, so we knew that we were close to the hostiles and increased our precautions accordingly.

Some three months before, Lieutenant Smith, Ninth Cavalry, with a detachment of that regiment, had been

ambushed by hostiles while on a hot trail. Smith and two of his troopers were killed by the Apache rear guard left behind to delay the advance of the soldiers.

About November, 1879, the Apaches had killed two or three men just outside of Hillsboro, then a hustling mining town. The citizens had vowed vengeance and, I regret to record, under the influence of excitement and something to stimulate them still more, had thrown their saddles on their ponies and galloped forth one and two at a time to annihilate the hostiles—a job which, they said, the Regular Army seemed unable to do.

About ten miles out, Victorio saw them coming. He let them pass, then attacked from all sides. He killed practically the entire party of eighteen or twenty, got all their guns and ammunition, and there as we marched along we saw the graves. The bodies had been found scattered over a distance of three or four miles, plainly indicating what had taken place; the ambush, the realization of the desperate situation, the futile attempts to get away. If any bunch of five or six had dismounted and fought, it is highly probable the Indians would never have got them.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Alchesay—First Sergeant, Apache scouts under Lieutenants Gatewood and Cruse.

A Brush with Apaches

SOME FOUR miles from Hillsboro, as Gatewood and myself rode at the head of the column, we saw some unusual commotion among our Scouts. These were as usual about a mile in advance. Particularly, excitement seemed to grip those on the left of the trail, which at that point ran parallel to the massive Black Range about two miles to the eastward. Gatewood quickly lined up the enlisted men, directed me to move the pack train to a close defensive position and to be ready to follow rapidly if he sent for me. Then he charged off at a small cloud of dust just as the reports of the Scouts' rifles came faintly to the rear.

The glasses showed mounted Indians riding at a dead run for the mouth of one of the heavily timbered cañons of the mountains, with Gatewood and the detachment converging towards the same point and trying their best to head them off. The hostiles beat him to it by possibly a thousand yards and at once dismounted, abandoned their ponies, and took shelter in the rocks of a side cañon. As Gatewood approached they fired several shots at him, which caused him to dismount and form for attack. When the Indians saw that our Scouts were moving right and left to flank them and hold them there, they fired a final volley and disappeared.

It was useless to pursue them, but Gatewood gathered

up the ponies and equipment left behind and scouted for them until about sundown. We proceeded to Hillsboro, which we found in a state of great excitement, as the Indians had appeared several hours before, stolen several horses, killed one or two people, and roughed things up generally. They had left before word could be got to Captain Beyer and his troop, Ninth Cavalry, camped some two miles away where the main trail led to the Black Range.

The whole thing seemed like a moving picture to me; one minute riding alone in the brilliant sunlight, then the alarm, then the dash for the cañon, I occupying the box seat seeing one of the finest races I ever beheld. I had wished I was along, but had been just a little anxious about my own business, for it might have been a ruse to jump the pack train which had only myself and seven packers to defend it.

We learned later that Nana with a party of eight picked warriors had been sent by Victorio to try to gather horses, supplies, and, especially, ammunition. In carrying out his orders Nana had come west of the Rio Grande and been very successful until we ran upon him.

Victorio was much depressed when he learned that the White Mountain Scouts and the big pack train was again on his trail from Arizona. In 1877 he and his band had been sent to Fort Apache, so they knew the personnel and train and also knew that the Ninth Cavalry had at that time neither Scouts nor pack trains. In 1880 they got them both and Under-Chief Packer Daly (still living, on the retired list in Washington) and a bunch of energetic Lieutenants like Maney, Bob Emmett, H. H. Wright, and others kept "Vic" and his band on the move until he was worn out by attrition.

We remained in the vicinity of Hillsboro for three

days scouting the surrounding country but found no recent signs of Indians, although the country around had been harried all during the winter by small raiding parties, which had done great damage and killed many settlers and prospectors. Only three weeks before the hostiles had jumped an emigrant train of about twenty people near the Rio Grande and killed every member of the party, including two or three women and two children. We then moved on to Chase's Ranch, where we camped with Captain Moore (later Brigadier General) who told us how hard it was to operate successfully against such hostile bands, which struck suddenly out of a clear sky and scattered, leaving no trail in the country which had always been their home, but was unfamiliar to the troops.

The Captain was a mine of Apache information.

He confirmed the report of the emigrant massacre and located the exact point so that I found it later on. We then moved on to Palomas, on the Rio Grande, just below where the great Elephant Butte Dam is now. There we communicated with Captain Curwen B. McLellan, Sixth Cavalry, then at Cuchillo Negro, who like ourselves had been loaned to Colonel Hatch, with a few pack mules to help out. Colonel Hatch with five troops of his regiment had been kept busy looking after the Southern Utes after their outbreak in September, 1879, until this date, about March 25, 1880.

In a note to Gatewood, McLellan also reported that two of his men had deserted while on herd guard about four nights before, taking with them their horses and arms with the intention of going to some of the new mining camps then coming into notice in old Mexico. Would Gatewood please send some Scouts and soldiers to verify the rumor that he had just heard from a Mexican, that both

had been killed by the hostiles down the river from Palomas? It was a report easy to credit, considering conditions.

Gatewood ordered me to take the detachment on that errand. It was March 26, a brilliant, mild spring day, with the cottonwoods along the Rio Grande just beginning to turn green, when we rode along the plainly marked wagon road down the river. About ten miles out, the Scouts halted and awaited our arrival with the words:

“Damned Chillacagoes!”

“Chillacagoes” was their name for Victorio’s warriors. When they pointed around our calmness vanished at once, at sight of the destruction of the emigrant train. There were burned wagons, carcasses of animals, graves scattered around for several hundred yards marking where the bodies of people had been hastily covered with earth, but which were also marked by empty cartridge shells where they had put up a desperate fight for life. In one spot remnants of several wagons had probably formed the funeral pyre of several, who either dead or alive, had been thrown thereon and partially consumed.

The whole story was as plain to be read as if on a printed page: the train had broken camp near Palomas near six o’clock and about ten-thirty had reached a deep arroyo leading from the mesa to the Rio Grande, probably fifty yards wide at the bottom and with steep banks on both the upper and lower sides where the road crossed. The Indians knew the train was coming, so hid parties on both sides. When all the train was committed to the crossing and the leading wagon was struggling to the top at the further side, the hostiles had suddenly closed in from both front and rear, shooting at everything in sight, but at the horses particularly. The wagons on the slopes had slid down

against the others, blocking the road. The Indians had laid down along the crest and completed the work.

It was grisly! I dreamed of it for weeks afterwards. We never knew who the people were, nor was any inquiry made, so far as I know. They were evidently people who did not correspond with relatives or friends in their former homes, so it is highly probable that the latter never surmised their grim fate.

But we had not found the deserters from McLellan's troop, so we went on down the valley. About two miles farther on, the Scouts again stopped and signaled for us to come on and when we reached there it was to find another scene of tragedy. In the road was the decaying carcass of a troop horse; the other was off the road about five hundred yards. A hundred yards farther on sprawled the bodies of the two men, stripped, marked with ghastly wounds, surrounded by cartridge shells.

Our Scouts went through the whole thing in pantomime and they made of it an epic; deserters as the dead men were, we felt like raising a cheer for the gallant fight they had put up. Evidently they had been riding along alertly —because of passing the other dismal scene. Suddenly, from a little knoll at the left (located by cartridge shells) the hostiles had fired a volley which had brought down this horse in the road and smashed the arm of its rider. Thereupon, the other had grabbed his comrade, got him on his horse and started for a little mound half-a-mile away. The Indians had swarmed after them, firing as they ran (their course was also indicated by empty shells). Finally one lucky shot had brought down the horse, whereupon both men started to firing at the Indians—much to our surprise with .44 caliber revolvers—then the Indians had surrounded and mortally wounded them with continual firing

at close range. The end had come when several Indians crept up behind cactus to within ten feet of the men and, taking no chances, had fired a volley into the bodies.

Much later, we learned that the men had ridden to Palomas from Cuchillo by daylight. They there procured breakfast and sold their carbines and ammunition for thirty dollars each (probably to be sold the next day to Victorio's people for one hundred) and exchanged their .45 caliber revolvers for the .44's that civilians usually carried. But they certainly did stick by each other and put up a savage, heroic fight! We covered the bodies as best we could and left them in frontiersmen's graves. There was no more possible; the remains were in such condition that we could not move them.

On the return trail to Palomas I found myself with ample material for thought. It did seem that the young Second Lieutenant was being seasoned very rapidly. The sun was setting over the barren Caballo Range, flushing the western sky with a thousand shades of rose and lavender; the cottonwoods were budding in misty green; the evening air was soft—but all of us, I think, saw those low mounds and scattered shells, rather than the beauties of the land.

We reported to Captain McLellan the fate of his deserters and later joined him at Cuchillo Negro for part in General Edward Hatch's campaign against Victorio.

General Hatch had a splendid command for this duty. In addition to three companies of Apache Scouts, there were concentrated at Cuchillo Negro on the last day of March, 1880, a pack train, three troops of the Ninth Cavalry, and one troop (McLellan's) of the Sixth Cavalry. Two more troops of the Ninth were to move out from Fort Stanton somewhat later, to join us.

The General had received definite information from people close to Victorio that the chief and his main band were in a large cañon of the San Andres Mountains, no more than fifty miles eastward of Cuchillo Negro. He had been informed that Victorio's small raiding bands had been called in and that "Old Vic" had heard of this movement against him. So he was pretending to prepare for a journey into Mexico while really intending to circle the troops and slip into the rugged depths of the Black Range, favorite haunt of the Apaches except in winter.

General Hatch had made an excellent plan for corraling Victorio. It must have worked perfectly, except for an unpredictable accident to the Ninth Cavalry column from Fort Stanton.

It must be understood that this wild section was almost *terra incognita* to any but the Indians. A few important points, such as springs and water holes and peaks, were known to a few hardy frontiersmen and Army men, but often their situation was conjectural, indefinite.

It had been a very dry winter, and all over Arizona some of the most dependable water holes had failed. So a column on the march might easily find itself in trouble.

Captain Carroll was in charge of the Ninth Cavalry troops which were to operate out of Fort Stanton, in conjunction with General Hatch's main command from Cuchillo Negro. Carroll's orders were to march west across the *malpais*, the "bad country," to get into the San Andres Range opposite Three Rivers (for long the site of ex-Senator A. B. Fall's great ranch). His duty was to block all trails leading northward from San Nicolas Springs. This on April 6.

On April 7 Carroll was to move toward Victorio's camp, in a cañon the location of which General Hatch

knew. Captain McLellan and his command was to move directly from Aleman's Well on the ancient Jornado del Muerto. By a night march of twenty-five miles he could close in on the same locality at daylight of April 7.

General Hatch, with his four troops, moved out from Aleman's Well in a southeast direction, to get into the San Andres and cut the trails leading into Old Mexico. He was then to come northward and close in on the hostile camp if the Indians had not left.

Pursuant to orders, Carroll camped on the evening of April 5 at the Malpais Spring—which flowed water beautifully clear and cool, but dangerously charged with gypsum. As a result of watering here, nearly all of Carroll's horses and half his men were deathly ill before morning. So he hastily broke camp and moved into the mountains. He expected to find a spring where he had camped the fall before, while on a scout against these same Indians. But when he reached the locality, not a drop of water was found there.

With much difficulty he moved southward, to reach a cañon where he was assured there was plenty of water and, at about six o'clock, totally exhausted, he entered Memtrillo Cañon, where the water was. But in this very cañon was Victorio's camp! Memtrillo Cañon was the object of our entire expedition and the concentrated attack scheduled for the next day.

At first the Indians seemed inclined to retreat, but apparently they soon discovered that something was wrong with Carroll's command. So they took a favorable position between Carroll and the water and a hot fight began—this just before dark. Carroll and several of his men were wounded—two mortally—in trying to reach the spring. The Indians never let them get to it. Some daring soldiers

did creep down and secure a few canteens of water from the damp bed of the small stream, but the main portion of the soldiers and all of the horses and mules got not a drop. They were soon in dire straits from weakness and thirst.

Early the next morning, the Indians took the aggressive and surrounded the command, shooting into it from every direction and especially covering the water. In the meantime our command—McLellan's—had marched from Aleman's and just at daylight reached the edge of a steep bluff. From the edge of this, as the mists cleared, we could see a pretty valley, surrounded by rough peaks with three deep cañons converging into it. Our guides said we were at Memtrillo Cañon, the location of Victorio's camp. As we waited for a little more light before descending into the valley, we were amazed to hear crashing volleys carrying from far away in the valley. It was still too hazy to determine the exact location of the shooting or what it was all about.

Finally, McLellan directed Lieutenants Touey and Gatewood to take the Scouts and twenty troopers and go cautiously down into the valley. In a few minutes one of the men ran back, reporting that the Indians had some white men corralled and were firing on them, so our entire command deployed as skirmishers and rushed into the valley.

We soon communicated with the beleaguered force and much to our surprise found it was Carroll's command and that it must get water at once.

The Fight in Memtrillo

WE FORMED for attack and at about nine o'clock drove the Indians back. Now water could be obtained, if yet under heavy fire from peaks and bluffs overlooking the spring. Gatewood and others were much puzzled at the large number of hostiles present, as it was well known that Victorio never at any time had over seventy-five warriors, while here we found at least two hundred ranged around us. At about ten o'clock McLellan determined on a frontal attack to clear the spring. Gatewood and his Scouts were directed to go quietly up one of the cañons leading to the south. He was to turn a ridge that covered the spring and from which the hostiles kept up a hot fire on anyone who showed himself.

Touey and myself were to take charge of all the enlisted men and, when Gatewood had gained his objective, advance in skirmish formation and capture the bluff. McLellan—the dour old Scot!—added:

“I want you to *get* it, too!”

Soon we heard firing from Gatewood's direction, and I ordered our Number One's to rush. I went with them. Then we dropped and the Number Two's came rushing past us. We fired steadily at the crest—perhaps six hundred yards distant—and the Indians presented us with everything *they* had in stock! They had plenty of men scattered along that crest too!

Having covered about four hundred and fifty of the six hundred yards, the line was halted and we rested for ten minutes, lying down behind such cover as the ground afforded. I passed the word along that at the command the advance was to be continued on the run, the men firing at will until the hostile line was reached. There would be no halts for any purpose.

When we rose to make the rush, only a few scattering shots met us and we gained the objective to find it abandoned. But at once terrific firing broke out where Gatewood and the Scouts were.

It developed that, when we halted preparatory to charging, the Indians had begun to withdraw on the run. This movement was plainly seen from Gatewood's position and he turned on them, speeding their flight until they were hidden in sheltering cañons.

The only dead Indians found on the field were four on his front and three of these were Mescaleros from the Agency near Tularosa, about thirty miles to the east. The presence of these Agency Indians explained Victorio's augmented force.

Carroll and his men had been posted to watch the water hole and a cañon that led from the spring toward the White Sands and the Mescalero Agency. So he got several shots into a detachment mounted on ponies and rapidly moving in that direction.

Carroll's thirst-frenzied men rushed to the little stream, to throw themselves in it and along it and drink and drink again, as if they would never get their fill. The wounded were quickly brought down, shelters erected, wounds washed and bandaged, and dinner served.

At the very first shot McLellan had promptly rushed off two couriers to catch General Hatch and his column

and inform him of the location of the Indians and Carroll's plight. The couriers, going cautiously, overtook Hatch just as he entered the mountains from the comparatively level Jornado del Muerto. Here, once more, fate played against him; instead of proceeding about a mile farther and coming up the trail in the mountains as he had intended, he turned back to regain the plain and, moving rapidly (to prevent another Custer massacre, as he thought), reached Memtrillo Cañon about noon—after all the hostiles had left. Had he chosen the trail he would have met Victorio with all his warriors, women and children, the band short of ammunition. It is probable the campaign would have ended right there. A reconnaissance some days later showed the two trails only a short distance apart and parallel, Victorio's party going south and General Hatch's command going north, both moving rapidly.

However, Hatch had no assurance that McLellan and Carroll could drive off the hostiles, nor could the couriers give him an accurate statement concerning the number of Indians and condition of Carroll's command, as we did not know the situation when they left us. They could only say that Carroll had been surrounded all night.

The General was greatly disappointed at the failure of his well-laid plans, but at once sent out reconnaissance parties to scout the country and couriers to notify the settlers concerning the probable trail of the hostiles.

The Scouts soon returned with the information that two well-marked trails led from the mountains. One, the larger and more plainly marked, led eastward to the Sacramento Mountains (toward the Mescalero Agency); the other was very plain to southward for fifteen miles, when it vanished, indicating that the band had scattered.

Years afterward, Nana told of this occurrence and

said that Victorio saw Hatch and his command coming towards the trail and had a bad quarter-hour until the soldiers passed on only a short distance away. He had then scattered and turned abruptly to the right—to the west—and at about two o'clock the next morning the Indians had stopped at Aleman's Well. Here they broke the padlocks on top of the troughs, and procured water for their ponies and people. They had not tried to kill anyone, and cattle had partly obliterated the trail before daylight, so we had no assurance that the hostiles had not gone towards Old Mexico.

General Hatch was very much chagrined at the definitely proved participation of the Mescaleros in the actual fighting with Victorio against the troops and at once resolved to end that part of it, anyway.

So, on the night of April 8 the command moved across that freak of Nature, the White Sands,* the salt and gypsum bed of a large dry lake. After innumerable delays and vicissitudes we reached the foothills of the Sacramentos and about ten o'clock the next day camped where the town of Alamogordo is now situated on the Rock Island Railroad. From there General Hatch sent to Las Cruces for supplies and ammunition, despatched couriers to the Mescalero Agency, and made telegraphic reports to proper authorities.

We arrived at the Agency above Tularosa the next day, and the Agent, a nice, old preacher who had obtained his job through the Eastern Peace Association and was imbued with the most altruistic ideas concerning the Indians and their treatment—met the General with the bland statement that the Mescaleros had not given Victorio aid or assistance in any way. He claimed that all his charges were on the

* Now a National Monument.

reservation the day of the fight. He had not *seen* them, he admitted, but they had told him that they were all there!

The General asked for the chief, Ramon Chiquito. He told him to produce the three Indians whom we knew had been killed and whose reservation tags we had in our possession. After a series of conferences, Ramon acknowledged that several of his tribe had been in the fight and were now hiding out, afraid to come in.

To make the case more damaging, the next day General Grierson marched in and reported that Captain Lebo's troop of his regiment had struck a trail of hostiles, supposedly Comanches, who had been raiding and killing north of Fort Davis, Texas, in the Pecos Valley. Lebo had followed cautiously and, after traveling northward towards the Fort Sill Reservation, had found the trail to turn abruptly westward, cross the Pecos and head directly towards the Mescalero Agency. Lebo then concluded that he was pursuing a remnant of Victorio's band, took extra precautions, and at Elk Spring, just outside the Mescalero Reservation, he overtook his Indians.

He killed four or five of them, scattered the remainder, and recaptured several Mexican women who had been taken in the lower Pecos Valley. Lebo brought the captives and definite evidence into the Agency with him, whereupon General Hatch ordered every Indian on the reservation to report for renumbering and examination, stating that anyone remaining outside the limits set on the morning of April 17 would be regarded as a hostile and killed on sight.

Just after midnight of April 16 Gatewood, myself, and the Scouts and detachment, leaving the pack train in camp, moved out in light marching order up the cañon leading eastward. Our instructions were to go about six miles from

the Agency, then at daylight return, sweeping the cañon as skirmishers and firing upon whatever Indians we might see. We were to pursue slowly if they rushed towards the Agency.

As we marched along, frequently a Scout would lift his head, sniff, and point out the probable location of a camp, then we would go quietly on. Upon halting, Gatewood instructed soldiers and Scouts not to kill any of the campers, especially the women and children, nor any of the bucks unless, with gun in hand, it was evident they intended resistance. But everyone was to fire several volleys and make as much uproar as possible when we started our sweep back.

Finally the sun rose brilliantly over the Staked Plains, and the shadows began to roll out of our cañon. Gatewood gave the signal, and we let out a yell and rushed down the valley. It was magically filled with running Indians and their ponies, all trying to reach the Agency in the shortest possible time. Each probably thought that the ones behind them were being killed by our gunfire. Dr. McPherson and the packers stated that the Indians came from every direction, fairly pouring over the bluffs surrounding the Agency like a living waterfall. We neither killed nor hurt anyone, but Morrow, with two troops, had gone to Dog Cañon the night before. When he started in he was attacked by several of the young bucks who had been in the Memtrillo fight, so he killed six or seven of them and had one or two of his men wounded.

General Grierson and the Tenth Cavalry had remained to form a line around the Indians at the Agency. These were directed to turn in all firearms and ponies, then all were listed, absentees were noted and declared hostile. Several of the chiefs were sent to Fort Stanton and con-

fined for three or four months, the firearms and ammunition were destroyed, and, finally, all their ponies were sent out of the country and sold. This last was a severe blow to them as the Mescaleros are like the Comanches rather than the Apaches; they are decidedly "horse" Indians.

General Hatch's measures, while drastic, were thoroughly effective. Victorio lost one of his bases of supplies and the next time his agents came to see about getting some ammunition the Mescaleros promptly informed the authorities and were keen to capture and kill the envoys. Subsequently, they got a real Agent in Major Llewellyn. By 1884, when the Sixth Cavalry was stationed at Fort Stanton, they had almost recovered their losses—except the ponies. They have never been on the warpath since, although they staged a small outbreak and killed some men in a dispute over irrigated land, near Tularosa, in 1885.

A few days later, after it was definitely determined that the hostiles under Victorio were not in the country, General Hatch's command was dispersed. The Tenth Cavalry returned to Texas; the two troops from Fort Stanton went back to that post; one troop was left at the Agency with some Infantry, to guard the Mescaleros; the remainder marched to San Nicolas Springs, where we drew rations from a train brought up by Captain Arthur McAughan. From there the Ninth Cavalry and Scouts went to Palomas and Cuchillo Negro to examine the San Mateo Mountains.

We were thus occupied until May 20 and saw no signs of hostiles, so McLellan's troop was ordered back to its station at Bowie.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Mangas, son of the great Mangas Coloradas.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Victorio—one of America's greatest Indian leaders.

Victorio Is Slaughtered

ALL DURING April, 1880, we heard that Victorio was furious because of the operations in New Mexico of Scouts from Arizona. He got word to them that he intended to square accounts by sending a war party to raid and shoot their families at San Carlos. This threat greatly amused our Indians.

After the Memtrillo fight the scattered units of Victorio's command had reunited in the fastness of the Black Range with several of his wounded. He had to keep quiet until he could rest and gather more ammunition. So absolute peace settled upon that section along the Rio Grande so recently harried by his deadly raiding parties. It was even concluded that the hostile band had really gone south into Mexico. After Victorio had rested about a week, he proceeded to carry out his ancient threat against San Carlos, both to get revenge and more especially to divert attention from the Black Range.

Chief Washington with fourteen well-armed and, in this case, well-mounted, warriors, was detailed to make the raid. Washington was specially cautioned not to permit his presence to be known to anyone and to attack no one until he reached San Carlos, where he was to kill and destroy as many and as much as possible. All went well until he was within about twenty miles of the Agency. Then, unexpectedly, he ran into some hunters from the Agency

on Ash Creek Flat and was compelled to shoot into the party. He thought that he had driven all the survivors into a near-by cave, but one or two hunters were on top of the mountain and, while one kept the war party in view, the other rode furiously over a very rough trail, to notify the soldiers.

Captain Kramer, with Lieutenant Blocksom and a few Indian Scouts, was camped near Rocky Cañon, waiting for just such a contingency, but the Indian was practically all night reaching him. Washington, in the meantime, had moved rapidly to the Gila River. At daylight he opened fire on several camps of Indians located at the Sub-Agency, killed several people and got some fresh ponies, but no ammunition or other supplies. Then at about ten o'clock his hostiles streamed back across Ash Creek Flat. At two that afternoon they clashed with Kramer's outfit and killed Sergeant Griffin, a veteran of the Civil War and a fine man. But Kramer soon had them on the run and pursued until darkness came and the hostiles lost themselves in the adjacent mountains. The next day Washington's raiders struck a big wagon train near Clifton, Arizona, killed all the drivers, captured a fine remount of mules, and proceeded south into the Burro Mountains. This was on the trail leading to the Janos Valley in Mexico, near where Lordsburg now stands.

The band scattered and returned quietly to Victorio's rendezvous, situated all this time about twenty miles from Hillsboro.

We heard of Kramer's successful fight about May 25 at Cuchillo Negro and were much pleased, especially the Scouts, because the Indians that Washington killed and stirred up at the Sub-Agency belonged to the notorious, hated Juh-Gerónimo outfit, which had come in from the

warpath the year before. Soon after, we received orders to return to Arizona, via Fort Bayard and Fort Thomas. At Fort Thomas we were to report to General Carr, submitting our report and map of operations.

I received my first citation for gallantry in action from Captain McLellan in his report to the Department Commander and was much surprised. McLellan claimed that the success of the engagement was due entirely to Touey, Gatewood and Mills, the Scouts, and myself. For Carroll's command was entirely *hors de combat* from the reasons previously given.

We remained at Apache for only a few days, to enlist a new company of Scouts. Then we were ordered to Ash Creek, to watch for Victorio's men, who, it was rumored, were trying to sneak into the Agency. Also, we were to keep an eye on some malcontents in the Juh-Gerónimo band who were threatening trouble. While there Gatewood was quite ill and went into Camp Thomas for medical attention. He had been gone a few days when a courier came in and handed me an order relieving Gatewood and appointing me to the command of Company A, Indian Scouts. I was very much disconcerted by this, as it was well known that several others of longer service than myself were very anxious to have the position. Gatewood had served three unusually hard and trying years in the field and was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. I felt absolutely lost without him. To add to my troubles, Dr. Dorsey McPherson was also relieved and ordered East.

In the meantime, Victorio's rendezvous had been located in New Mexico, and General Hatch had succeeded in enlisting over one hundred Apache Scouts from San Carlos. He had also secured three pack trains, with experienced packers from Wyoming to run them. In July

the troops found Victorio's camp, but did him little damage. By accident (it was claimed) a few days later, Parker, Chief of Scouts, with about seventy-five Scouts made a night march from Palomas to the foothills of the Black Range. He was fortunate enough to surprise Victorio in his main camp, with women and children and about half his warriors. Parker made a killing, probably ten or twelve (as high as sixty were claimed), and he scattered the band, but it reunited in August below the Mexican line, first at Tres Hermanas, later near Lake Guzmán. Whatever the number actually killed, it was a deadly blow to Victorio, as he lost some of his best men and was himself wounded.

Soon after this I was ordered to Camp Thomas, thence to Grant, and near the end of August went to Fort Bowie. My Scouts made part of an expedition which General Carr was to lead into Old Mexico, to press the hostiles all along the Janos River from Casas Grandes north to the line about where Columbus, New Mexico, now is. At the same time General Buell, with several companies of his regiment, the Fifteenth Infantry, part of the Ninth Cavalry, and the Indian Scouts were to move south from Fort Cummings, practically covering the territory with a skirmish line for a front of thirty miles. Buell was to keep going until he ran into the hostiles or passed Lake Guzmán. It was a well-planned expedition.

On September 10 we moved out, a brave array, six troops of Cavalry, three companies of Scouts, with three large pack trains. Both our command and Buell's were to reach the objective by the fourteenth. After the first day's march, all the Scouts were ordered to take the advance with three days' rations on their persons and to keep at least ten miles ahead of the column. Mills and his outfit was on the

right, I was in the center, and Blocksom was on the left towards the line.

I had never before been "absolutely on my own" as in this case, and the feeling was queer, to say the least. Within twenty minutes after leaving camp, at daybreak, I found myself alone on a limitless plain, riding towards a red range of mountains, as every Indian had disappeared and Sam Bowman was some five miles to the right watching that part of the line. Every once in a while, as I passed a cactus or a small arroyo, one of my Scouts would rise up in the most unexpected, disconcerting manner, to point out my next objective and report, then I was alone again, except for the biggest and most vicious rattlesnakes, at least one every mile, that I ever saw. We were not allowed to shoot them and I had no club to kill them with.

This procedure continued for four days, during which we crossed the Janos River and my advanced Scouts went beyond Lake Guzmán. While recent camps of the hostiles were found, all persons—Indians and Mexicans alike—had abandoned the country. General Buell's command reported the same results. We learned that, as soon as our movement commenced, Victorio and his band had packed up, scattered, and moved south towards Parral as rapidly as possible. About four days later we heard from Mexican sources that they were at least a hundred miles from us.

As our agreement with the Mexican Government about crossing the line specifically stated "pursuit on a trail and not more than one hundred miles below the line," the expedition returned leisurely to its several stations. Victorio and his band stayed in the mountains for a month or so, but finally ventured into the vicinity of Santa Rosalia to buy ammunition and supplies. They seemed to have plenty of money and a keen desire to be peaceful, all of

which was taken at face value—but the Mexicans sent a courier to General Joaquin Terrazas, then hunting Victorio, asking for his *rurales* to come quietly to Santa Rosalia. Then they staged a big *fiesta* to which all the Indians were invited. When the “celebration” was over Victorio and his band had been summarily exterminated. The whole band was killed, except for Nana and three others, who had been sent into the mountains a few days before to get some money *cached* by them on the trail when retreating.

Nana and his companions got news of the slaughter in some way and at once fled to the Sierra Madres and nothing more was heard of them for about a year. This was in December, 1880. And so ended the career of “Old Vic,” one of the shrewdest and most successful Apache warriors that ever ravished the frontier. From April, 1879, to December, 1880, Victorio’s band killed over a thousand people, forced three regiments of Cavalry, parts of two regiments of Infantry, the Texas Rangers, and Mexican *rurales* into the field, destroyed any amount of property, and was finally eliminated only by treachery.

And—for an oddity of officialdom—when we were making up the list of Indian campaigns for the Pension Office in 1895, much to our amazement we discovered that our campaign against Victorio was *not* listed as “an Indian Campaign!” Why, one never knew. The Bannock Campaign, the Ute Campaign, and several others not nearly so disastrous or far-reaching *were* so listed.

The expedition itself was a delight to me. During the activity I met practically all those members of my regiment whom I had not previously seen and, too, there was a mine of military information for the young officer in observing from day to day the absolutely efficient manner in which General Carr, Captains McLellan, Madden, and Rafferty

(the only West Pointer in the list of Captains at that time) and the other old-time Cavalrymen proceeded about the work at hand.

After a week at Bowie I was ordered to Fort Thomas. Then, in late November, I went to Apache. Here, as usual, I enlisted a new Scout company. The traditional Christmas hunt was even more enjoyable than in 1879, after virtually a solid year of trailing and fighting Indians. We had the customary good luck and procured plenty of game. The holidays were celebrated in expansive fashion.

Gerónimo Goes Raiding

IN SPITE of the fact that Victorio and his killers had been definitely disposed of, rumors persisted that small bands of hostiles were being seen by prospectors and others over on the Gila, near Clifton. So, about January 10, 1881, Captain Hentig with his troop and my Scouts was ordered out. We were to proceed by way of Stevens' Ranch to the upper Gila and thoroughly scout the country, to check the rumors.

It was terribly cold when we left the post. We found travel difficult as far as the Stevens Ranch but definitely determined that no Indians had been over the trails since summer. Our course forward was over the very rough trail usually traveled by hostiles, to Parson Williams' ranch on the Fresco—a branch of the Gila.

Careful search showed that no hostiles had been there, either, for several months. A courier to Solomonsville returned with orders to remain there until February, keeping close watch. We bought barley and hay from the Parson who, as we left, remarked that, anyway, he had sold his crop! There were those who believed that the Parson's crop might have been at the bottom of the whole scare. We went back to Apache through some of the deepest snow I ever negotiated, in Arizona or elsewhere.

Life was quiet enough until April. Then, out of a clear sky, a telegram informed us that, without rhyme or reason

except that they wanted to go and had ponies and ammunition to go with, Juh and Gerónimo had suddenly left San Carlos and were headed for Clifton. Overton, with two troops from Thomas, tried to cut in on the Ash Creek trail ahead of them and missed doing so by no more than an hour, so he followed them closely.

We received the news about eight o'clock in the evening and by ten were on the march with two troops of Cavalry, the Scouts, and pack train, taking twenty days' supplies. Black River, twenty-two miles distant, was reached by three o'clock in the morning and found deep with melting snows from Old Baldy. It was necessary to unload the pack animals and carry the rations and other stuff over in a bateau that was used to ferry the mail in high water. Everyone worked, and we were soon across and traveling rapidly before daylight. From then until about five in the afternoon, when we cut in on Overton's trail from Thomas, our march was a feverish moving, moving; walk; trot; gallop; with infrequent rests for ten minutes at the little rills that crossed our paths. When we cut Overton's trail we were sixty-eight miles from Apache and still going.

Where the hostile trail turned into the mountains, we halted for the night for fear we would lose it. Horses and mules were turned loose in the grama grass and all hands except the herd guard were fast asleep in ten minutes.

Reveille and hot coffee at four the next morning, then it was "march" again, pushing forward all day long. We reached Clifton after traveling forty-four miles over rough mountain trails. Overton was reported up the Gila ten miles, trying to overtake the Indians, who had turned towards Steen's Pass. The Apaches killed several people around Clifton and again captured a large supply train

and got a lot of fresh mounts. It was perhaps just as well for Overton that he did not catch his Indians! The next day four troops of the Fourth Cavalry under the intrepid Colonel Sandy Forsyth, coming from Lordsburg, attempted to bar the road. The hostiles stood him off and went on their way, in spite of the most spirited attacks of the troopers.

We overtook Overton the next day and soon after heard of Forsyth's fight and that he was on the trail. The hostiles entered Mexico near the Double 'Dobe Ranch, to scatter in the Sierra Madre Range. These mountains were their real home and where they were safe from pursuit, as the country was absolutely unknown to any white people at that time. They remained hidden in the Sierra Madres for several months, making no raids north of the line, as they needed rest.

Juh was a very fat Indian—something unusual among Apaches. He weighed at least two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He rode down from the mountains one day to the Mexican village of Casas Grandes, which held perhaps twenty-five inhabitants. Juh intended to see the ladies and have a spree on *mescal*. Not the slightest opposition was ever offered to Apache visits there; resistance meant instant death. So Juh and his party drank a good deal and in late afternoon started home. The narrow trail led along a precipitous cañon probably a thousand feet deep. The pony had had a long trip to town, had stood tied up all day without food or water, and was very weak. In making a sudden turn, when Juh reeled too much over the side, the little animal lost its footing and pony and rider went rolling to the bottom of the cañon. Both were quite dead when the other Indians reached them. So Gerónimo became chief of the band, but not of the Chiricahuas, as

Nachiz, son of Cochise, held that honor by heredity. This was to cause lots of trouble later on.

We returned to Apache by easy marches and again settled down. In June, as it was very warm at Lowell, General Carr received permission to transfer his headquarters to Fort Apache for the summer. He was accompanied by the band, his family, and Lieutenant and Mrs. W. H. Carter. It was very pleasant to have these new people with us and to have the band for guard mount and concerts.

Shortly after General Carr's arrival, I did my first real exploring. The surrounding country was not well known. Indeed, the only pretense of a topographical survey was that of the Wheeler Expedition of 1875 and, as I have said before, this furnished only information concerning prominent landmarks and base points. Hundreds of miles of intervening country were totally unknown. General Carr had heard a rumor that a beautiful, snow-fed lake formed the headwaters of Black River—the upper reaches of Salt River at the present Roosevelt Dam—and wished to verify this report. So, in mid-June he ordered me to take ten Scouts, six or eight enlisted men, and sufficient packs; to proceed up Black River to its source at the foot of the snowcap of Old Baldy. Then I was to cross over, or go around, the peak; to trace the headwaters of the Colorado Chiquito as far as Springerville, then cross the Divide and trace White River to the post. I was to be gone not longer than twenty days and would make a topographic survey, basing it on the existing monuments of the Wheeler Survey and the known locations of the post, Springerville, the Stevens Ranch, etc.

I never had a detail that I enjoyed more, nor one on which I saw more new and interesting—even wonderful—

things. But—there was no lake, nor evidence that there had ever been any. The only thing remotely resembling a lake bed was the crater of an extinct volcano on the east side of the mountain. This crater had walls about twenty feet high, as circular as a circus ring and half a mile in diameter. At some time or other there had been six or eight feet of water in the bowl, but it was empty at the time I explored it and had no connection with any of the streams that gushed from the snowbank. We saw hundreds of bears—twenty at one time in a small meadow—and I killed my first elk. We returned on time, and I worked up my notes and submitted my report.

From some of the officers I heard that during my absence the Indians had been having great dances out on Carrizo Creek and were coming near the post to hold one, later on. Thus, almost unnoticed, had formed a cloud that was to rain death and disaster upon us later on.

As matters were very quiet and Captain Kramer had been steadily on active duty for three or four years, he now obtained three months' leave and left for the railhead—at that time near Steen's Pass. This put Stanton in command of Troop E. At about the same time Captain Hentig was notified that he would get the recruiting detail from the regiment September 1 and that his First Lieutenant, C. G. Gordon, would rejoin his troop from recruiting duty the latter part of August. At this time Mrs. Hentig was at Philadelphia in a hospital, and Hentig hoped to get that station and prepared accordingly.

An Apache "Spellbinder"

NOCH-AY-DEL-KLINNE is usually referred to in Arizona histories as "The Medicine Man." Thought of him always brings to my mind the ancient proverb about "a little learning—"

If he had not gone to Washington and seen President Grant; if he had not picked up the merest smattering of Christianity in a Santa Fé, New Mexico, school—if, in short, he had remained the kindly White Mountain herb doctor he was in 1871, Cibicu Creek would not have become a battleground. But he got the "little learning," and it became the "dangerous thing," resulting in tragedy for the Medicine Man and some of his followers and for soldiers and others.

He was about twenty-six and already a medicine man of influence in 1871, when he made one of a small delegation of Apaches sent to Washington. He was a Dreamer, then, tending to mysticism and possessed (I have always believed) of certain crude powers of hypnotism. When he came home he had not only the big silver medal given him by the President, but a supply of amazing stories and the power to tell them—tales of enormous buildings and long, towering bridges and countless puffing railway trains and swarming vehicles carrying thousands upon thousands of white people.

His listeners could not comprehend these things. So,

in the fashion of primitive folk, they shrugged and named the medicine man their tribe's greatest liar. Then, he attended school in Santa Fé, where he absorbed but hardly understood the elements of the Christian religion. He was particularly impressed by the story of the Resurrection and when he went back to his own people it was to think about the withdrawal of Christ for meditation. He determined to follow that example.

He went out to fast and pray and contemplate the mysteries of religion, and his influence grew as years passed and he treated the sick and counseled the troubled of the Apaches. By 1881, when he came actively into my life, he was widely known. But still the Army had no thought of him as a dangerous character.

Our first definite thought of the Medicine Man came with his "revival meetings" in June of that year. The word "ghost-dance" had not come into use, but the Medicine Man's congregations of Indians performed something similar.

Word came to us of the meetings and their growing popularity. We heard of increasing crowds at the Medicine Man's "revivals" and they began to appear much like the negro camp meetings of our own South, where the darkies "get religion" with enthusiastic shouting and acrobatics. Not that the Indians did much shouting; they expressed their religious frenzy through the medium of a peculiar dance stepped to the monotonous thumping of tomtoms, continued until the dancers dropped from sheer exhaustion.

Meeting after meeting was held, their sites changing frequently, until about the first of August, 1881, an unusually large gathering was called for Carrizo Creek, at a point some eighteen miles from the post. At this meeting tribal enmities were pushed into the background. Under

the spell of the Medicine Man tribes which had been at daggers' points for years, perhaps for centuries, forgot their hatreds and joined in the frenzied ceremonies.

It looked strange to the whites. So Sam Bowman, the Chief of Scouts, went to have a look. He came to see me after his return and amazed me by asking acceptance of his resignation. I pressed him for his reason, but he would only say that he had been in Arizona for seven years and it was time to go back to the Indian Territory and see his people. He persisted in his request and when he was released rode away immediately.

I was puzzled but it did not occur to me to connect Bowman's resignation with the dance at Carrizo Creek until I talked with Nat Nobles, our chief packer. Nobles told me that Bowman had quit the service because he expected trouble with the Apaches.

"He said that kind of dance always meant trouble with his people," Nobles explained. "He believed that it would bring the same here and he didn't want to get mixed up in it. So he decided to go see his folks."

John Byrnes, ex-Sergeant of the Sixth Cavalry, knew the Indians well and had been on various scouting expeditions with the Scouts. He seemed a good man for Bowman's position, and I was glad to secure him.

At about this time the Indian Agent at San Carlos—Major Tiffany, a veteran of the Civil War—came to the post to inspect those of his Apache wards who were in our vicinity. The Medicine Man with several of his followers came in to see Tiffany. Then, with the permission of the authorities, Noch-ay-del-Klinne moved his meeting to a large flat on the north fork of White River two miles from the post.

All of us had opportunity, now, to see the "revivals"

of which we had heard and which had frightened Sam Bowman out of the country. Particularly, as I looked at the swaying, engrossed figures, moving like automatons to the thump of drums, I was amazed at the fraternizing that went on between tribes and elements of tribes which had always held for each other the most deadly aversion.

It was ample cause for thought and speculation, to see Apaches who had been proscribed by their own people for murder, theft, and woman kidnaping now moving freely among those who, but a short time before, had been hunting them with grim intent to exterminate the criminals. Every Apache within hearing of the Medicine Man's voice now seemed deaf and dumb and blind to everything in life except the wild desire to celebrate whatever variety of religion it was which he preached—or indicated.

"They're getting out of hand," I told myself. "They're so high that it will be strange if Noch-ay-del-Klinne gets them back to everyday earth without a bad smash."

The meeting went back to Carrizo Creek and later to Cibicu, forty-six miles from the post. Then the forebodings we had owned began to come true. Things began to happen!

Every one of my Scouts wanted passes, to let them attend the dances. When they were granted passes they overstayed their time. Worst of all, when they came back they were not only exhausted and unfit for duty, but they showed surliness and insubordination. They grumbled constantly and made vague remarks about the country being theirs, not ours. Dozens of small incidents showed that something, or someone, was giving them new thoughts.

Among the Indians in general the same unrest was noticed. Nobody wanted to work, and one day when



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Nana—war chief of Victorio's raiders.

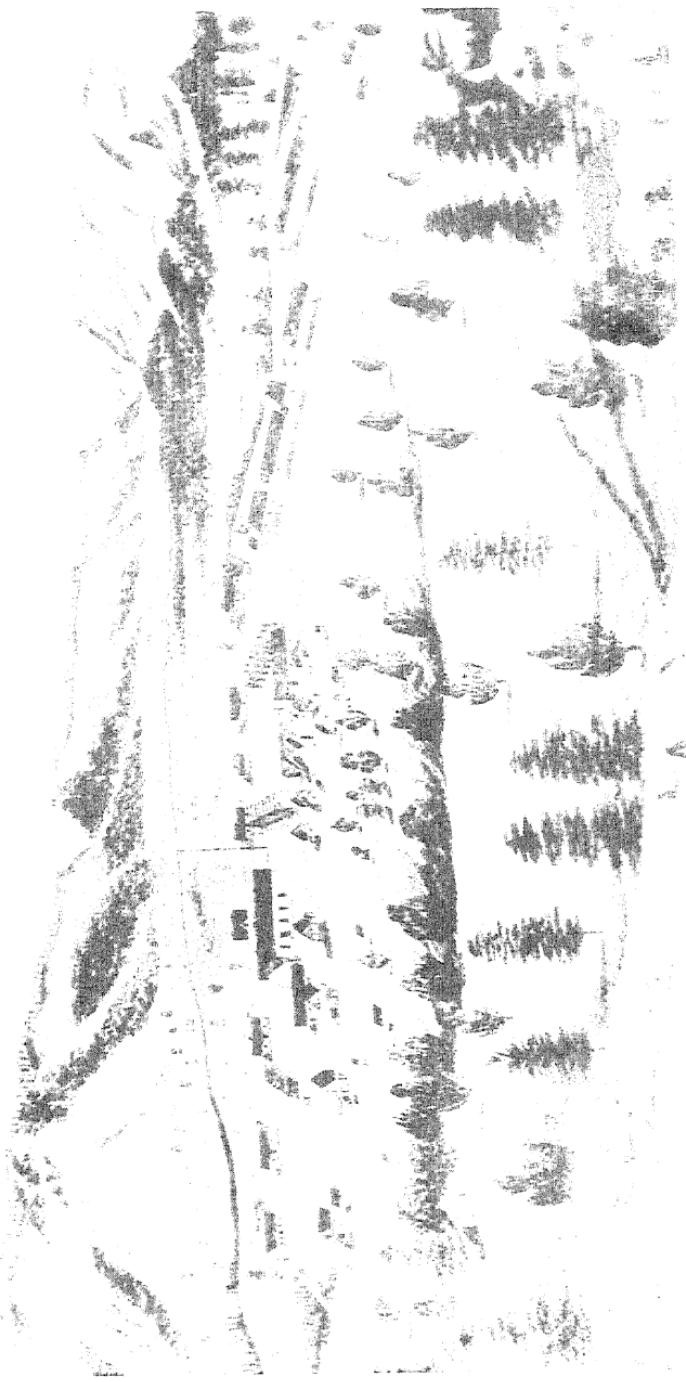


Photo courtesy Signal Corps, U. S. Army.
Bird's-eye view of Fort Apache, Arizona on White Mountain River. Fort Apache was first known as Camp Ord. 1878-80.

Lacey, the post trader, felt compelled to refuse an Apache further credit, the man looked at him contemptuously.

"What difference does it make?" he grunted. "Pretty quickly, now, I'll have it all, anyway!"

Major Tiffany sent a request to the Medicine Man to come over to San Carlos for a talk. He also suggested that Nnoch-ay-del-Klinne hold his meetings there. Both requests were promptly, if respectfully, declined. Tiffany then sent his Indian police to arrest the Medicine Man and bring him to San Carlos. Those police had a reputation equal to that of the famous Northwest Mounted force for getting their man. But on this occasion they stayed out two or three days, came back without their arms, and sulked around the Agency because of their defeat.

During these events the military had only watched. Interested as we were, concerned with the growing unrest, it was impossible for General Carr to act unless Agent Tiffany requested help. For the Apaches were on their reservation and, thus far, had committed no actual offense.

But the Medicine Man had stirred a whirlwind that was to engulf him. The worst elements among the tribes were finding power during the religious frenzy that gripped their people. They began to prepare for an attack on all organized elements about them, both white and red.

Then Nnoch-ay-del-Klinne performed a coup that brought him even greater power and influence than he had possessed—but also brought about his downfall.

After an unusually frenzied dance, some fanatic faced the Medicine Man and with his supporters made a new, but to the Apaches quite logical, demand.

"It is known to us," the Indian cried, "that those of our people who have died are still living, but only invisible. If you are the great one we believe you, go call to those of

our great leaders who have died. Ask them to help us, their people. Ask them to tell us what we shall do now about our country and the whites who rule it."

It was a demand that could not be refused. The Medicine Man and three companions went to a high mesa above Cibicu and remained there for many hours, fasting and making appeals to the Great Ones.

"Come to us!" they prayed. "Show yourselves to us again. Tell us, your people, what we must do."

Years afterward, one of Noch-ay-del-Klinne's companions told me of the experience, and his description reminded me vividly of the Biblical description of the Transfiguration.

"There appeared to us three of those great ones," he insisted. "They were like shadows at first, but we saw them rise out of the ground, very slowly, and coming no farther than the knees. All about them they looked, then to us they said:

"'Why do you call upon us? Why do you disturb us? We do not wish to come back. The buffalo are gone. White people are everywhere in the land that was ours. We do not wish to come back.'

"And we cried to them, saying:

"'But tell us what we must do!'

"And they answered us as they began to sink into the ground and to become as shadows:

"'Live at peace with the white men and let us rest.'"

My witness claimed most earnestly that he *saw* the spirits take solid form. But he admitted that he was very weak from fasting, exhausted from much dancing. It was all an experience very like a dream. But when the four went back to make their report to the assembly, there was nothing dreamlike about the effect of the account!

Each faction among the Apaches interpreted the vision as suited its members. None, it seems, doubted the reality of the appearance to their Medicine Man of those long-dead leaders. To the Indians who thought of religion rather in the abstract, the vision was proof that the dead lived on, invisible except at certain times. It was assurance that a future life really existed. To the malcontents who had been preaching a war of extermination against the whites, it was a solemn injunction to clear the Apache country of the enemy. To no more than a handful was it a command to remain at peace. Naturally, the war faction was our interest.

We were quick to see the results of the Medicine Man's triumph, even though we did not learn at once what had whipped the Apaches into wilder frenzy and a more truculent attitude toward the whites. My Scouts were harder to handle. We all began to hear mutterings from the Indians to the effect that if the whites did not get out of the Apache country they would be driven out.

At San Carlos the situation was very bad. When the Agent refused passes to his Indians, to attend the dances on Cibicu, hundreds of them went without permission. When he ordered his police to stop the people they reported themselves helpless.

At last, Major Tiffany asked General Carr to help him. Carr sent an invitation to Noch-ay-del-Klinne to come back to the post. The Medicine Man sent a polite refusal in answer. He had too many sick to care for. It was absolutely impossible for him to desert his followers. But later on, he would consider returning.

About August 20, General Carr called me into his office to ask about my Scouts. He said that he had heard ugly rumors about them. I told him quite frankly that if

an outbreak came, from the Medicine Man's meetings, I expected trouble.

"I think my Scouts want to be loyal," I said, "but if it comes to a showdown I don't see how they can side with us. Their families are all with Noch-ay-del-Klinne and they will probably be swept off their feet and go along."

General Carr seemed to be astonished by my statement. He stared at me, frowning.

"But the Scouts have always been loyal!" he protested. "They have obeyed orders under the most adverse conditions, even shooting some of their relations when occasion demanded it."

I admitted the truth of this during a discussion in which Carter, General Carr's acting Adjutant, took part. But I reminded Carr that none of the usual conditions were here; that we were facing Indians roused as we had never seen them, by Noch-ay-del-Klinne's meetings.

"Can you suggest a plan?" he asked at last.

"My suggestion would be that you order me and my Scouts to proceed at once to Huachuca," I answered promptly—for I had given the problem considerable thought. "We can go by the Stevens Ranch and Solomonsville and avoid the Agency. I suggest that you order Lieutenant Mills with his Company C of Scouts to come at once to Fort Apache in our place. C is a mixed company—Mojaves, Yumas, and a scattering of Chiricahuas. They have no such interest in conditions here as my Scouts have."

I went on to say that I had considered discharging my Scouts and replacing them with Mojaves, but considered my first suggestion the better one.

After General Carr had dismissed me—without making a decision—he sent for Private Charles Hurrel, of Troop D. Hurrel was one of the only three men I ever met who

spoke the Apache tongue fluently, George Wratten and the famous scout Al Sieber being the others.

Without informing Hurrel of my recommendations, General Carr questioned Hurrel about the Scouts and got almost identically the same suggestion. Hurrel said that, judging from what he had seen and heard among the Indians, he was certain that we would have trouble with the Scouts unless they were sent out of the vicinity. Also, he informed Carr that while the Medicine Man himself was not planning an outbreak, certain "bad men" among the Apaches were discussing a rising.

The upshot of it all was that General Carr sent a telegram to General Orlando B. Willcox, Department Commander, requesting the changes I had suggested.

In addition, he asked that two troops of Cavalry be sent on a march from Grant to Apache, to make a strong show of force and, perhaps, quiet the hotheads around Noch-ay-del-Klinne.

The message had just been sent when our rickety telegraph line went down in one of its periodic breaks. Strung, as it was, from one tree to another through the mountains, accidents to the line were almost routine events. But with the Medicine Man on our hands, the interruption of communication with the Department Commander at this time was more than annoying. It constituted a grave menace. Nor had we any mail service at the moment; melting snows and torrential rains had lifted the Gila River to flood stage, and we were cut off. So a Sergeant and two men were rushed out to repair the telegraph line.

They got it back in commission on August 28 and immediately General Carr had a telegram from Department Headquarters.

Bloody Cibicu

FOUR O'CLOCK, the afternoon of August 28, found the several officers in the post busy with their various duties. Then a bugle sounded, and with the first notes of *Officers' Call* we looked tensely, one at another, and hurried over to the Adjutant's office.

None of us could guess precisely what emergency might have risen. We assembled before General Carr and looked curiously from his face to the paper in his hand.

"I have just received an order from the Department Commander," he told us. "I am going to read it to you."

We listened to the orders in that telegram with growing surprise. General Carr was ordered to do various things, none important to the record, but it was the final sentence which affected us. General Carr was calmly ordered to "capture or *kill* Noch-ay-del-Klinne!"

"Pass the telegram around," General Carr directed. "Each of you read it. Then we'll discuss matters."

We read it—fortunately!—and I am sure that all of us agreed with General Carr when he said that he feared execution of the Department Commander's order might well bring on the very outbreak we had been trying to avoid.

"However," he continued, "it's an order. The only question is whether or not to take the Scouts. Lieutenant Cruse, what is your opinion on that?"

"It seems to me," I told him, "that in the circumstances it will be better all around to have them with us. The Medicine Man may go into hiding as soon as he hears of our coming—and he'll doubtless hear of it, too, before morning. Without the Scouts, we couldn't locate him. Too, if his followers do resist and general trouble follows, it will be better to have the Scouts with us than here, where only forty-odd Infantry will be on guard. The Scouts *have* always been loyal, and I really believe that they will prove trustworthy on this particular duty."

I knew that my statement about the Scouts' loyalty seemed to contradict what I had said to the General only a few days before. But actually, these being different conditions, there was no contradiction and he understood me.

He said he agreed and ordered the Scouts with pack train to be ready to march with Troops D and E the next morning, August 29, at eight o'clock. Then he reported to the Department Commander, stating that he would take two days, marching to Cibicu Creek and the Medicine Man's encampment ground.

Our telegraph line stayed up only three or four hours and the Repair Sergeant and two men were killed before they could get it up again.

Each of us in the Adjutant's office read the telegram ordering Noch-ay-del-Klinne's arrest *or* death and as I have said it was fortunate that General Carr let each of us actually see the message. For after the affair was over a Court of Inquiry was convened—they seemed inevitable in Indian affairs—and both General Willcox and Agent Tiffany seemed inclined to dodge responsibility for the peremptory tone of the order and to blame General Carr, implying that he had gone out and stirred up a fight with the Indians.

That late August day of our march was one of brilliant sunshine, very welcome after a week of torrential rains. We marched steadily, the Scouts leading and going along the trail in single file instead of being scattered on both sides as usual. This plan of march for them was adopted to avoid provoking isolated attacks. We did not really expect danger on the trail; we were simply taking no chances.

By two that afternoon we were at Carrizo Creek, having advanced twenty miles. We made camp with the animals grazing on the mesa and the camp itself on a small flat beside the stream.

I think it had been General Carr's intention to make a night march and be at the Cibicu at dawn of the thirtieth. But the country was very rough, and after a long discussion with Hurrle, with the Chief of Scouts and Mose, my Apache First Sergeant, Carr decided to stay in camp until sunrise, keeping our animals close-herded on the flat.

Sergeant Mose asked permission to take two Scouts and go ahead into the Medicine Man's camp. He wanted to explain to Noch-ay-del-Klinne that the march was not made with any hostile intent and to warn the Medicine Man to keep his followers from firing on us. Also, he would advise him to wait there on Cibicu for General Carr's coming.

Carr gave Mose permission to go, and he left us with two Scouts at about three in the morning of the thirtieth. At four-thirty I put the remainder of the Scouts on the trail, and the rest of the column followed, a mile in our rear.

All through the forenoon we marched and somewhere near two of the afternoon we were in the broad valley of the Cibicu. We had turned right, abruptly, to go up the

stream to Noch-ay-del-Klinne's camp, when one of Mose's companions met us. He reported that the Medicine Man was in camp, but so exhausted from the dance of the night before that he felt unable to come out and meet General Carr on the trail. He would wait for him in camp. I relayed this news back to the General and ordered the Scouts forward. Then—things began to happen! An Apache came galloping toward us—one Sanchez.

Sanchez was a renegade very well and unfavorably known to me. Now he was painted as for battle, brandishing a six-shooter and a Winchester. He jerked his pony in at my stirrup and looked insolently at me.

"What do *you* want out here, Nantan Eclatten?" he demanded and his use of my Apache name—"Raw Virgin Lieutenant"—in a contemptuous tone was highly irritating.

I started to tell him to go to hell and add some thumbnail sketches of his ancestors, but instead I only answered that I certainly wasn't there to see him.

"Now, get out of our way!" I ordered.

He rode off, and my Scouts, who disliked Sanchez as much as I did, looked after him. They shook their heads and said emphatically:

"Dan juda! All bad!"

Sanchez was only the first to ride at us. During the rest of the way to Noch-ay-del-Klinne's camp we continued to meet Indians, most of them armed and savagely painted. But there was no hostile move, and presently Mose came to meet us and lead me to a brush-and-canvas shelter where the Medicine Man lay on a pile of Navajo blankets.

He was a small Indian, physically the least impressive of the twenty-odd Apaches in his "tabernacle." He stood no more than five feet six inches and looked to weigh about

a hundred and twenty-five pounds. His face—very light in color for an Apache—was drawn and ascetic-looking. It was an interesting face in every way.

He welcomed me gravely as I stopped outside the shelter, waiting for General Carr. When the cavalry rode up the troops formed a line in front of Noch-ay-del-Klinne's "tabernacle," and General Carr came forward to meet the Medicine Man. An interpreter was called up, and the General told Noch-ay-del-Klinne that he wanted him to go back with the soldiers to the post, and that the meetings and dances must be stopped for a while.

"Tell him," the General ordered his interpreter, "that no harm will come to him unless he or his people resist my command."

Noch-ay-del-Klinne listened intently. So did the Indians gathered around.

"Say that I cannot go now," the Medicine Man told the interpreter. "I have matters of importance to settle before leaving this place. Say that if the soldiers will go back to their post I will follow soon—within three or four days."

General Carr shook his head when the interpreter translated this.

"No," he answered flatly. "That will not do. Tell him that he comes with me—now."

We had been watching, listening, during the colloquy. When Carr's ultimatum was understood by the Apaches, I could actually *feel* the stiffening of that crowd, Indian by Indian. I thought that the clash was coming then. The soldiers tensed in their saddles. They felt the strain too.

But my Sergeant, Mose, with some other Indians, stepped quickly over to Noch-ay-del-Klinne and began to talk, reassuring him, speaking so that the other Indians of

the Medicine Man's following could hear. I saw them relax and I drew a breath of relief.

General Carr now made his arrangements for our return, calling up Sergeant McDonald to take charge—with Mose—of the Medicine Man.

"He is your prisoner," the General told McDonald. "You will permit nobody to harm him. But if he attempts to escape, or if any of his people fire on us, shoot him instantly."

McDonald took one arm of Noch-ay-del-Klinne, Mose the other. They moved the Medicine Man out of his shelter. He made no resistance.

Then General Carr put the column into motion. He led with Lieutenant Carter and Assistant Surgeon George McCreery, a trumpeter, and a couple of orderlies just behind them. Captain Hentig with Troop D was next; then came the pack train.

I was next in order with the Scouts. Lieutenant Stanton with his Troop E was to bring up the rear. As ranking officer, Stanton had been put by Carr in special charge of this rear section.

My Scouts and Stanton's men did not move with the other sections. For the Medicine Man was calling to someone to bring up his pony and telling his wife to gather up certain things and come with him. So the pack train, like General Carr's advance party and Troop D, disappeared around a bend in the trail while we waited for Noch-ay-del-Klinne's pony.

All during the conference between Carr and the Medicine Man the number of Indians had increased steadily about the meeting ground. On the mesas all around Indians stirred. They were stripped for fighting, wearing only short drawers and moccasins—and cartridge belts!

They were armed; daubed with paint. More than a hundred were thronged at the "tabernacle."

The pony was slow in coming. Minutes passed and tension increased. At last Stanton ordered McDonald to bring the Medicine Man along and the Sergeant and Mose bent to catch hold of Noch-ay-del-Klinne, who had seated himself on the ground. They lifted him to his feet and walked off with him.

There was a rustling among that crowd of watching Indians that reminded me of the buzzing of a rattlesnake aroused. I had the same queer crawling of the spine that I had felt before. The Indians were edging in closer to us. In the quiet, little noises seemed very loud—the shuffle of feet as McDonald and Mose and Noch-ay-del-Klinne walked forward on the trail of the column, the stamping of our horses, and the creak of saddle leather.

The Medicine Man's wife ran ahead of him. She moved with a queer dance step and as she swayed she scattered the sacred meal about her. We went forward then, and the Indians came surging after us. Stanton and I rode together, between the tail of the Scouts and the head of Troop E.

As we moved along the wooded creek trail Indians came into it from every little side cañon, to swell the crowd at our heels.

"We nearly caught it back there," I said to Stanton as we rode along. "It looked like a fight."

"I thought so, too," he agreed, "and I passed word to the troop very quietly to get ready."

Then we looked ahead, beyond the Scouts. The Medicine Man's wife still did her queer little dance and scattered her meal and chanted a dismal song of some kind. Indians were looking at the trail of the column—now in sight about a half mile away—where Carr and Hentig's troop

and the pack train had crossed the creek. In spite of the brilliant sunlight, it was a weird and thrilling scene, almost like a nightmare.

The Medicine Man looked across the creek, then said something to Mose. My Sergeant turned and called to us that Nock-ay-del-Klinne asked that we stay on this bank of the stream, instead of crossing over as Carr and the column ahead had done. This, to avoid trampling the Indians' corn.

"That seems all right to me," Stanton said.

"No objection to it," I agreed. "We can always cross if we need to—ford the water anywhere. This looks like the trail usually traveled, anyway."

That was the absolutely unimportant decision which was made much of, at the Court of Inquiry held seven months later! The Court—to our complete astonishment—found General Carr guilty of a grave error of judgment, for "dividing his command in the face of an enemy."

Perhaps twenty minutes after this General Carr halted the column and they went into camp on a small flat, some ten feet above the creek bed. All around us were the Indians, stripped and painted and armed, their numbers increasing. But they did not attempt to close in upon us, nor did they seem particularly threatening.

We came up through a heavy growth of willows and young cottonwoods opposite the camp—the water being between—and Mose showed Stanton and me a ford fifty yards farther along where, he said, we could cross more easily.

Mose and McDonald took the Medicine Man over, followed by the Scouts who were dismounted. They crossed dryshod on big steppingstones. I was to be Officer

of the Day, so, with Stanton's approval, I rode into the camp to ask General Carr for orders covering the guard of the Medicine Man overnight.

Hentig's Troop D had unsaddled, and the packers were stripping the unburdened aparejos, the packsaddles, from their mules. Five pack animals had been turned out. The strikers of Captain Hentig and Surgeon McCreery were spreading the officers' bedding to dry in the late afternoon sunlight.

I dismounted in this scene of busy, orderly preparation for the night and put my question to the General. He instructed me to put Noch-ay-del-Klinne in the inclosure being made of packsaddles and cargo and warn him to sit there quietly. Also, he gave orders about the posting of guards.

"It looked pretty scaly for a while, as we came along," I said, as I turned to get the Medicine Man. "Those Indians——"

"What are you talking about?" he interrupted. "You're always using words I don't understand. 'Scaly! Scaly!' Now, what does that mean?"

"Well," I explained, "the Indians kept pouring into the trail out of every little cañon. They were all stripped and painted for fighting. It looked to Stanton and me like an attack at any minute."

"Where are those Indians, now?" Carr demanded, in a surprised tone. "Where did they go?"

I pointed toward the ford, where some of the Apaches were crossing at that moment. Carr whirled to Adjutant Carter.

"Here!" he said sharply. "Those Indians mustn't come into camp! Direct Troop Commanders to keep them out!"

McDonald and Sergeant Mose brought up the Medicine

Man as Stanton filed E Troop into line preparatory to dismounting. Carter yelled the order to Troop Commanders, then went on to show my Scouts their camping place, just under the rim of the flat, between it and the creek.

I led Nnoch-ay-del-Klinne toward an inclosure the packers had made. Then Captain Hentig got up from the ground. He had been sitting there, watching Livingstone, his striker, spread the damp bedding to air. With Carter's yell about the Indians, Hentig moved toward the ford where a considerable number of Apaches, mounted and dismounted, were moving. Hentig was unarmed, for his pistol still hung on his saddle.

As he started toward the ford Hentig began to yell at the oncoming Indians:

"U-ka-she! U-ka-she! Get away! Get away!"

The bulk of the Indians slackened pace, but one came on and Hentig caught him by the arm, saying *"U-ka-she!"* again.

But this man was a Scout, Sergeant Dandy Jim. He told Hentig that he was a soldier and Hentig let him go on. Perhaps a minute of quiet ensued; then—it seemed to me that all hell broke loose!

A mounted Indian wearing a beaded "Niagara Falls" cap lifted his Winchester high overhead and waved it as he yelled to the Apaches about him. Sanchez was one of these and with three or four others lifted rifles and fired. Instantly, at least a hundred other shots roared.

Dandy Jim the Sergeant shot Captain Hentig, killing him instantly. Livingstone the striker, shaking one of Hentig's blankets, died without so much as turning, eight bullets going through his body.

My Scouts were taking a hand, too, but I had my back

to them, arranging for a herd guard. I knew of their part in the fight only afterward.

With the first shot, Sergeant McDonald sent a bullet into the Medicine Man, who dropped and sprawled motionless, his wife falling across him, beginning the death wail. McDonald went down with a wound in his leg, and Sergeant Mose jumped to me, crying out to be protected against the soldiers.

Standing Off the Hostiles

THE AMERICAN soldier shows best in a tight spot! Near Hentig's body Sergeant Bowman sat quietly down and began to fire into the milling Indians. Bowman soon cleared a space for himself! General Carr, appearing as unruffled as if in his own quarters, ignoring the bullets that whined around him from no more than fifty feet distant, began to give his orders for clearing the little plateau.

Noch-ay-del-Klinne's pony appeared now, most belatedly, ridden at a tearing gallop by the Medicine Man's son. This boy of sixteen or thereabout came charging through the Indians and straight at us—doubtless heading for where he knew his father had been. Naturally, he was killed promptly by the troopers, to whom he was merely an advancing Indian. His pony was caught by one of our packers.

The boy's mother saw him killed and came to her feet with a scream. She ran as if to get out of our camp, and nobody hindered her. But as she passed Hentig's saddle she stooped and snatched up his pistol. She was brandishing it at a trooper when he fired in self-defense.

Under General Carr's orders the Cavalry began to advance upon the Indians, who gave back. Stanton and Troop E, preparing to dismount when the shooting began, had dropped hastily to the ground and deployed to fight.

The Indians in retreat carried off about forty of D Troop horses and my five pack mules, which had been loosed to graze. The Apaches killed the soldier on herd guard as they ran off the stock.

Stanton's men were sweeping the Indians—and my Scouts—out of the bushes on the creek and across the stream to the bluffs beyond. Adjutant Carter, taking command of Hentig's troop, forced the hostiles on that side toward the ford. Very soon the troopers' circle of fire was so widened that danger of any overwhelming rush by the Indians was past for the moment.

I stepped over to General Carr to report the death of Noch-ay-del-Klinne at Sergeant McDonald's hand and to ask for further orders. It was then I learned of the treachery of the Scouts.

It is difficult to describe the first of this Cibicu fight in any detail; description would be misleading as to time. Practically all that happened occurred explosively, almost simultaneously. Not more than five minutes had elapsed, since my first report to the General, when I stood beside him for the second time.

General Carr assigned me to defend the side of our little mesa farthest from the creek. So I gathered up the Chief of Scouts, three or four packers, and the three men left alive of my herd guard. We pushed out upon the plain a couple of hundred yards from the packs which marked our camp. It was feared that the hostiles might rush us, horseback, from that side. We went out to stop any such charge.

All this time the hostiles were pouring a never-ceasing rifle fire into the camp, at three or four hundred yards' range. Occasionally they made a hit. Dr. McCreery, regardless of personal exposure—there was a brave soldier

for you!—gathered in the dead and wounded and attended them under a cottonwood just under the slope of the creek bottom.

About five o'clock some of the men thought they saw Captain Hentig move, although the doctor had examined him and pronounced him dead. Hentig's body was a hundred feet in front of Carter's line, so Carter and two troopers rushed out and brought Hentig in. The hostiles loosed a terrific fire on the party, mortally wounded Private Bird, and hit the other soldier as they regained the line. Carter turned the body and the wounded man over to other troopers. Then he ran back after Bird and brought him in under the heaviest firing I had ever listened to. Bird died about an hour later.

By this time more than six hundred Indians were raining lead at us from every vantage point that the terrain afforded—except on my side of the line. Out on the plain, two hundred yards distant, Stanton's horse and four pack mules grazed quietly. The horse had full equipment, for it had jerked loose from the horse holders when burned by a bullet. I was seized with the impulse to recover those animals, for it was quiet on our side and I knew that we would be in sore need of transportation for our return to Apache. So, leaving the others to cover us, the Sergeant of the Guard and I crept out to the far side of the animals. I snatched at the bridle reins of Stanton's horse, but he snorted and galloped down the draw towards the ford and the hostiles, instead of our own camp. Some twenty Indians had been watching us and as we started running toward our line, they banged away with everything they had and I was never so "thoroughly surrounded" by bullets in my life.

We regained the line unhurt, but the hostiles and our

side together made such a racket that General Carr demanded the reason. He was not pleased with us when he knew the risk we had taken.

During this time the Medicine Man had been left where he had fallen, Mose was clinging close to General Carr for fear of being mistaken for a hostile, Sergeant McDonald was under the bluff with the surgeon, and the Sergeant of the Guard and his men (Sergeant Smith, Troop D, who died on the retired list in 1926) were out on our line. Suddenly the Medicine Man revived and began to crawl on hands and knees. He had moved in this weird position for several yards when a trumpeter of Troop D yelled:

“Why, he’s not dead!”

He rushed forward, jammed his revolver against Noch-ay-del-Klinne’s head, and fired.

During the first fifteen minutes of the action, while General Carr was engaged in disposing his troops for defense, he had forgotten his fifteen-year-old son Clarke, who had come on the march with us. Suddenly he remembered that he had not seen Clarke since the first shot, when the boy was seated on the ground not more than fifty feet from the Scouts. The General’s emotion was apparent when he called the boy’s name, then turned to the bystanders and asked if they knew where he was. There was an ominous silence for a second, then Clarke answered calmly:

“Here I am! What do you want?”

I think that Clarke was the only person in the whole command who got the slightest degree of enjoyment out of the whole fight. He had a small Winchester .44 and had got to shoot it to his heart’s content with none to say “Don’t!” Clarke Carr was a Captain and Major in the Spanish-American War, did good service in Cuba and the

Philippines, and died recently in Albuquerque, rich, honored, and respected.

Finally, the shadows began to lengthen, and the sun set over the rim of Black River. The firing grew sporadic, then ceased altogether. We had a chance to take stock of our situation. We discovered that we were very tired and amazingly hungry. First we gathered the dead—except for Private Sondregger, D Troop cook. Just before the firing began, Sondregger started through the bushes to get water from the creek. He had turned to come back with his full kettles when the shooting started and he collided with the hostiles on their backward sweep. They shot him, but he was still alive when Stanton with E Troop swept through the creek bottom.

To one of the troopers he said that his name was not Sondregger, but something else; and to notify his people of his death. He died before Dr. McCreery knew that he was there, or could attend to him. When we were gathering up the dead, a detail was sent to bring in Sondregger, but after several minutes' search returned and reported that on account of the darkness in the willow thickets they could not find the body.

All the others were brought in, including the Medicine Man and his family; a large grave was dug and lined with pack mantas. Captain Hentig was wrapped in his bedding roll. I think Carter repeated one of the prayers for the dead, then the grave was covered over, the General's tent was pitched over the mound, and taps sounded. In the circumstances, it was all that we could do.

Our loss at Cibicu, considering the number engaged, was very heavy, as follows: Killed, Captain E. C. Hentig, Privates Sullivan, Miller, Livingstone, Bird, Sondegros and Sondregger; mortally wounded, Foran, who died en route

to Apache; wounded, Sergeant McDonald (leg) and Private Berry (shoulder).

When the fight started we had sixty-eight white men, including packers. We faced, at first, about three hundred hostiles. An hour later the Indian numbers increased to about five hundred. By sunset there were approximately eight hundred, apparently surrounding us with an unbreakable cordon.

I have always believed that if the hostiles had owned one leader of consequence they would have annihilated us—as they sent word all over the country that they *had* done. But that leader was lacking. Sanchez was bold and aggressive, but such a thorough rascal that he had only a few followers. Mosby would have been dangerous, too, but he had no standing with his tribe. Old Nana, Victorio's one-time lieutenant, would have been most dangerous. But Nana had only three followers of his own tribe, and all the other Indians were suspicious of him. So, with Noch-ay-del-Klinne dead, the conglomeration began to fall to pieces, just when coherence would have ensured success.

The hostiles sent out runners to Apache, San Carlos, and other points, claiming to have killed General Carr and all but a few of his command and predicting that they would complete the job in the morning. All the Indians were asked to join, as the Scouts had already done. On the other hand, many of the Indians who had gone out to the Cibicu to get the religious benefit feared the results of the attack. So, just as soon as darkness settled, they set out pell-mell for their homes. This was especially true of Pedro's band from near Cooley's Ranch, those who normally lived near the post, and also many Indians from San Carlos.

The claim of complete massacre reached Apache about two o'clock in the morning of August 31 and was covertly passed in to Lacey the post trader. Lacey immediately told the Post Commander, Major Cochran who, with Captain McGowan, at once took steps to defend the post, as the couriers had told Lacey that the hostiles would take the post the next day. The same story reached San Carlos about noon, and all that day and the next the trail to the Agency was filled with Indians fleeing from the Cibicu and the wrath to come, passed by the young and adventurous and riffraff rushing out to the Cibicu to get into the game of killing the whites.

So, without our knowledge of it, word of our death was broadcast over the United States under the screaming headline—"CARR AND HIS COMMAND MASSACRED BY APACHES !! "

On September 4, our families and friends had the gruesome details of our "sudden taking-off" spread before them in the newspapers. There were very pretty obituaries for some of us too! I was given great credit for walking in and arresting the Medicine Man. It seemed that Noch-ay-del-Klinne's followers had at once shot me to pieces (I was the first victim), and so I died, young, and heroic, perfect figure of a gallant Second Lieutenant.

Then the hostiles had swept down upon the main command in overwhelming numbers. In spite of splendid resistance, the troopers had been annihilated, except for the few who succeeded in breaking through the cordon and were fleeing on the trail to Apache. Not one, but several Indians told the Agent at San Carlos the story on just about those lines, so Tiffany released it in that way over the wire. Our line was still down, so nothing could come from Apache, nor did come from there until Sep-

tember 5, I think. The newspapers simply rewrote the story of Custer's Last Stand. As everyone knows, that is a thrilling story.

After the burial, the command took supper and the General consulted as to future action. There was positively nothing to be gained by remaining there. Both Carter and myself suggested that the Apaches would not attack us during the night and that we could possibly reach Carrizo Creek by daylight. Then, if we were fortunate enough to negotiate that dreadful chasm unopposed, we could reach Apache against all odds. Too, for the last week the "bad Indians" had been dropping hints about capturing Apache with its ammunition and supplies. If we remained at Cibicu to fight it out, the hostiles might reach the post ahead of us. The General agreed and determined to start for Apache at ten that night and push through without stopping. His arrangements for the march were perfect. Carr was a wonderful soldier in the field.

Two weeks before, when Hentig had prepared to leave for recruiting duty, he had urged me to buy one of his horses, a California-bred animal that was much too light for his weight, and I had finally bought and paid for him. I rode him on this trip, although I usually rode a mule belonging to the pack train, but furnished the commanding officer of the Scouts whoever he might be, Infantry or Cavalry.

When the firing began, I was standing near the Medicine Man, the reins over my arm and my Marlin repeater on my saddle. I jerked the gun from the holster and got into action, at the same time ordering Nat Nobles, the chief packer, to tie up his pack mules but send the riding mules under the bluff near Troop E horses. As the packer

passed along, I handed the reins of my horse to him, so it was there when the fight was over.

Troop D was practically dismounted, so some twenty of the pack mules were handed over to them. Surplus aparejos, mantas, blankets, and other equipment, highly valuable in that isolated country, were loaded on other mules whose packs of flour and beans were being abandoned. We had used these supplies as part of our barricade, and the sacks were riddled by Apache lead. Each man was issued a hundred rounds of ammunition and ordered to provide himself with a corned-beef sandwich and canteen of water for our march.

While filling the canteens some of the men found Sondregger's body and brought it in. But in the hurry of preparing to start the march there was no time to bury it, so the body was wrapped in a blanket and some canvas and left alongside the tent. Adjutant Carter knelt by a match shielded in a hat and scribbled a note to the effect that this was the body of Private Sondregger, Troop D, whose real name was _____, and who had died here August 30.

The light was poor and Carter's hand shaky, the combination making for poor penmanship. How poor, he and I learned six months later when we met Lieutenant Wotherspoon—years later Major General and Chief of Staff. Wotherspoon said to us:

“Too bad about you leaving that poor devil, Sondregger, to die all by himself, after he'd scribbled his own epitaph.”

Carter's note had been found on Sondregger and taken to be the scrawl of the dead man himself!

The Trail Back

GENERAL CARR gave me command of the advance guard on the way back to Apache. I had Sergeant Mose, for guide in the pitchy darkness of the cañons, with ten dismounted men of Troop D.

General Carr and Carter headed the mounted detachment. Following them came the pack train with ammunition and other supplies, then Troop E (with our three wounded men) under Dr. McCreery and, finally, Stanton as rear guard with six or eight men.

Everyone had been strictly warned against noise and straggling. We felt that the cañons were alive with Apaches and, after the fight, they would be as alert as ourselves.

When I went out, near ten o'clock, to take command of my force, I discovered that two of the dismounted men assigned to me were suffering hard reaction to our "battle." They were extremely nauseated, vomiting, almost unable to move. Dr. McCreery said they would never be able to march afoot, so I gave one the mule I usually rode, the other my horse. I was so keyed up by excitement that a forty-mile walk meant nothing to me.

We moved out on the trail at ten, Mose and I leading. Not more than a mile from camp, Mose stopped me with a hand on my sleeve and whispered a warning. I expected a volley, but presently could hear a soft rustling in the grass,

like the sound of a covey of quail scuttling away. So we moved forward again, past that first invisible cordon of Apaches.

We left the plain at snail's pace and edged into the cañons. Time after time Mose stopped me, and I halted the column for a strained moment. We would fairly hold our breath, listening tensely, expecting an Apache volley, standing ready to return it. We were passing the Indians who expected to kill us the next morning during our retreat.

Some eighteen miles from the Cibicu, in quite a deep cañon that was jungled with underbrush, the trail forked. The right branch was that on which we had traveled going to the Cibicu. The other was that trail usually followed going to the head of Carrizo Cañon and on to Apache and past. For some reason unknown to me, Mose turned into the latter branch at the fork. Presently, I found myself climbing out of the cañon. I knew this was wrong, so I halted and consulted with Mose. When he said we were now on the upper trail he came very near being shot again —by Chief of Scouts Lieutenant Cruse!

But I sent word back to General Carr, who had just passed the fork. It was practically impossible to turn the pack train on that narrow trail in the darkness, so he moved ahead with it and some men of D Troop as advance guard, Mose guiding. I acted as rear guard as soon as the pack train had swung into the right trail. So we straightened the tangle without much loss of time, nor lost a man or animal.

When I joined Dr. McCreery and the rear guard I found additional trouble. Foran was in his death agonies from the wound through his intestines. He moaned and begged the doctor to let him die and end his suffering.

Every ten or fifteen minutes, it seemed, he threw himself from that pony of the Medicine Man's on which he had been mounted, to sprawl upon the trail.

"Go on! Go on!" he would groan. "I'm dead, anyway. If you lose time with me the Indians will get you too."

But McCreery and I would struggle under his hundred seventy or more pounds and get him back onto the pony. Big and athletic as the doctor was and small as the pony was, each straining lift of Foran was exhausting both physically and mentally. For we were dropping farther and farther behind the column and, if the Apaches were moving on our heels, they must be gaining steadily.

At last we made the mesa overlooking Carrizo Creek. The first streaks of dawn were showing over Old Baldy when Foran, between McCreery and me, both dismounted, went limp in our supporting hands. His head dropped back. He was dead. By the time we had lashed his body across the saddle it was light enough to let us see how absolutely alone we were on that hilltop, how long a mile separated us from the column.

"This," we said together, "is no place for us!"

I led the pony, and the doctor persuaded it from behind. We caught up with the rear guard just as General Carr turned at sunrise to give precautionary orders covering the passage of Carrizo Cañon. We were moving fast by then, coming helter-skelter down the hill toward him. In that light he mistook us for pursuing hostiles. For McCreery and I were presumed to be with the rear guard, already closed up. We identified ourselves before a volley was loosed at us and went up to General Carr, to explain and collect a reprimand—but delivered in a tone not too disapproving. Then I went forward to command the advance again.

The descent into Carrizo Cañon we made alertly and with all expectation of volleys from the far rim. But not a shot was fired, and we splashed across the creek and climbed the steep trail out to the mesa very much relieved in mind. When the trail twisted at the mesa foot and we could see Fort Apache five miles away, that relief deepened. For not only was the post not in flames—as we had rather feared it might be—but it looked actually peaceful in the distance.

By two-thirty we were filing into Apache, and immediately General Carr had the defenses strengthened.

The ladies of the garrison had steadfastly refused to believe the stories of our massacre, even when there seemed no reason to doubt the reports. Mrs. Carr had asserted calmly that the Indian wasn't alive who could kill General Carr. Mrs. Carter had said that Carter would soon turn up. Mrs. Hentig, upon whom the fight brought tragedy, was sick in a Philadelphia hospital. All other officers and men were unmarried.

Once in my log quarters, I began to feel that forty-mile walk and the letdown from constant strain. As soon as I had attended to a few duties, I dropped across my bunk and slept until reveille of September 1.

While I slept—until darkness made it impossible to see—hostiles were sighted coming along the trail from Carrizo Cañon, body after body of them. It was obvious that the post was surrounded and everyone rather expected something doing in the morning.

Later, we were to learn that the Apaches had planned to harry us at the Carrizo Creek ford and had flung up crude breastworks on the Apache side. The plan was to let us get strung out on the steep and narrow trail, then wipe us out from sheltered positions above. It was a good plan; ten determined men could have stood off a regiment

there and more than seventy-five hostiles lay in wait as we forded Carrizo and climbed the trail.

But these Apaches were not men who had been in the fight at Cibicu. They had been roused out by runners from the fight, who had described our defeat and claimed that only a handful of soldiers were left, who could easily be wiped out at Carrizo.

When we came in sight, marching in orderly fashion, showing few losses, looking like troops expecting a fight and entirely ready for it, the Apaches turned on the runners who had brought them there. They accused the runners of lying to them; of attempting to get them into trouble with the soldiers, or killed. Then they ran for their ponies and some did not stop galloping away until they had reached the Agency or their camps.

While we were marching in, one of the Signal Corps noncom's performed a heroic deed that entailed far more of danger than he could know at the time. This was Sergeant Will C. Barnes, the telegraph operator of Apache, a restless and energetic young man who found himself out of a job when the telegraph wire went down.

As the morning of August 31 dragged past, the suspense in Fort Apache became almost unbearable. Major Cochran, a very *temperamental* man at best, was nearly frantic over his helplessness and the uncertainty about our actual fate. Barnes saw this and about eleven o'clock he volunteered to cross the river and climb to a high mesa a mile and a half away. From that height four or five miles of the Cibicu trail was visible.

Major Cochran knew that the mesa and every foot of ground between it and the post was being watched by hidden hostiles. A single man venturing as much as a hundred yards into the open took his life in his hands.

But Barnes persisted in his arguments that, with caution, he could reach the mesa unobserved and from it perhaps catch sight of General Carr's surviving men—if any men did survive.

Cochran at last yielded to the plea that some of the harried, retreating troops might be saved by prompt assistance, which a signal from Barnes would enable him to give. So the Sergeant slipped out of the post, carrying a good pair of field glasses, a revolver, and a small red signal flag.

He thought he was being very careful—so much so that the hostiles did not see him. Actually, as the Apaches told us afterward, his every move was marked. But the Indians were curious; and, since they felt that he could be killed at will, they let him go onto the mesa simply to learn what he was about. Too, it was their idea that if this soldier were not fired upon, others might be encouraged to venture out and their bag would be the larger.

Barnes went slowly and painfully to the mesa and there got out of the Indians' view. When an hour passed without sight of him some of the hostiles moved to the slope opposite the post and started climbing to find and kill him. But he appeared suddenly on the very edge of the mesa, his red flag signaling:

"Column in sight on trail. Seemingly all there. Am sure of General Carr."

The hostiles climbing toward him sighted us at the same moment and were so astonished that they fled without firing a shot at Barnes.

At exactly this moment another party of hostiles was massacring and burning four Mormons caught at the top of Seven Mile Hill. This party also found a Sergeant and his repair men working on the telegraph line near Black River and killed them all that afternoon.

Sergeant Barnes was later awarded the Medal of Honor for his heroism and remained in Arizona to become one of the state's most prominent citizens. Rancher, member of the Legislature, irrigation farmer, inspector of the Forestry Bureau, historian, and writer,* he had a long and adventurous career after leaving the Army, but probably no escape so narrow as when he almost walked over those deadly Apaches on his trip to the mesa.

When I turned out at reveille of September 1, 1881, we began to take stock in various ways. Everyone speculated concerning the number of Indians killed in the fight. This we never did decide exactly, but as nearly as we could determine about eighteen were killed and as many wounded. Six of my Scouts died at Cibicu. These were the renegades who turned against us there.

My command was reduced that morning from an allowed strength of twenty-five to Sergeant Mose and that man who had been left behind, sick, when we marched out to the Cibicu! I felt both disgusted and uneasy about my position as a commander without command. In those days the Army was damned if it did and damned if it didn't: If an officer was sent out after Indians, he knew that if he failed he would be court-martialed for inefficiency, while if he did get his Indians, but had to kill one, he was liable to trial for "needlessly stirring up friendly Apaches." No, I was not happy that morning, except when we looked out of the post at the signs of gathering hostiles and thought it possible they might attack.

I had never really believed that these Indians, so familiar with the accurate shooting of the soldiers, would be

* With William MacLeod Raine he wrote that finest of histories of the ranching West, *Cattle*. He died a few years ago in Phoenix, Arizona, aged 78.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Chatto—Mescalero Apache 1886 Cochise tribe. Living 1927.

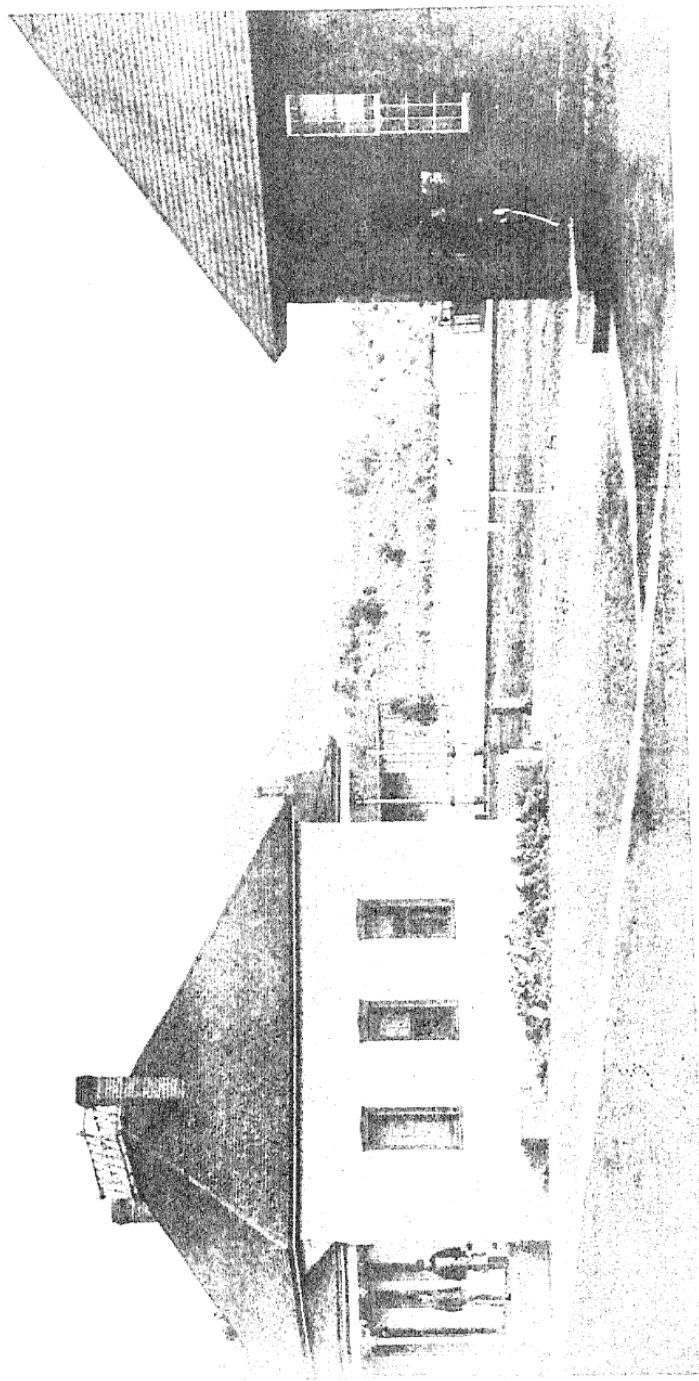


Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.
Fort Apache, Arizona. Adjutant's office at the left and the military telegraph office at the right. 1879-87.

foolhardy enough to assault such a position as ours. But as groups of fifty and a hundred began to parade about in the distant open on all sides, occasionally firing a few shots, prospects began to seem more hopeful to the angry soldiers.

Attack on Fort Apache

DAYLIGHT of August 31 roused out some three hundred hostiles gathered around our abandoned camp at the Cibicu. They were puzzled Indians. Some had heard the small noise of our movement along the trail, the night before. But thick darkness had prevented any sight of us. The trail itself told them little, because we had marched in single file, and ten horses made as much impression as fifty. Too, on the camp site the tent still stood with a few saddles and the litter of ruined supplies, just as they had seen the place at sundown. In the bushes were even some horses tied, the wounded animals we had left.

So they opened fire on the camp, volley after volley. But even when the shots roused no return, they were suspicious. Their advance was so cautious that it was at least nine o'clock of the forenoon before they actually entered and discovered that the camp was empty. But they laughed at the foolish soldiers who thought a secret retreat in darkness would save them. That ambuscade at Carrizo would wipe out the column.

They made themselves comfortable, ate breakfast, had the squaws dig up the dead soldiers. Then they celebrated, chopping the bodies to pieces with axes. They were greatly disappointed to find so few dead. At last they mounted and started on the run—to be at Carrizo in time to take us from the rear while the hostiles on the far side stopped

our climb out of the cañon. But Carrizo was quiet and deserted, showing no sign of a fight. More and more puzzled, they topped out of the cañon and flocked to join the other Indians about the post.

We let their wild shots go without reply. General Carr had distributed his force to defend Apache easily. McGowan and his Infantry made a line from the reservoir to the sawmill and pump house, across the valley of the White River east fork. It was a very thin line, the intervals between men three or four yards. Lieutenant Gordon, who had been First Lieutenant of Troop D under Hentig, stepped up to replace the dead man. He had part of his troop along White River.

At the back of the barracks, covering wooded country that was rough and gashed with arroyos, Stanton had his line. My line extended from the target range road to the hospital. We covered the trails to San Carlos, the Cibicu, and other points.

McGowan was given the open country and long range because of his Infantry rifles. Stanton's was the most dangerous sector because the rough country before him was ideal in Apache eyes for attack.

The forenoon dragged by, with only those ragged volleys at long range. Noon passed. Near two o'clock some hostiles worked up fairly close to Stanton's front in the brush. They began to fire furiously, but overshot. The bullets kicked up little geysers of dust on the parade ground between officers' quarters and barracks on the far side.

This was only to draw attention to that line. A mounted party of fifty-odd Indians jumped into sight below the sawmill, five hundred yards from McGowan's po-

sition. They charged the post trader's buildings, whooping and shooting and waving their guns as they came.

Old McGowan was a veteran of the famous California Column and he had been stationed in Arizona and New Mexico throughout the Civil War. He was an old hand at this business and now he held his men quiet, watching for the precise point at which the charge would be too far advanced for easy retreat. Then he gave his orders and three nicely spaced volleys crashed into the hostiles. That band fairly evaporated, those unhitt whirling their mounts to get back to cover. McGowan was troubled no more that day.

The Apaches tried a blow at my line, soon after their repulse by McGowan. We noted twenty or more Indians worming their way uphill toward the hospital, which stood on a point somewhat isolated from the other buildings of the post. When they had got into easy range my detachment opened up sharply, and with the rattle of our fire and the hum of our bullets around them they lost all interest in the hospital and scurried for cover.

Beyond the reservoir another sheltered party of the hostiles loosed a heavy volley that whined high over Stanton's line and struck eight hundred yards away near the Adjutant's office. Lieutenant Gordon fell with a severe wound in his leg. He remarked grimly that he had got his bullet and his billet on the same day; his wound and his advancement to command of Troop D.

The firing continued, now light, now heavy, during all the afternoon. We let them shoot away their ammunition without often trying a shot, because of the extreme range and the excellent cover they had. About sundown they sent a crashing volley into the post from across White River, in the rear of our officers' quarters. In spite of the

hail of bullets dropping we lost no men from that fire, but two or three were slightly wounded.

With darkness all shooting stopped. We kept an alert watch during the night, merely as routine. For a few of us expected the Apaches to break their custom and try an attack, even on the isolated post trader's buildings or hospital.

Next day there was not an Apache in sight. When it was pretty certain that the immediate vicinity of the post was clear of hostiles, General Carr began to think of the telegraph line—still down—and that repair party which had been sent to mend it. He had a report to get through to the Department Commander, and his problem was how best to send it.

A small party would have invited attack by the swarming hostiles. Detachment of a strong party would have weakened the post. He decided at last to try a courier and chose one of the packers, a frontiersman named Colvig but better known as "Cibicu Charley."* Colvig had ridden the mail in this area for a good while, before engaging as packer. He said he knew every foot of the country between Apache and Thomas and had no doubt of getting through, if he were escorted beyond Turkey Creek, fifteen miles away, and so got out of the cordon surrounding the post.

We gave him a good horse and as soon as it was dark, September 2, Stanton and I mounted Troop E and left the post with Cibicu Charley, taking the road to Seven Mile Hill and Black River. The red points of Indian fires showed here and there off the road and when we came to Seven Mile Hill we almost stumbled over the ghastly remains of those four Mormons who had been slaughtered and burned

* Somewhat later "Cibicu Charley" Colvig was made Chief of Police at San Carlos Agency. He was killed in the uprising there, July, 1883.

on the crest. Even in the night it was something to give a man the creeps, and we rode quietly on thinking how possible it was that our party might have the same fate.

But we reached Turkey Creek without stirring up the Indians and went on almost to Black River Cañon. Cibicu Charley said that he could make it alone from there, so we halted. He jumped his horse into a gallop and disappeared in the darkness. We waited a half-hour and heard no shots or other noise to indicate that he had run into trouble. So we remounted and returned rapidly to the post.

September 3 our reconnaissance showed the vicinity of the post clear of hostiles. General Carr ordered a detachment out to bury the slaughtered Mormons and repair the telegraph line as far as Black River. I went with this party. When we had finished the Mormons' burial and moved on to Turkey Creek we saw a body of horsemen ahead, looking us over.

It was Overton and two troops from Camp Thomas. Overton had met Cicibu Charley after crossing the Gila River ten miles out of Thomas, and the courier had reported seeing the dead horses of the repair party near Black River. He had also warned Overton that the hostiles were between him and Fort Apache. Overton had come upon the bodies of the telegraph repair men.

"I haven't seen any hostiles," he told us, "but between Black River and Rocky Cañon we saw a heavy trail pointing toward the Agency. The telegraph line is out for miles. The Indians pulled the wire down and they've thrown it into the deepest cañons they could find."

He went on to Apache and our party proceeded to Black River, where we buried the Sergeant and his two repair men. Then we turned about and followed Overton back to the post.

Overton brought belated telegrams and orders. Among these were Hentig's official orders to recruiting duty in Philadelphia and my orders to take the Scouts to Huachua —both directions made very much out of date by the fight at Cibicu.

It was evident, now, that the hostiles had given up their grandiose ideas of wiping out the whites. Those Apaches who had been deeply involved in the uprising went into hiding. The military was strongly reinforced. From Wyoming the Third Cavalry had been ordered to Arizona. Two troops of the First Cavalry had come by rail from California and were near the Agency. All the Sixth was in the field, and the Fourth, under that gallant warrior Mackenzie, was en route from New Mexico.

Loco's band of Chiricahuas had been very restless, and it was certain that several of his men had been active at Cibicu. So, as soon as Agent Hoag felt strong enough, he ordered Loco to move his outfit from their camp fifteen miles out, close in to the Agency.

Loco got wind of the plan and killed Sterling, the Chief of Police, and several of the policemen. Then, before troops could march against him from the Agency, he moved fast toward the Mexican border, making his progress a war trail. He had luck with him, at first, for he struck a detachment of the Sixth Cavalry near Fort Grant and killed a Sergeant and two or three men, then avoided two troops of the First Cavalry posted along the railroad near the present town of Willcox.

He led his band into the Chiricahua Mountains near Bowie and they all settled down for a rest after four days of constant and rapid marching. Loco thought that troops following could not come up to his halting place before dark. But Captains Tupper and Rafferty were hot on his

heels and surprised Loco. They located his camp before sundown, spotted his pony herd, and made a plan of campaign.

Lieutenant Blake, most efficient type of Cavalryman, was given twenty men and ordered to sweep between the hostiles and their ponies. The danger of this foolhardy maneuver was realized, but Tupper and Rafferty were willing to risk it for the sake of their end. And against all percentage they won. Blake took his troopers at the pounding gallop along the hostile front, receiving their close range fire at every step. With his men yelling like Comanches, he gathered the pony herd and swept it off down a valley and onto the plain below.

Tupper and Rafferty dismounted their men and attacked the camp. The Apaches broke and scattered in the thickening dark and their trail could not be followed next day.

Loco got his survivors together the following morning and the Indians moved slowly and painfully across the Janos plain toward Casas Grandes.

Fate turned thumbs down on Loco, just as he felt safe. The Mexican government had paid little attention to this part of its country, up to that time, but current mining and other developments had brought a change. Mexico City had decided to garrison some of the larger towns of the republic with Federal troops.

So, at just the moment of Loco's activity, a battalion of Infantry moving from Chihuahua to Hermosillo was on the march from Casas Grandes to Fronteras. The soldiers, fighting Indians for the most part, were near the Paso Pulpito—Pulpit Pass—when they saw Loco's band coming their way.

The Mexicans had only to conceal themselves and wait.

Loco had no thought at all of danger ahead. He was watching the back trail for sight of Tupper and Rafferty and walked straight into the trap.

Surrounded as the Apaches were, they fought like wolves—as did their “cousins” the Mexican Infantrymen. For an hour the battle raged savagely, until the last Apache had dropped. Then the Mexicans went deliberately from man to man of Loco’s band, killing the wounded. Not an Apache escaped that ambush. But the Mexicans lost a Major and two Captains and some fifty men, while many others were wounded.

The Americans came up just after the fight and found the plain a shambles. It has always seemed to me that Tupper’s blow at Loco’s camp was an epic in Indian warfare. With some fifty troopers he had set the Apaches afoot, harried them to the run, and pursued closely, while three hundred good fighting men were required to wipe out the big band, even when they held every advantage of position and surprise.

During this trouble with Loco, General Carr and his command were ordered to proceed to San Carlos. The double purpose of this move was to prevent any further outbreaks and, if possible, to identify Indians who had been in the Cibicu fight.

We went by way of Cibicu and the battleground as the Apaches had left it made a sickening spectacle. We stopped only long enough to rebury the mutilated remains of our dead. Later in the winter those bodies were brought to Fort Apache and interred with full military honors.

Aftermath of Cibicu

SAN CARLOS was quiet, and after a few days General Carr returned with his troops to Apache. We received mail of all sorts, the first since early August.

Three troops of the Third Cavalry were at the post when we arrived, and General Carr was ordered to make his permanent headquarters at Apache.

Though the country was now very quiet, scouting parties were constantly in the field. From time to time one of my renegades of the Scouts was captured, or gave himself up, until eight were held at Fort Grant awaiting trial. I was constantly moving, because the pack train was still my charge. So I went out, not only with my own troop, but with the Third Cavalry parties. For the Third knew neither the country nor the hostiles.

In November, Dr. McCreery and I, with twenty-odd enlisted men and packers, were ordered to join General Carr and Carter at Fort Grant, as witnesses against the Scouts put on trial before court-martial for mutiny.

At star witness for the prosecution I was a great disappointment to the judge advocate, Captain Egbert—later Brigadier General in the Philippines. For although I had been with the Scouts at Cibicu two minutes before the firing began and stood no more than a hundred feet from them at the time the first shots were fired, I had my back to them at the moment, arranging for a herd guard. So I

actually had not seen one of them raise his gun or fire a shot during the entire fight.

My testimony was confined to the facts that the accused Scouts had been regularly enlisted and sworn in, that they had been on the ground just before the firing began and had all disappeared five minutes thereafter.

But Adjutant Carter, with several men of Troop D and two or three packers, had seen them fire and individually identified four of the accused men.

Three Scouts, Sergeant Dandy Jim, Deadshot, and Skitashe ("Skippy") were sentenced to be hanged. The others, not so directly identified, were sent to Alcatraz Prison in San Francisco Bay for varying terms.

I have always regretted the fate of Deadshot and Skippy. The former was the sage of the Indian company, the latter our clown and wag. I doubted at the time if they had intentional part in the firing upon us. It seemed to me that they were swept into the fight by excitement and the force of evil circumstances.

The three condemned Scouts were hanged at Fort Grant, March 3, 1882. Two imprisoned on Alcatraz, under sentences of life imprisonment and eight years, respectively, were released by executive order and returned to their reservation, June 29, 1884. Suicide was virtually unknown among the Apaches, but on the day that Deadshot was hanged at Grant, his squaw hanged herself to a tree on the San Carlos Agency.

When my connection with the trial was ended, I resumed my active scouting with the detachments out of Apache. But in December, conditions were so near normal that I applied for leave of absence, planning a trip to Kentucky. On return from a scout with the Third Cavalry on Christmas Eve, I found the leave approved with the

remark that it was to take effect when my services "could be spared."

I had visions of spending the New Year holiday with my parents and "the only girl in Kentucky," granted a little luck in catching the construction train on the Atlantic & Pacific, then building to Holbrook. But on the twenty-sixth I was on the trail again, scouting with another outfit. Upon return I made still another scout, leaving Apache on January 3, 1882, and coming in through a heavy snowstorm January 9.

This time I went to the General and asked permission to go immediately. He said I might go and, for fear something new might turn up, I raced to my quarters and packed. There was no post transportation available, so I swung onto a rancher's wagon and got to Cooley's Ranch that night, in spite of bad going.

Two days later I had reached the end of steel on the new railroad. The construction train was eighteen hours making Albuquerque. The through Santa Fe train at that time ran from Deming, New Mexico, to Kansas City. I had a wait until six the next morning and plenty of time to look over the "new city," which was a huddle of frame buildings flung up, the original Albuquerque being two miles away on the Rio Grande. It was the usual boom town of the Southwest, but interesting to a man who had been in the wilds as long as I had been.

One thing I have never forgotten: my shopping tour. With a lack of judgment in such matters which I am afraid was usual with me, I decided to buy my young lady an outfit of jewelry, Mexican filigree work in silver. This jewelry was novel in those days and very much the vogue over the West. I recall the buying because when I presented it she managed enthusiasm, but later I learned that

it was decidedly "not such a much"—and young men in love, on jewelry bent, will always be safe in bidding diamonds.

That was a happy, crowded, busy time. The through train seemed to be dragging toward me. When it did pull in I was aboard without delay. Everything was pleasant! The "palatial" pullman cars—and palatial they certainly seemed to me after two years of rough living and hard service—and the smooth speed of the train and especially the Fred Harvey restaurants at Las Vegas and Newton, Kansas, all impressed me deeply. The Harvey Houses served all the delicacies of the season in profusion, at seventy-five cents a head! I was ready to tell anyone that I was honestly glad not to have been killed at Bloody Cibicu, in spite of that kindly obituary in the *New York Herald*, which had described me as so brilliant and promising and heroic.

Clothes I needed, for my proper arrival in Kentucky. Kansas City was too crude in those days to offer style. So I did my shopping in St. Louis, then boarded the L & N for Evansville, Indiana, the end of that line in 1882. The Ohio River was in flood condition, disrupting traffic and causing much damage. But I was fortunate in my connections. One of the splendid steamers of the Mail Line set me down at home near midnight, nine days after leaving Fort Apache.

The family received me like one raised from the dead. For ten days all of us had been published as massacred and even after this error was corrected, no full list of survivors was given for some time.

Next morning at eight I was on the street. All Owensboro breakfasted at seven in those simple times, so it was not too early to be calling. At Dr. Cottrell's a colored girl

who did not know me said that "Miss Bee" had been "out to a big party with Mr. Will Courtney" the night before and was not yet up. But the family recognized my voice, and I was quickly brought inside to meet all her people, whom I had known from boyhood. The commotion even waked the young lady, and she came in to give me the welcome I had dreamed of for so many months.

Even in Kentucky, the state noted for beautiful women, Beatrice Cottrell was beautiful. At eighteen she was small, graceful, alive, her eyes seeming to change from blue to gray and blue again with mood and circumstance. The long blonde hair I remembered was gone, for she had had typhoid. But the short curls, so unusual then, gave her added distinction, I thought.

I was very much in love, very happy to be home and with her, but when I did come back down toward earth I suggested practically that our marriage should take place as promptly as possible.

"You see," I explained to her and the family, "while I have sixty days' leave, there's a long, strong string to it: It was granted with the proviso that I return instantly upon telegraphic notice. The Apache troubles are unsettled and may flare up again at any minute, just as that Medicine Man uprising did. Then, too, General Carr and the Department Commander have been disputing about the Cibicu fight. The argument has got to the point where a Court of Inquiry is imminent. I may be called as a witness. It does seem to me that we should be married quickly!"

So they set February 14, 1882, as the date. And on that day we were married in the First Baptist Church of Owensboro, by the Rev. J. B. Soloman. Both of us had wanted a home wedding, but our relatives and friends would not

hear of it. They said that since we both had been born and reared in Owensboro, everyone in town was keenly interested in us. Nothing but a church wedding would be right.

We had it, with "all the trimmings!" The bride was wreathed and in white satin gown with long train—and wedding slippers size one and one half. The groom wore his full dress Cavalry uniform. Two members of the Governor's staff outshone him, for their uniforms were far more resplendent and strapped with lieutenant-colonel insignie. The Monarch Rifles, local Militia company, turned out gorgeous in full dress of gold-laced gray and commanded by that fine old veteran of the Confederate Cavalry, Captain S. H. Ford.

The church was packed, jammed. A host of our colored friends were in the entry and outside. The bride was very lovely, the groom was very dazed. The organ pealed. By eight in the evening we were returning to the Cottrell house where Aunt Jo, the colored cook, had a wedding supper that was marvelous by even antebellum culinary standards. A string band, dancing until midnight—and so we were married.

Young as she was, my wife was a very competent person. She owned a logical mind which fitted her to manage our household far better than I could do. In the very beginning I began to learn that the more I left to her the less trouble we would have. But before I learned this we discussed the new life she would lead at a frontier post and I insisted that she take with her a colored servant.

It was a large mistake, and she was against it from the beginning. The mulatto girl we hired was a constant burden. There was trouble about her berth in the sleepers; she was usually so homesick that Mrs. Cruse must spend

her time as comforter—instead of being comforted as I had planned—and within six months she was married to a soldier and gone.

I mention this only because it was generally important to me, not merely at the moment, but during our fifty-four years of married life. It was the beginning of my education as a husband. I am frank to say that in non-military matters it was always best for me to let Mrs. Cruse lead; she was the better two thirds of the Cruse family!

On the last day of February we said our good-bys in Owensboro and with eight or ten young friends boarded the steamer for Evansville. We had a gay dinner party at the Saint George Hotel there, and when they had gone and we were aboard the St. Louis train, we felt that we were really beginning our journey.

We stopped in St. Louis to see the celebrated play, *Michael Strogoff, Courier of the Czar*, and to shop. Here, at the famous Southern Hotel, we were surprised to have a call from Mrs. Carr, who had come from Arizona with young Clarke. The boy was to enter school—though I am sure he would have preferred remaining on the frontier, with the chance of more such fights with Apaches as he had enjoyed at Cibicu.

The General's wife had the name of an aloof person, one most positive in her likes and dislikes. But she represented Conquest Number One for Mrs. Cruse. She was openly enthusiastic over the little blonde bride whom I was bringing to the regiment.

Negroes were not permitted in pullmans, in Missouri, so our cook had to ride in the smoker from St. Louis to Kansas City. She was so frightened by the crowds that we had to go frequently to reassure her. Then and there



Chihuahua—San Carlos Apache hanged for murder of Captain Sterling, April 19, 1882.

I began to realize my mistake in insisting upon bringing her. On the Santa Fe the color line was not a trouble, but there were plenty of other complications caused by the girl. Very heartily, I wished she were back in Kentucky and the two of us on our own.

But in spite of petty annoyances we enjoyed the trip, hour by hour. Mrs. Cruse was interested in the great, strange land and delighted with Kansas and the climb up and over Raton Pass (there was no tunnel then) and the coasting down to Las Vegas, where we had our last "civilized" meal.

For we were young and on the move, and life was a great adventure ahead of us.

Frontier Traveling

BEYOND Glorieta Pass we encountered "the Big Wind of 1882," which slowed our train and caused great destruction of livestock and property throughout that region. I thought we were meeting something unusual when the train lost speed and seemed to proceed cautiously, even nervously. But how strong and cold that wind was I had no idea, until we attempted to pass from the day coach to the sleeper.

Mrs. Cruse and I both wore special headgear of which we were very proud. She had a feather turban which her brother had presented. I had a derby—the very newest thing in men's hats—with which I intended to impress my friends at Apache who had never seen one.

In those days the trains had no vestibules between the cars. So we stepped out upon the open platform and were caught by the full force of that tremendous gale. I caught Mrs. Cruse and the railing at the same time and hung on desperately. Away went our treasured hats—straight toward the Panhandle of Texas. I have often wondered who turned up, eventually, wearing the very latest in St. Louis derbies.

A brakeman helped us inside, and we waited for arrival at Albuquerque. More help from the trainmen was required, to get us across the wooden platform, vibrating as if about to rise in the air at any moment, into the little

frame station house. When I inquired about a hack to take us to the new Armijo Hotel, a solid brick two-story structure, everyone laughed. In that gale every vehicle was overturned, and traffic was at a standstill.

We were helped across the street to the Maden House, a two-story building with adobe front. The clerk here said that he could do nothing for us; every room held two or three persons, "refugees" like ourselves. But when I persisted he thought of a little reception room with a sofa and chair. He got us some blankets and a heavy quilt, and we spent the night fully dressed, on pallets laid on the floor.

The wind increased steadily during the night, until it reached a velocity unprecedented. Its effects in the new town of Albuquerque were many and drastic. The Maden House kitchen—its whole back section—was of frame and while we slept it was torn away by the blast. Two immense warehouses just opposite were lifted bodily from their foundations and dropped on their sides. The merchandise with which they were crammed was scattered like bits of paper over miles of country.

A fire broke out, and four city blocks burned to the ground. Two or three people were killed by flying debris and falling timbers. In the range land about Albuquerque whole herds of cattle and sheep were blown over bluffs or killed when dashed into rocks.

But we slept through it, and our first notice of damage done came at eight the next morning when we waked to find a big crack in the adobe wall, caused when the back of the hotel blew away, and the room full of sand.

Until nearly noon the wind blew too hard for anyone to do anything. But at last the cook ventured a fire as the gale seemed to lessen. So we got some breakfast.

We were scheduled to ride the construction train out,

but sand was so deep on the track at Isleta that the train was held over a day. When we finally boarded it—an engine, ten flat cars loaded with rails and ties, a coach, and caboose—it was for a run over what is now the main line of the Santa Fe.

The scenery was a constant wonder to Mrs. Cruse, the pueblos of Isleta and Ácoma, the marvelous tortured shapes of the ancient lava flow, the rugged mountains and wide flats. At a huddle of brush *jacales*—shacks—called McCarthy, the newcomer was given an extra thrill. When we stopped there to eat at midday, she met for the first time the Western Gunman. To make it more exciting, the Gunman was there in force.

There had been a robbery only two weeks before, the construction train being stopped and a payroll of several thousands taken from the contractor's agent. The bandits were masked and so efficient that the robbery went off like a smooth drill. They took the loot without need of a shot, vanished, and—so far as I ever heard—were never discovered.

But the Santa Fe officials were experienced in this sort of thing. From Dodge, Kansas, they sent some of their "detectives" to guard subsequent shipments—gunmen of killing records. Our train carried some \$30,000 consigned to Winslow, and in the caboose rode several of the guards. When the train stopped at McCarthy these men dropped off and made a quick, practiced examination of the *jacales* and the train and the country about.

We went into the eating shack and sat down at a rough plank table. Two of the guards came in. One sat down beside Mrs. Cruse and leaned his sawed-off shotgun against the table. When he began calmly to eat his meal we noted that he wore two revolvers—strapped to his wrists! His

companion sat down opposite him, where he could face the door.

I could understand my wife's nervousness. In my Western experience I had met a few of the genus Bad Man but one who strapped his six-shooters to his forearms was a novelty, even though each gunman I ever saw had some special and peculiar way of carrying his weapons.

We rode on without incident. Passing Fort Wingate, then garrisoned by the Fourth Cavalry, I wished wearily that it had been our destination. In the dusk the warm lights from the houses made a sharp contrast to our cheerless coach.

Just beyond Wingate we ran into a heavy snowstorm, and the train slowed until we were crawling cautiously through the darkness and the whirling flakes. Then the whistle blew frantically, the hand brakes ground, and we stopped. The guards in the caboose prepared for action while our conductor and brakeman dropped off and looked to see what had happened.

We had struck and killed an old Navajo *pastor*, or sheepherder, who had been walking along the track. And like wasps from a nest Navajos poured out of a near-by camp and swarmed around the engine. When they saw the dead *pastor* of their tribe they began to talk threateningly. The railroad had killed one of their people, they said angrily, and they would hold the train until compensation was had.

There were twenty-odd Indians, mostly armed, so the conductor was correspondingly diplomatic. He and the elders conferred, and the Navajos finally decided that twenty-five dollars would be the proper amount of damages. The conductor haggled for a while, then paid over the amount in silver dollars. Probably the Santa Fe has never

made a quicker, more satisfactory, settlement of a damage claim! When the money had been handed over the Indians calmed noticeably, enough to admit that the *pastor* had been eighty-five years old, very deaf, and of no particular value to the community; and even added that he had been told time after time to stay off the track! But this was after the silver had been pocketed.

We were glad to get on without the trouble their manner had threatened. For we were very hungry. The cook at McCarthy had done the best in his power with food thoroughly mixed with sand by the great wind, but like that immortal Militiaman serving on the Border in 1916, one prefers fighting for his country to eating it. We had done very poorly at McCarthy. I tried to cheer up my wife with forecasts of the good meal we would find in Holbrook.

"The hotel there," I told her, "is kept by an American woman. It's a five-room house, and she manages it very well. Going home, I ate there and had a really excellent meal."

But as a prophet I was too optimistic. The wind still blew strongly, and the landlady had been completely upset by the storm. When her nerves had become too taut, she had relaxed with the convenient bottle, then embarked upon a storm of her own. Her protector, owner of the house, had tried the same panacea. When they collided, she messed him considerably but he blacked her eyes and tossed her into the road with her belongings. It was just afterward that we arrived, looking for a meal.

Through the efforts of Mr. Weatherbee, Quartermaster Agent, who officed in the hotel, we were made comfortable and at about ten that night "co-operatively" we transients and all the regular diners rustled a supper. It was

still more sand than food, we thought. But by morning the landlady and her landlord had settled their differences, and a very decent breakfast was the result.

The hostiles were still out between Holbrook and Apache, so transportation with an escort was waiting for us at the railroad. We climbed into the buckboard at seven that late February morning and our party, baggage wagon and troopers and buckboard, started through cold as intense as I ever felt in Arizona. Snowflake, a Mormon settlement some thirty miles out, was our destination.

The buckboard was covered, but we felt the cold as we moved at some six miles an hour over an excellent road. We had lunch, but I thought that it would hardly be needed; we would make Snowflake and its excellent accommodations in early afternoon. I kept this view to myself, however, for my predictions had been uniformly wrong owing to the great storm. It was fortunate that I did!

When we reached the Mormon colony at three o'clock and got stiffly out, cold and hungry, it was to discover that Brother Flake and his people were entirely out of food. The storm and long spell of cold weather had delayed the Mormon supply train somewhere between Provo, Utah, and Snowflake. It was a week overdue and still not in touch with its destination. Even the cattle were storm-bound, and no fresh meat could be got in. If anything, the settlers looked hungrier than ourselves.

We borrowed coffee and bacon from the soldiers with us and made a slim meal. And while we ate it, Mrs. Cruse pronounced herself a reformer where travel and Cruses were concerned.

"This is all our own fault," she said. "We should have brought supplies, instead of setting out carelessly, hoping

everything would be all right. Hereafter, no matter where we go, *I am going to carry emergency rations!*"

(And she did! Not merely in the wilds, but on de luxe trains. In 1902, when we traveled from San Francisco to Chicago, and a series of breakdowns caused a gap of eight hours between meals, she produced the big basket which I had groaned about "toting" aboard, and "saved the lives" of the passengers in our pullman.)

The next halt after Snowflake was Cooley's Ranch. Cooley lived in baronial splendor with his Apache wife, Molly, and brood of halfbreed children. They had a big, frame two-story house, and on all my visits their table had groaned under meals of beef, game of all sorts, and civilized incidentals. I felt confident that Cooley, at least, would be not only willing but able to show Southwestern hospitality at its best. But—I was still making no prophecies!

We reached the ranch in early afternoon, and with sight of the great wood fires in Cooley's huge fireplaces, the instant preparations to feed us, I relaxed pleasantly. Within twenty minutes we sat down to a meal of steaks, venison, wild turkey, all well cooked. Then Molly came in, to relieve Mrs. Cruse's mind of apprehensions about Apache women. For she was quiet, well-mannered; and the children were most attractive.

Cooley was an outstanding figure in Arizona and New Mexico. Born near Staunton, Virginia, of good family, he received a splendid education. In 1858, when about twenty-two, he suffered the current gold fever and set out for Pikes Peak to dig a fortune. He worked hard and as he moved from one discovery to another he saw his "pile" grow. By 1861 he was a veteran frontiersman and was in Santa Fe with others of his hardy, venturesome kind,

miners and mountain men and traders to the Indians. He was more American than Southerner and, far from the local issues and bitter factionalism of Virginia, he found himself as staunch a Union man as the rest of his people were Confederates.

When the famous Kit Carson raised his regiment for frontier service, Cooley joined and soon received his commission. He had part in all the arduous campaigning against the hostile Indians, the Kiowas and Mescalero Apaches and, last and most important, the conquest and removal of those rebellious Navajos which three governments had signally failed to subdue.

Cooley was mustered out with the regiment at Santa Fe and soon was on the trail with one of the parties hunting the lost mine of Dr. Thorne. On this trip he first saw the unknown sections of Arizona and became so infatuated with the country that when the expedition disbanded, unsuccessful, he located a ranch near Springerville. He came to know the Coyotero Apaches well and eventually married Mollie, daughter of Chief Pedro. Shortly afterward he located the ranch at which I knew him, on Show Low Creek. It was an ideal site for ranching, with plenty of wood, water, and grass, and an unfailing supply of herders from Mollie's friendly people.

During General Crook's campaigns against Cochise and other hostile Chiricahua Apaches, Cooley acted for two or three years as Chief of Scouts. Crook—"Nantan Lupon, The Gray Wolf," to the Apaches—thought highly of Cooley and credited him with contributing largely to the return of the hostiles to peaceful ways. In every way, we found Cooley an interesting acquaintance—and valuable in that lonely land.

The road was good from Cooley's to Follet's Ranch,

called the "halfway house." We made fast time the next day after another fine meal in the morning. Mrs. Cruse was looking forward to arrival at the post with keen interest, but not much optimism. She persisted in questions about the "log huts" which made our quarters.

"Like the ones in Kentucky? The old slave cabins?" she asked.

"Oh, not so bad as that; not so dilapidated," I would answer.

But one could see that memories of those old cabins, with chimneys reeling and great chinks gaping between the logs, filled her with forebodings. When we drove into Apache at six o'clock and she saw the neat two-room-and-hall cabin of the Carters, where we were to stay, she nearly broke down—with relief!

Pimas and Renegades

FRONTIER LIFE, my wife decided after a survey of Apache, was quite pleasant, if primitive. Army folk have always owned the ability to improvise homes in rough quarters with the minimum of effort and the maximum of ingenuity. So the Carters, newly married themselves, might have only a rough pine table knocked together on the ground, but it was spread with fine linen and set with silver and cut glass and china just as if the house stood in an Eastern city.

We arranged for quarters with Captain McGowan, taking the hall and one of the rooms of his little cabin. The Quartermaster added a frame lean-to and framed a tent for our cook. So we spread the few belongings brought with us and started housekeeping—a process that seemed to revolve largely around cheering up the cook.

Within ten days after arrival, I was ordered with Lieutenant Carter to Prescott. The anticipated Court of Inquiry on Cibicu had been convened, after bitter wrangling between General Carr and Department Commander General Willcox. Carter and I traveled by buckboard to Holbrook, by construction train to Flagstaff, then by stage to Whipple Barracks at Prescott.

We testified as to the circumstances of the Cibicu, so far as our knowledge went. Then, anxious to be home again, we went back as we had come. The Court finally

decided against the Department Commander, holding that General Carr had acted properly in marching to the Cibicu and arresting the Medicine Man. But his "action in dividing his forces in the face of the enemy"—that was the time when Stanton and I had followed one bank of the creek, while General Carr's trail had gone up the other bank—was "reprehensible."

Carter and I were both happy to put Whipple Barracks and the inquiry behind us, with no more "lightnings" than this mild reprimand of the General. As young Lieutenants with our careers to carve out, we wanted no official attention that we could avoid!

In Apache we found our wives living together and so completely enjoying each other that, almost, they looked up at us to say: "Back already?"

Straight troop duty kept me busy until April 10. Then fragments of Chiricahua bands at San Carlos Agency were influenced by henchmen of Gerónimo to make a break. They moved fast toward the Sierra Madres of Mexico. Troops from Apache took the trail and followed so closely that the Apaches could not halt to do much damage. By the time we reached the railroad near Bowie Station, so many soldiers from Grant and other points had joined the pursuit that our detachment was halted for orders.

When our orders came, they surprised us. For we were sent to Willcox and there entrained for Maricopa, to police the Pima Indians. The surprising feature of this program was any apparent need for checking the Pimas. These were pueblo Indians, agriculturists, raising their crops with the help of irrigating ditches, living a peaceful, if watchful, life. There was no record of a Pima warring against a white man. Yet now their new Agent was fearing that the

Pimas were on the verge of an outbreak. We talked it over on the way to Maricopa. The Pimas, we knew, were peaceful because they preferred to live quietly, not because they could not or would not fight! They had driven back raids of the neighboring Apaches with such fury that they were respectfully left alone.

When we reached the Agency at Sacaton we discovered that the trouble had its roots in that ancient cause of warfare—water rights. White settlers had been flocking into the country of the Pimas, locating homesteads, beginning the wonderful farms and orchards that now surround Phoenix. They had ignored the Indians' rights to water, and the Pimas had been deprived of irrigation until they looked out on barren fields and faced starvation.

No rations had ever been provided for the Pimas. Washington seemed to move on the theory that only he who refused to work would be fed. The Pimas—unlike the Apaches—had supported themselves and given no trouble, so they had been virtually ignored. Now, robbed of the water they had always owned, they were ready to fight anybody and everybody.

For three weeks we worked to settle the Indian grievance. The officers of our force, the Agent, old settlers and newcomers, leaders of the Pimas, held conferences. At last we arranged adequate and fair water supply for the Indians, and they went cheerfully back to their fields.

Some concerned in the conferences regarded the whole affair as comic opera. But it seemed to me that we had saved many lives and much treasure. The Government ignored Victorio's just grievances and forced him to the warpath. The ultimate cost was millions in money and over one thousand lives of white men, women, and children. Gatewood, who knew all the circumstances, always

said that any man of discretion, empowered to adjust Victorio's well-founded claims, could have prevented the bloody and disastrous outbreaks of 1879. As we marched easily back to Apache, I believed that we had exercised this discretion and fairness lacking in Victorio's case; and that the Pimas, who had always held their own with the savage Tonto Apaches, could have staged as ugly war as Victorio, had they been pushed from their lands.

We celebrated the Fourth of July, 1882, in grand style. We had music and games and athletic contests between the Third Cavalry and the Sixth and horse races. Every Indian from far and wide came to watch the celebration. It was a great day.

Just a week later trouble came. We had been getting rumors from time to time that many of the renegades, including deserters from my Scouts, had formed into a hostile band under a Tonto Apache named Na-ti-o-tish. The Indian Police at San Carlos, now commanded by Cibicu Charley Colvig, were hunting for the band's hide-out. At last—July 11, 1882—Colvig found them and led a raid. But Na-ti-o-tish had been warned of the attack and his warriors ambushed the raiders. Cibicu Charley and seven or eight of his policemen were killed, and the survivors broke under the hostiles' fire. The renegades chased them almost to the Agency buildings, swept up ponies and ammunition from the peaceful Indians, then headed out toward Salt River and Tonto Basin.

Captain Drew of the Third Cavalry jumped onto the hostiles' trail with two troops from Fort Thomas, twenty-eight miles from the Agency. The Apaches had twelve hours' start, but the energetic Drew followed so rapidly that he cut down their lead and kept them going too fast for many outrages of the favorite Apache sort. Even so,

the Indians came upon ten or a dozen helpless folk in their path and slaughtered them while "on the run."

A concerted pursuit of such bands had been worked out in the office of General Willcox, Department Commander. The arrangement was instantly ordered into effect, when word reached headquarters of the break.

Captain Drew was to continue hot pursuit. Four troops of the Third and Sixth Cavalry went from Apache under Colonel A. W. Evans, to cut in on the runaways at Salt River, if possible. Adna Chaffee went from McDowell to Tonto Basin. Chase's troop of the Third Cavalry and Kingsbury's troop of the Sixth Cavalry proceeded from Verde along the rim of Tonto Basin on the old Crook Road. This last movement was to cut off the Apaches from the Navajo Reservation, in case they were heading that way. Finally, as a precautionary measure, two more troops of the Third Cavalry rode out of Grant to patrol the vicinity of the Agency. For Na-ti-o-tish might double snakily back toward the upper San Pedro and try a dash south into Mexico.

The plan was worked out like chess and I have since thought that its effectiveness must have been largely due to the information placed at the General's disposal by his regimental staff officers. Notably, the Adjutant, Lieutenant Fred Smith, and the Quartermaster, Lieutenant Wotherspoon, were familiar with the territory. Wotherspoon had been over all the scene of action. He knew every trail. (Much later, when the Army instituted a General Staff, Wotherspoon was a noted Chief of Staff.)

Colonel Evans, famous old Indian fighter, led us from Apache to our place in the pursuit. We left the post early, July 14, 1882, made a fast march to the lower Cibicu, and bivouacked until morning. We reached Salt River at the

point where the San Carlos trail forded the stream, exactly where the Roosevelt Dam stands today. Here, at the mouth of Tonto Creek, the hostiles had camped, and the sign was very fresh.

We halted to send out strong patrols. By dark they were back reporting that the main body of hostiles had gone on the trail crossing Tonto Basin toward the Navajo Reservation, while a raiding party had gone down Salt River, jumped some settlements, then turned to rejoin the larger force. We marched next morning, and as we climbed out of the very deep cañon Drew's column slowly and painfully descended the other side, some five miles away. A courier went to Drew, informing him of the hostiles' movements as we knew them. He had made a hard night march and could not follow until his men had rested.

All day the trail showed so fresh that we knew our Apaches must be very close ahead. So we advanced cautiously, the four Indians scouting for us studying the country intently—as we all were! I think we had covered at least twenty-five miles when just at dark the Scouts came back to report. They said a large party, perhaps Cavalry, had cut the trail just ahead of us. We halted and sent an officer's patrol forward. In our camp the horses were held on lariat, the mules were close-herded.

Our patrol came back, accompanied by Captain Chaffee. Chaffee reported to Colonel Evans that he was bivouacked beyond us. He had his Troop I, Sixth Cavalry and McDowell's company of Indian Scouts, commanded by Lieutenant George Morgan. The celebrated Al Sieber, great frontiersman and expert of experts on Apaches, was Chaffee's Chief of Scouts.

"I'm sure that the hostiles are just a little way ahead," Chaffee told the Colonel. "Sieber thinks they expect close



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Apache Indian Scouts, with two prisoners, who were hanged at Globe,
Arizona.

pursuit and his idea is that they'll stop at General Springs to fight. That's a steep cliff where the trail climbs out of Tonto Basin onto the Crook Road. Sieber feels that they'll expect to cut up even a superior number of troops, because of their position."

"Well," Colonel Evans said, "you go on tomorrow just as if you were acting alone. Your troop is mounted on white horses and so is Converse's troop of the Third. I'll put Converse at the head of my column. So if the Indians do stop to fight, you'll have two 'white horse troops' to throw against them. The rest of my force can be placed wherever seems best for attack. It may confuse the hostiles, to face two troops where they're expecting one."

Chaffee returned to his camp, and, after a quiet night, at daylight of July 17 we moved cautiously forward. Chaffee climbed the Tonto rim in our sight, without rousing a shot. We followed him to General Springs where the sign was plain of our hostiles' camp. It looked as if the Apaches were pushing straight on toward the Navajo country and we cursed the prospect of a tedious campaign in that rough, waterless region. But within a mile a courier galloped back to us.

Chaffee had found the hostiles camped on the far side of a deep, narrow branch of Cañon Diablo, or Big Dry Wash—Chevelon's Fork, as we called it. Evidently, the courier said, the Indians were ready to give Chaffee the fight of his life.

Converse and his white horse troop advanced at the pounding gallop. Word was passed along our column and we went forward rapidly. There were about three miles to cover, and all the way we could hear casual shots, then crashing volleys.

Lieutenant Morgan, with Al Sieber and the Scouts,

had discovered the Apaches waiting among the pines of a high mesa across the cañon. Chaffee had dismounted his men and sent a few to the rim. With sight of them the hostiles, holding the trail seven hundred yards away on the far wall of the gigantic gash in the Mogollon Mountains, had opened fire. When Converse arrived he dismounted his troop in plain view, sent the horses back and advanced in line of skirmishers along the cañon brink—as if intending to descend the trail to the cañon floor, a thousand feet below. Both sides immediately opened a heavy fire.

The Apaches had what seemed a perfect position. For miles on each side of the trail the cañon walls were almost perpendicular and every foot of the trail from rim to rim was covered by the Indian rifles. In that parklike pine forest there was no underbrush or shubbery whatever; except for the trees, no cover could be found for advance.

When our three remaining troops rode up and dismounted, some three hundred yards back of the rim, Chaffee outlined the situation for Colonel Evans and began to suggest certain dispositions of the troops. But the Colonel stopped him.

"Dispose them as you see fit," he said. "You found the Indians and they belong to you. It's your fight. I give you full control."

Chaffee was surprised, and so were the rest of us. I recall no more unselfish action in all my years of service. Not only was Chaffee the junior; he belonged to another regiment. Rivalry between two outfits acting together is generally very hot.

When he had thanked the Colonel, Chaffee took charge instantly and energetically. Kramer and I with E Troop and Lieutenant Frank West, taking Chaffee's own troop, with part of the Scouts under Al Sieber, were sent to the

right of the trail. We were to cross the cañon wherever we could within a mile of easterly travel. Once over, we would close in on the main trail ready for attack.

Lieutenant Morgan and the remaining Scouts, Captain Abbot and Lieutenant Hodgson with K Troop of the Sixth, Lieutenants Hardie and "Friday" Johnson and their Third Cavalry troop, duplicated our flanking maneuver on the left.

A small guard from each organization was left with our pack trains and led horses, to protect them if any hostiles sneaked over to this side of the cañon. Converse and his troop would continue to pour a heavy fire across the chasm.

It had taken time for all these preliminaries. Three o'clock had come before we began to move out. As my detachment turned right, we heard that Converse had been shot in the head, and I saw him as we passed. I stopped to speak, and he answered that something was wrong with his eyes.

"But it will soon pass," he told me.

Poor fellow! It never passed. A .44 slug had glanced from a rock and split. One piece penetrated Converse's eye and so wedged itself in the socket that the most noted surgeons of the world could not remove it. But Converse lived to do valuable duty—in spite of periods of near-unbearable pain—and retire a Colonel.

Smashing the Hostiles

BRIGHT sunlight was on us until we got into the cañon, scrambling down the precipitous wall to the beautiful stream flowing along its floor. Then someone pointed upward and we stared—at stars plain to be seen in midafternoon! It was a pretty spectacle, but we had important business waiting; we pushed on and made the hard climb up the other wall.

Sieber and his Tonto Indians, with Lieutenant West and Chaffee's Troop I, were on the right of our skirmish line. They reached the hostiles' pony herd just as a series of volleys sounded to the west—indicating that the other flanking party had crossed and got into action. The herd guards were facing away from us, listening to the shooting. Sieber and West opened up on them, wiped them out, then sent the ponies under herd of Scouts to the rear of our force.

Abbot, with the other flankers, had made a difficult crossing just as we had. But when his men reached the top of the cañon, it was to meet a strong party of hostiles bent on the same maneuver as our own—attempt to get behind the enemy. Na-ti-o-tish had made several errors of generalship, as we learned later. He had watched Chaffee and Sieber all afternoon of the preceding day, counted the soldiers and Indians, and felt confident that his seventy-odd renegades could easily wipe them out at Chevelon's

Fork. Converse's white horses had been taken for Chaffee's. He still had no idea that our force from Apache was joined to the little force he had counted—and discounted.

The flanking party which ran into Abbot was moving almost carelessly, expecting to scramble easily across the cañon and take Chaffee from the rear. Abbot's force poured bullets into them, killing and wounding several, sending the rest in a mad rout back to their main body at the trail.

Their stampede did not stop there; the panic infected those renegades who were shooting at the troopers on the far rim. The whole remnant milled toward the ponies just as we got the herd behind us.

It seemed to us that our capture of the herd had roused the Indians to a rush, bent on retaking the ponies. But actually they had no thought of our presence; they only knew that something was radically wrong and wanted to get away.

West had pushed his line on until all of us formed a quarter-circle from the cañon edge across the trail leading to the Navajo country. Abbot, of course, was moving to make a similar quarter-circle from the cañon edge to the Navajo Trail. The renegades were now in a trap.

We fired into them and saw some fall and others jump to hunt cover behind the pines. Our line moved to enclose them and push them toward the cañon. Shadows were thickening in that forest, and it was not so easy to see. I had the left flank of our E Troop, at the cañon rim, some two hundred yards in front of what had been the main camp of the hostiles—indicated by scattered blankets and cooking utensils. Al Sieber was at my side.

As our line pinched the renegades they fired furiously and with effect. Lieutenant Morgan had left his part of

the Scouts, to get actively into the fight. He was noted as a shot, winner of a gold medal in the Department meet of that very month. As our line pressed in from tree to tree Morgan got several shots at the hostiles but was uncertain of his luck. At last he dropped one where everybody could see and yelled triumphantly:

“Got him! I got him!”

But he exposed himself in his excitement, and an Indian in that same “nest” drove a slug through Morgan’s arm, into his side and (apparently) through both lungs. We thought him sure to die, but the slug had only gone around his ribs and lodged in the back muscles.

Sergeant Conn of Troop E, the Sixth, was a wisp of a Boston Irishman, twenty years in the regiment. Before the fight at Cibicu and desertion of our Scouts, Conn had served as Ration Sergeant, issuing the Scouts their rations. So they nicknamed him “Coche Sergeant,” or “Hog Sergeant.” They knew his terrific brogue as well as we did.

In the “nests” they had made hurriedly behind the trees were several of my deserters, and when Conn lifted his voice in orders to E Troop men the renegade Scouts heard. Instantly from the unseen hostiles lifted a mocking yell, and nickname Conn detested:

“Aaaaiah! Coche Sergeant! Coche Sergeant!”

As always, Conn answered in kind—“and other kind”—until one renegade who could speak English called jeeringly:

“Coward! Hog Sergeant! Come here and I will kill you!”

Conn screamed something in reply, and the Indian fired at the sound of his voice. The big bullet struck Conn in the throat, fairly pushed aside the jugular vein, according to Surgeon Ewing, then grazed the vertebrae and

emerged, making a hole the size of a silver dollar. All this in a wizened neck that was loose in size thirteen collar!

Conn dropped in the middle of his exchange with the renegade Scout, and Captain Kramer, standing a yard or so away, remarked to the First Sergeant:

“Well, I’m afraid they got poor Conn.”

Afterward, Conn said that he was conscious when he fell.

“Sure, I heard the Cap’n say I was kilt. But I knew I was not. I was only *spa-a-achless!*”

Our men and Sieber wiped out that whole bunch of hostiles and we pushed on. Sieber was still beside me, and I saw him kill three of the renegades in quick succession, as they crept toward the edge of the cañon to go over and away from the battle.

“There he goes!” he would grunt to me.

With the report of his rifle an Indian I had not seen would suddenly appear, flinging up his arms as if to catch at some support. Then under the momentum of his rush he would plunge forward on his head and roll over and over. One man shot at the very rim plunged over, and it seemed to me that he continued to fall for many minutes.

At five-thirty it was growing so dusky that time began to fight for the hostiles. Unless we smashed them before dark they would vanish like quail. About seventy-five yards and a little arroyo six feet deep separated my men from the Indians in the camp at the trail head.

“I’m going into the camp,” I told Sieber.

“No! Don’t you do it, Lieutenant! Don’t you do it!” he objected, much to my surprise. “There’s lots of Indians over there and they’ll get you, sure!”

“Why, Al!” I said. “You’ve killed every one of them!”

Then I instructed my line to load their guns, take

some cartridges in their hands, and advance at the run into camp. We charged the little arroyo and topped out on the other side, covered by heavy fire from Sieber and the men with Captain Kramer. We had made those yards without casualty but when we got into the open beyond the arroyo I discovered that Sieber had been right. There were lots of Indians there in camp, and we had plenty of business on our hands!

But with me were Sergeants Horan and Martin and seven or eight other old-timers. They were not worried in the least by a hot fight, and we were going slap-bang when a hostile appeared not two yards away, leveling his gun directly at me. It seemed impossible for him to miss at that point-blank range, so I raised my own gun and stiffened to take the shock of his bullet. But he was nervous and jerked just enough as he pulled trigger to send the bullet past me. A young Scotchman named McLellan was just to my left and slightly in the rear. The bullet hit him, and he dropped. I shot the Indian and threw myself to the ground—which caused Captain Kramer and Sieber to believe that I had been struck. McLellan was sprawling beside me and I asked if he were hurt.

“Yes, sir,” he answered. “Through the arm. I think it’s broken.”

“Lie quietly for a little while,” I said, “then we’ll get back to that ravine.”

The firing slackened, and I got up. McLellan was unconscious, and I had to drag him back about twenty feet to where the slope was some protection. When I stood to help McLellan some of the hostiles who were hidden from the Abbot line beyond got up from their cover to shoot at me. But Abbot’s men saw them and turned loose. They did not realize that I was in their direct line of fire, two

hundred yards away. The air around McLellan and me was fairly burned with bullets. I was facing the line, and bits of gravel and shreds of bullets stung my face and set it bleeding. I was certain that I had been hit and it was only a matter of moments until I would collapse.

But when I had rested a minute or so I got McLellan farther and Sergeant Horan joined me. We managed to lower McLellan to the bottom of the little arroyo as Kramer's men swarmed into the camp and overran it. I found one of the Indian blankets and made McLellan comfortable, but the bullet had broken a rib and passed through both lungs. He died quietly within an hour.

Darkness came, and the fighting stopped. We found Lieutenant Morgan in great pain from his wound and suffering a chill in the thin air of that height. When he had been made comfortable and patrols sent out, we waited for Chaffee and Dr. Ewing, who were being guided across the cañon to us.

Abbot had sent his several badly wounded men over before dark, but ours were not so fortunate. When Chaffee arrived he ordered withdrawal of all but the outposts. We were to get food and replenish our ammunition in readiness for pushing on next morning after the hostiles. None of us realized how completely we had smashed Na-ti-o-tish's band.

It was terribly hard to transfer our wounded. We must lower them from ledge to ledge in the darkness, cross the stream, and raise them from ledge to ledge. But at two in the morning we straggled into the main camp, fagged out.

Just before daylight I was roused by the tramping of hoofs and got up to see the Verde column with Chase and Kingsbury—much out of temper because they had missed the fight. Couriers went back to Drew, ordering him to

camp at General Springs. Lieutenant Hodgson had been left with a patrol and during the night he heard moaning. At daybreak he searched cautiously and found a squaw with her leg badly smashed below the knee. Two or three others came out of hiding when they felt it was safe.

The renegades had not been hampered by the presence of women and children, as Apaches jumping the reservations usually were. But four or five had forced squaws to come along from the Agency. One woman had a baby in arms.

All the eighteenth was spent in scouting the country for ten or fifteen miles in every direction. We looked particularly to see if any hostile detachments had left trails leading to the settlements on the Little Colorado or the Agency. No trail or sign was found anywhere, and when we made more careful search of our scene of action the reason became apparent:

Within a radius of three hundred yards of their camp we found twenty-two dead Indians. Others had fallen much farther away. Subsequent inquiries proved that Na-ti-o-tish's band simply ceased to exist that day. Out of probably seventy-five warriors, only ten or fifteen were known to have survived.

Among the dead we found Na-ti-o-tish and two of my Scouts, the latter easily identified by the numbered brass tags they still carried.

Dr. Ewing amputated the wounded leg of the squaw found by Hodgson during the afternoon. In spite of the hardship suffered, the woman recovered quickly and to my knowledge survived Dry Wash fight by many years.

The herd we had captured was driven across the cañon, and we had a typical experience of the day and place. By eleven of the forenoon some self-styled local cowboys ap-

peared. They claimed to be hunting their stock, lost to the hostiles. Among the animals we had were two fine stallions and several blooded mares. These the "cowboys" claimed, with some fifteen others of the herd.

Colonel Evans could not dispute the claim, but some of Chaffee's people from McDowell were openly skeptical. They told the Colonel that the stock more probably belonged to the Sigsbee brothers, who had a big outfit in the Tonto Basin. The "cowboys" said that both Sigsbees had been killed by the hostiles, two days before.

The argument was going on when another party rode into camp, two or three men led by a smallish, bearded cowboy, who was bandaged about his chest and right shoulder. He looked at the herd and turned to Colonel Evans.

"I'm certainly thankful that you recovered my horses!" he said fervently. "I'm Sigsbee. The redskins got my brother and almost got me."

The "cowboys" had mounted with sight of him and by the time he had finished two sentences they were disappearing in the heavy timber. We never learned who they were, but honest cowboys they certainly were not!

Sigsbee told us that, on the morning of the sixteenth, he and his brother were riding over to a neighboring ranch to pick up their mail. Before they came in sight of it they heard heavy firing, and, being used to trouble in that region, they proceeded cautiously. They saw the neighbor's buildings afire and Indians loading groceries on their ponies. Two or three bodies sprawled on the ground around the house.

They realized their own danger and started at the run toward home. But the renegades had scouts posted, and these were working up on the Sigsbees when they turned. They opened fire on the brothers, and a bullet struck this

one who was in our camp, going clear through his shoulder. The wound was painful and bled freely, but fortunately for Sigsbee no bones were broken. He clung to his saddle horn and grimly spurred ahead.

When they came to their own log house the brothers saw their treasured stallions corraled, and the unwounded man worked desperately to get them into the log stable. He shut the door and followed his brother to the cabin. But as he neared the door an Apache rose from behind a great boulder in the yard, not fifty yards away. He fired and the running man fell dead on the doorstep.

Despite his shoulder wound, the survivor dragged his brother into the house and barred the door. There was no time to bandage himself. He opened fire on the Indians now swarming about stable and cabin. Twice he scored hits, though he was growing weak and hazy from pain and loss of blood. He saw the Apaches draw their dead or wounded behind that great boulder, while others opened the stable and drove out the horses.

Suddenly, Sigsbee told us, all firing stopped. He wondered if his ears were failing. But the Apaches appeared beyond the stable, driving the horses rapidly away. For some reason they had decided to go on to easier prey than this fighting rancher.

We cleaned up the battleground, burying the dead and tending the wounded. Lieutenant West and I were ordered to map the scene of action, topographically showing the terrain, locating the troops at various stages of the fight, and otherwise making clear the report which Chaffee, by Colonel Evans' generosity, made as if he, not Evans, had been the senior officer present.

“Civilization” Again

GENERAL WILLCOX was still Department Commander, though ready to turn over the post to General George Crook, when report came to headquarters on the Dry Wash fight.

I doubt if the public in general—or even our War Department—ever realized that Colonel Evans was at least titular commander in that hot and successful little battle. But informed persons did realize that, had they not been quickly checked, Na-ti-o-tish's renegades could have been as murderous and destructive as the raiding bands of Victorio and Gerónimo, and that by smashing them completely the soldiers had saved many lives, much property.

On the nineteenth the troops separated. Chase and Kingsbury took the wounded and conveyed them by ambulance from General Springs to Verde. Colonel Evans and our column, with Al Sieber and the Scouts, combed the country between the Crook Road on the Basin rim and the Little Colorado as far east as Springerville. We hunted sign that the hostiles had disturbed the numerous Mormon settlements in that region, but found no sign of any kind.

When we reached Cooley's Ranch it was to discover that the frontiersman knew all about our fight and much additional which was unknown to us. His Indians were in touch with Apache affairs by a sort of grapevine telegraph,

and they would talk to him. He assured Colonel Evans that only a few renegades had survived Dry Wash, and those would keep out of sight. The outbreak was definitely finished in Apache eyes. He added that none of the settlements from Holbrook to Springerville had been molested, news which relieved the Colonel's mind.

By the twenty-fourth we were back at Apache. I was naturally much pleased—if also surprised—to find myself recommended for the Medal of Honor by such past masters of the art of soldiering as Evans, Chaffee, and Kramer, cited for gallantry in action at Dry Wash. During the fight I had been too busy doing moment by moment whatever seemed best in my sector to consider whether it might be thought heroic or even unusual. But commendation from veteran officers I admired pleased me greatly.

The generous praise of one other surprised me even more. About ten days after the fight I stepped into the post trader's at Apache just as Al Sieber remarked to a roomful of officers and civilians:

“—Just then that chump, Lieutenant Cruse, did one of the bravest, most reckless, things I ever saw. He charged across that ravine and into their camp and began to clean it up. And he knew there were plenty of Indians there, because I told him so. I wouldn't have done that for a million dollars!”

Coming from that frontiersman and scout whose hair-breadth escapes were too many to be numbered, whose reckless daredeviltry was a byword over the Southwest, this did amaze me.

Blacksmith John Martin of my troop also received the Medal of Honor for the Dry Wash fight. I was heartily glad, for I had believed him entitled to the medal at Cibicu. Martin was walking proof that a man cannot be gauged

by his external appearance. He was small and pale blond, and his Swedish accent and perennial good humor made him the butt of countless jokes. It was Martin who went to draw his "saber ammunition," Martin who dressed himself point-device and went solemnly (as instructed) to call socially upon the Colonel, Martin who sat upon the cold prairie holding the bag for snipe, Martin who would loan anyone his last dollar and never hint that he would like it back.

At Cibicu he rode his yellow horse Sport, the bronco he had gentled and of which he thought more than his own life. With two or three others Martin started calmly to clear the creek bottom of perhaps three hundred hostiles. Captain Stanton stopped the charge just in time! When after the fight we started back to Apache, Martin gave Sport to one of the sick men and walked. When the invalid recovered, Martin led Sport along the rim of a cañon six hundred feet deep, going in thick darkness along the narrow trail we followed. The trail gave way under the horse and he went over, almost jerking Martin with him.

We heard Sport crashing through the brush down that cliff, Martin hanging tragically over the brink, groaning. Then from far below Sport neighed—and Martin swung over the cliff. I saw the place afterward in daylight, and how any man could descend without ropes I never understood. But later Martin rode Sport out of the darkness to join the column, and when General Carr "rawhided" him he said in simple wonder:

"But Sport *call* me. I got to go."

Sport and Martin, incidentally, were never separated until after the Sioux campaign of 1890-91. The Arizona horse suffered greatly from the extreme cold, developed

rheumatism and laminitis and had to be destroyed—but with all troop honors.

The point I make, if roundabout, is that recklessness and bravery depend on individual outlook and temperament. Al Sieber claimed that he wouldn't have led my charge into the hostile camp "for a million dollars." And I am quite sure that I wouldn't have scrambled and slipped down that Cibicu cliff in inky darkness, braving the murderous Indians who were all about us, for all the horses in the United States. But Martin went for one yellow bronco!

The Dry Wash fight was gently consigned to the virtual oblivion of official records, once it was finished. It was not included in the *Indian Campaign List* published by the War Department for pension purposes about 1895. The *List* contained the Modoc, Cheyenne, Comanche, Kiowa, and all Sioux and Gerónimo, campaigns. But never a reference to any of the Apache campaigns from 1879 to 1884. Yet we who soldiered in Arizona during that period, fighting at Memtrillo, Cuchillo Negro, Cibicu, Dry Wash, and many other places, had the idea that we were quite busy in those days!

We were notified soon after return to Apache that Troop E would change station to Fort Grant, movement to be made upon notification. This was like getting back to civilization! Grant was only twenty-six miles from the railroad and had a mail practically every day. Before the change was effected, I was ordered with several enlisted men to Tucson. Public clamor had forced Federal indictment of eight or ten San Carlos Agency Apaches who had attacked us at Cibicu. The soldiers and I were to appear as witnesses against them.

Mrs. Cruse went with me as far as Grant, riding horseback all the way. I recall that trip vividly, because of the



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Al Sieber, Arizona pioneer; Chief of Scouts in Territorial days; and later,
Deputy U. S. Marshal.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

General George Crook. The Apaches called him Nantan Lupan, the Gray Wolf.

domestic storm that struck me. We crossed the Nantanes Range, real ridge of the Rocky Mountains, then made the abrupt descent from chilly uplands to the subtropical Gila Valley.

The change was exhausting to us all, and there was a march of twenty-eight miles to the Gila River. By the time we had made the crossing and found a camping place, Mrs. Cruse was badly sunburned and completely done up. Automatically, I recall, I turned from where she sat her horse, to get about the business of selecting the troopers' camp and grazing ground and directing other details of the halt. When I came back she was slumped on the ground, and, instead of being weak from sunstroke or exhaustion as I first feared, she was highly energetic, in the *nth* degree of temperament!

She had been a fool to marry a man who attended everyone else before making his wife comfortable. She was exhausted and starving and neglected. The saddest day of her life was when she came to Arizona with such a numbskull. And more—much, much more!

It was all very like the tantrum Mrs. Custer confesses in *Following the Guidon*; the occasion when the Seventh Cavalry was changing station in Dakota and someone mislaid the tent stovepipe. The General's wife tells how she "combed" everyone in sight from Custer down, then went to bed in a cold tent, all unreconciled. But once our comfortable camp was made and in improvised swimming suits we had splashed in the Gila, my wife was restored to her customary good temper.

We made Grant by way of Thomas, and Mrs. Cruse decided to remain there close to friends until Troop E arrived, or while I attended court in Tucson.

We found a group of Apaches on trial, and, while there

was little doubt of their part in the Cibicu fight, we could not identify any of the prisoners as those who had murdered the Mormons on Seven Mile Hill and our telegraph repairmen at Black River, or as being fighters during the Cibicu shooting. If the prosecution had offered Sanchez and Mosby, troublemakers well and unfavorably known to us and whom we had seen on the ground, we could have helped to punish those deserving punishment.

But at that very time General Crook was familiarizing himself with current conditions, making plans for getting all Indians back on the reservations and keeping them there. And he was conferring with Sanchez, Mosby, and others of that sort, while we wished piously that we might see them in court! As a matter of record, General Crook extracted from them what information he could of the Apache point of view, then granted them amnesty in spite of bitter protest from those knowing the circumstances.

General Crook, as Department Commander, countermanded the transfer of Troop E from Apache during my stay in Tucson. General Carr asked for E Troop, at Fort Lowell near Tucson. So Mrs. Cruse remained at Grant, and I returned to Apache, expecting a move.

During my absence from the post, our new Commanding Officer committed suicide. He was Lieutenant Colonel Schofield, Sixth Cavalry, brother of a Major General, and a Civil War veteran of brilliant record. The Army knew him both as expert artilleryman and inventor of note. He had patented a revolver model, the Schofield-Smith & Wesson; and it was with one of these pistols that he killed himself. I knew him only slightly, but it was developed in the inquiry that he had suffered melancholia since the death of his wife some years before.

We all "caught up" on our Apache business, discussing

the campaigns and trials and General Crook's conferences. While we were speculating about our new Commander's plans, he "slid" into Apache with his usual Indianlike quiet. A tent was pitched for him on White Mountain River, a mile from the post. He settled there, apparently spending his time hunting. The officers paid him courtesy calls which he never returned. He ignored the post as if it had not existed.

Captain John Bourke* came with him as aide, and Bourke was as friendly as Crook was taciturn. He fraternized with the officers of Apache, a pleasant and witty man.

But eventually, as Crook's unexplained arrival and grim silence began to get on our nerves, several of us were abruptly ordered to report to the Commander's tent. We went pretty stiffly, for the General's aloofness had made us feel that we lay under his disapproval.

When one by one we were ushered into his tent, to face his statue-still face and utter silence, while Captain Bourke cross-examined like a prosecuting attorney, our uneasiness increased. General Crook had campaigned against the red man for so many years that his manner and methods were amazingly similar to the Indian's. After the Civil War, in which he had been a Major General, his service had been almost entirely in the Indian country, on the trail against Sioux, Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Utes, Apaches, and Crows. From 1871 to 1873 he had campaigned against the Apaches, and his duty in 1882 was to settle the Apache troubles. Nobody of high rank in the Army could match Crook's knowledge and understanding of Indians in general, the

* Bourke was both soldier and author. His books, *On the Border With Crook* and *An Apache Campaign*, are classics on the history of these times.

Apaches in particular. As Bourke said of him: "He was more Indian than the Indians!"

I faced the inquiry with a good deal of trepidation. After all, my Scouts had mutinied and deserted and been prominent in the killing of our men at Cibicu. Crook had been getting from Sanchez and Mosby and their kind the renegades' side of the trouble. If he had been convinced by them, I was due for difficulties.

As I answered the skillful questions of Bourke, in walked Sanchez! More, he came like a visitor sure of cordial welcome. My nerves were not in the least calmed by the sight, or by the General's fixed stare, seeming to bore through me as I "testified."

When the ordeal was over and we rode back to the post, I said to the others:

"Well, I guess I'll be the next one up before a Court of Inquiry! What I told certainly must have been different from the story Sanchez and the renegades have given him. And from what I gathered from his manner—he just sat there like a graven image, except for running his fingers through that long beard—he's on the other side."

But my surmise was wrong. I learned that I had been given a clean bill of health before facing Crook. He had quietly interviewed everyone available, particularly Cooley and some of the Indians present at the Cibicu. They had even praised me and informed the General that Sanchez was a scoundrel and consummate liar and should have his head blown off forthwith.

Crook was interested only in getting the whole situation clear in his mind—the legitimate grievances of the Apaches, the real character of their leaders, the best method of returning all Apaches to their reservations.

The five weeks he spent at Apache were weeks of

strain, as I have indicated. But at last the General returned to Prescott and at once issued the orders which sent Troop E to Fort Lowell. En route to the new station we picked up Mrs. Cruse at Fort Grant.

Lowell was much changed for the worse, since my pause there in 1879. It had been marked for abandonment and permitted to fall into disrepair. For the year prior to our arrival only a lone Ordnance Sergeant had garrisoned it. Naturally, he had chosen for his quarters the house with the best roof—the one which leaked least! That adjoining, which became our quarters, he used as stable for his pony and cow.

We found the place full of dust and straw and litter. But the Regimental Quartermaster worked wonders with redwood planks and plaster and calcimine. With wooden floors and shingle roofs and tinted walls and verandas we felt quite *gente fino*—fine people—in our little two-room quarters. Captain Abbot had the other pair of rooms across the hall.

Chatto's Raid

FORT LOWELL was a very pleasant place in the fall and winter of 1882. The Southern Pacific brought to Tucson very fair theatrical companies once or twice a month; we had a fine band; mail arrived daily, and our irregular correspondence of the past with anxious friends and relatives was finally smoothed out. So we and they knew where and how everyone was, to date. Most important was the presence at Lowell of a congenial group of officers and their wives.

General Carr commanded, and with him was Mrs. Carr. Lieutenant Colonel C. H. Carlton and his wife stayed for a while, as he was a convalescent. Post Surgeon J. B. Girard and Mrs. Girard, Regimental Adjutant Louis A. Craig, Mrs. Craig, and their two children, Malin—now General and lately Chief of Staff of the Army—and Helen; Regimental Quartermaster W. H. Carter* and Mrs. Carter, made up the headquarters group.

Troops E and K of the Sixth Cavalry and Captain Pierce's company of the First Infantry supplied Captain Adam Kramer and his wife (Kramer married in September, 1882), First Lieutenant W. Stanton, Mrs. Cruse and myself, Captain L. A. Abbot, First Lieutenant H. P. Kingsbury, Second Lieutenant F. G. Hodgson (all the officers of

* Carter was to achieve many honors, high rank, and special fame as writer on military subjects. He died only recently, a Major General.

Troop K were unmarried), First Lieutenant Hugh T. Reed and Mrs. Reed, First Lieutenant Marion P. Maus, who won the Medal of Honor in the Chief Joseph Campaign and became Brigadier General; and Second Lieutenant L. H. Strother, who was to distinguish himself as aide-de-camp of General Wesley Merritt in the Spanish-American War.

There was plenty of military duty to keep the officers occupied, and as families we were pleasantly active. Mrs. Cruse acquired a Chinese cook, Gee Hi, who inspected us, convicted us of being babes in the wood facing a harsh world, and took us in charge. He rechristened himself "Cholly Cluse"—and added to the honor of the Cruse name, we felt.

"Cholly" bullied the Mexicans who came selling chickens and eggs, warred with the butcher to get his proper share of free brains and sweetbreads, checked with eagle eye all our commissary bills, and generally stood like a sheltering wall between us and all trouble. He was noted among the other Chinese of the post for his literary ability, and they addressed him respectfully in Cantonese as "The Scholar."* For four years *we* thought of him and spoke of him as "The Treasure!"

The Carters' son Willy, now Colonel Carter, was born at Lowell that winter.

Recruits and horses came to us, and we drilled them, keeping an eye on conditions generally, but devoting most of our thought about Apaches to Gerónimo and his fighting Chiricahuas. These had left the Agency in 1881 and were ranging well below the Mexican line on the Rio Basíspe headwaters, in the rough fastnesses of the Sierra Madres. They had not molested Americans for some time,

* "Charley Cruse" came into our lives again in 1902, a mandarin of Canton, wealthy and respected in China!

and Arizona and New Mexico fervently hoped they would remain in Mexico.

In March, 1883, we were shown that our quiet time had been only the calm before the storm. Out of Mexico came Chatto from Gerónimo's band, leading a picked handful of bucks. In the Whetstones behind Huachuca the Apaches killed a half-dozen men. The same day they crossed the Southern Pacific Railroad at the Rio San Pedro and slaughtered some settlers. With amazing speed Chatto turned his band into the Caballos, moved over San Simon Flat between Bowie and Grant into Stein's Pass to kill some more people, headed north toward Clifton to pass within four or five miles of Solomonsville, slaughtering unsuspecting folk and sweeping up fresh mounts, then slipped past Mangas Coloradas' old camping place into the Little Burros. They met Federal Judge McComas and his wife, with their five-year-old son Charley, driving along the main road from Silver City, New Mexico, to Clifton. The Judge and Mrs. McComas were killed, but the Apaches carried little Charley away with them.

News of the first killing reached Fort Huachuca about six hours after the event. Immediately General Crook's orders began to move troops. The Huachuca force got onto the trail immediately. From Fort Lowell our troops under General Carr made a fast night march to the San Pedro near Benson. Here a reconnaissance failed to cut the hostiles' trail. By noon of the next day we had word of another killing twenty-five miles northeast of us and report that the Cavalry from Fort Grant was in action there.

We concluded that the distance between killings indicated two parties of Apaches raiding, but with the capture at San Carlos of Tzoe, or "Peaches," one of the raiders, by Lieutenant Britton Davis, it was learned that the little band

under Chatto and Benito had done all the damage. Chatto had been responsible for the speed of the Apache movement, sleeping only as the ponies jogged for the week of the raid.

Beyond Clifton the band scattered, each Indian returning to Mexico on his own trail. They left no more sign than snakes might have done. Only "Peaches" (so called by the whites because of his complexion) was left behind to tell the tale.

The effect of this raid upon Arizonans was great. Months of quiet had led the people to believe that Indian troubles were over. New settlers and prospectors had crowded in, and many of the newcomers had little conception of frontier conditions. They wanted to go wherever fancy dictated, in perfect freedom and safety. So upon the Army descended a storm of reproach, even abuse. Official Washington was in general as ignorant of actual conditions in the Apache country as the rest of the East. Even the veteran soldier General Sheridan, then commanding the Army, failed to understand that the Apache and his habitat differed from *everything* else the Army had ever faced.

Actually, the Apache situation was troubled by the ancient curse of dual control, politics playing. There was no such thing in the United States as a genuine Indian policy. Everything done was done haphazardly and in the most temporizing spirit. One of the "Indian rights" bodies of strong religious color would have an Agent appointed with the idea of improving the Indians' lot, but lacking either plan or authority to carry out the necessary changes in system that would have settled the Apache as a permanent and law-abiding part of the population.

Agents came and went. The best of these men were

generally ignorant of Apache nature, the good points and the bad. By the time they had learned enough to begin to be valuable, they were usually disheartened and went to other occupations.

Generally speaking, the only "policy" Washington had was to gather four or five thousand savage nomads about the Agency, order them to be quiet and molest nobody, then feed them after a fashion. These Indians were not agriculturists. They were men who from the dawn of their history had ranged constantly over the rugged country, killing their food. To them freedom was life.

The settlers of the Southwest gave no thought whatever to "rights" of the original inhabitants. To the whites coming into Apache country the Indian was simply an annoyance to be brushed aside. They wanted the United States Army to kill or confine the Apaches, so that the country might be built up. When the Apache was given a reservation, as soon as the settlers fancied the land the Apache was to be ousted and herded into a more distant, less desirable place.

San Carlos was such an undesirable place, a barren waste no Indian would have stopped in, voluntarily. But here were held some four thousand fierce and restless savages with absolutely nothing to occupy them, while they saw their country filling up with white men. And the Army was ordered to see that they remained there, inactive, no matter what treatment was given them!

It was inevitable that the reckless, restless element should slip away to return to the ancient and natural way of living. Filled with grievances against the whites as they were, it was instinctive for them to kill the whites whenever opportunity came. And in any contest on those grounds the advantages were all with the Apaches. They

knew every foot of the country and they knew, as the wolves and the rattlesnakes knew, the *way* of that country. When they fought, they struck and ran, hid and struck and ran again. The band closely pursued scattered like quail, and like quail they had only to drop to the ground to disappear.

General Crook knew as much about the Apaches as any white man could hope to know. If he had possessed the full authority needed for the enormous task, probably he could have accomplished in the eighties what has been done only in the last few years. He stood for the Apaches against white encroachment upon the lands assigned to them. He wanted to educate them in stock raising and farming. He knew when to discipline the troublemakers.

But neither he nor anyone else of his time had that authority. From Washington came orders to subdue the hostile Apaches, but avoid "stirring up" those staying on the reservations. The increasing number of settlers demanded that the Indians be kept under guard no matter how much provoked, but many settlers really favored the simple solution of just killing off all Apaches, those under guard as well as those on the warpath. General Crook did the best he could, from moment to moment, in this impossible situation.

Plans and preparations were in the making at the time of Chatto's raid, for an expedition to return the Chiricahuas to San Carlos. General Crook had believed all along that trouble would come so long as the hostiles could base below the border. The outrages committed by Chatto's band hastened the attempt to get the Chiricahuas back where we could control them.

Peaches was sent from San Carlos to the General, who wanted to use him as guide to the hostiles in Mexico, and

as a go-between to negotiate with Gerónimo and the others. He agreed, but said very frankly that he would carry the General's "peace talk" and proposal that the hostiles return to their reservation, but could not guarantee that the Indians would even listen.

While General Crook gathered men and material, we returned to Fort Lowell. Mrs. Cruse's sister Ida, sixteen years old, had been our guest for some months, and Lieutenant Hodgson had become her favorite cavalier. He proposed and was accepted, contingent upon the family's accepting him. Both Mrs. Cruse and I were enthusiastic "Hodgsonites," and his cause was ably advocated by letter. But the family had planned to return Miss Ida to school after her stay in the wilds of Arizona. It was only reluctantly that a long engagement was agreed to. Upon return to Lowell, Hodgson became more and more insistent upon a speedy marriage, and Ida's family were equally insistent upon her return to civilization. Correspondence was very heavy. Hodgson's love affair became as important in our house as my assiduous practice on the mouth organ!

Meanwhile, we waited to see what troops would be chosen to go with General Crook into the Sierra Madres. When the orders were published, even though we were omitted, we agreed that he had organized the finest outfit for the purpose which anyone could have brought together.

Captain Chaffee and his troop—Kendall the First Lieutenant—served as escort. Captain John Bourke of the Third Cavalry and Lieutenant Feibeger of the Engineers served as the General's personal staff. Captain Crawford of the Third Cavalry commanded the Apache Scouts—nearly two hundred of them, divided into three companies under Lieutenants Gatewood and West, Sixth Cavalry, and MacKay, Third Cavalry. Dr. Andrews went as surgeon.

There was Al Sieber as Chief of Scouts, MacIntosh as his assistant; as interpreters Severiano and the half-Irish, half-Mexican Mickey Free. Two pack trains were manned by notable and reliable frontiersmen, Jim Cook, Daly, and others well known to the Army rounded out a redoubtable command. Peaches, of course, was the most important guide.

The expedition rendezvoused at Fort Grant and moved quietly south by way of San Bernardino Pass. Early in April it was entering Mexico and going under Peaches' guidance toward the stronghold of the Chiricahuas, an area of more than two thousand square miles of rugged mountains gashed with deep cañons.

The general plan was to get in conference with Geronimo and other leaders without a clash. Everyone was warned to avoid fighting unless actually attacked. But when the expedition halted sixty miles northeast of Nacori, Sonora, and Captain Crawford was sent on reconnaissance with Peaches and Gatewood and forty-odd Scouts, a sharp little fight occurred. The party penetrated a region unknown to white men, the remote headwaters of the Rio Arroz, and stumbled upon the camp of Chatto and Benito. Both sides were surprised at the meeting.

Most of the men were away on a raid of Mexican settlements, but those left—and the women!—made a battle of it. Crawford and Gatewood killed several in the camp and captured several women and children. This was the camp of that group of raiders who had killed Judge McComas and his wife, and there is good reason to believe that little Charley was in camp when the battle began. But whether he ran into the wilderness, frightened by the shooting, to die there, or was killed by some of the squaws who fled the camp, nobody has ever decided. One little

Mexican boy was recovered and eventually returned to his family in northern New Mexico.

Through the women captured here, Peaches made contact with other hostiles and asked to see Gerónimo. The Chiricahuas were scattered in camps like the one captured, over all that region. Out of the mountains they swooped down upon Mexican pueblos, killing, ravishing, looting, then posted themselves on impregnable trails to kill any Mexican soldiers pursuing. But, by the time of the Crook Expedition, Mexican troops did not follow into the mountains. They had learned by bitter experience the truth of Gerónimo's boast:

"We don't need cartridges to fight the Mexicans. We kill *them* with rocks!"

Peaches' negotiations were successful to the extent that a conference was arranged between the Chiricahua leaders and General Crook. The hostiles were amazed to learn that their stronghold was no longer secure; that U. S. troops would penetrate where Mexicans dared not come and wipe out their camps. So they treated with the General.

All professed themselves tired of the warpath. Gerónimo offered to come in, if the Chiricahuas were not forced to stay at dreary, barren San Carlos, where there was neither scenery nor hunting. General Crook agreed that the returning group should go to the neighborhood of Turkey Creek. This was a small stream in the northern part of the White Mountain Reservation, seventeen miles southwest of Fort Apache, one of the most beautiful regions in all Arizona. It was much like the Apache haunts in Mexico.

Gerónimo told General Crook that the hostiles' return must be made in two sections. The women and children

and older men would go back with the expedition. He and the younger men would gather up isolated bands and within two moons send word to the General that they were ready to cross the border. What he wanted, many of us believe, was to be rid of the weaker part of his people, while the fighting men made a last series of Mexican raids.

But it was the best arrangement that could be made. In that wild region a campaign against the Apaches would have been hopeless without a very large force. The Mexican government granted permission for our operations on their territory only with reluctance and would hardly have permitted crossing of an army.

The expedition returned with more than three hundred Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apaches. Lieutenant Britton Davis records the arrival at San Carlos Agency on June 23, 1883, of fifty-two men and two hundred and seventy-three women and children.

At Fort Lowell, while this outstanding achievement of General Crook was being worked out and newspapers of the Territory bitterly assailed the Army for bringing back into Arizona murderous redskins who should have been slaughtered, military and personal affairs occupied us. Mrs. Cruse and her sister could not argue with their family longer. So Ida prepared to return to Kentucky, but persuaded my wife to accompany her—something I had not bargained for. When they left, Hodgson and I found ourselves rather in the same boat and each blaming the other for it.

But within ten days Mrs. Cruse wrote that the family had been conquered. Instead of waiting a year, Hodgson and Ida could be married in September. He was ordered to apply for leave. I was ordered to apply for leave. We obeyed, and he drew two months. I was granted only one.

We went back to Kentucky together, and there was another big full-dress wedding in Owensboro, which I was in better position to appreciate. By the end of September, Mrs. Cruse and I were at Lowell again, and the Hodgsons returned in October.

Only routine garrison duty was our lot during the rest of 1883, but there were several changes of personnel. Lieutenant Carter's detail as Quartermaster expired, and he went to Brooklyn on recruiting duty. Lieutenant Dravo, Class of 1876, succeeded him. Our good friend and neighbor, Captain Abbot, had been so much and so severely wounded at bloody Cold Harbor during the Civil War, that his very survival was miraculous. But in spite of recurring pain from those wounds, he had performed the hardest and most dangerous sort of duty in the Indian country. By his own Vermontese description, he was "pernickety," but a splendid soldier and friend. We were very sorry when his health necessitated sick leave and retirement, that winter of 1883.

Neither Abbot nor Maus ever rejoined us. Lieutenant Hugh T. Reed, newly married, succeeded Maus. Dravo brought his wife and two children to Lowell. So there was a pleasant group that season at the post. We very much enjoyed one another.

In February, 1884, Mrs. Cruse's mother came on a visit to us and the Hodgsons, bringing her close friend, Mrs. Boyd. The two old ladies thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The virgin country with its different, colorful population—particularly including the fierce Apaches so much in the news—and the activity of an Army post on the frontier made for thrills everywhere. The weather was particularly beautiful. And when on the road home they were held up between San Marcial and Albuquerque for a week, because

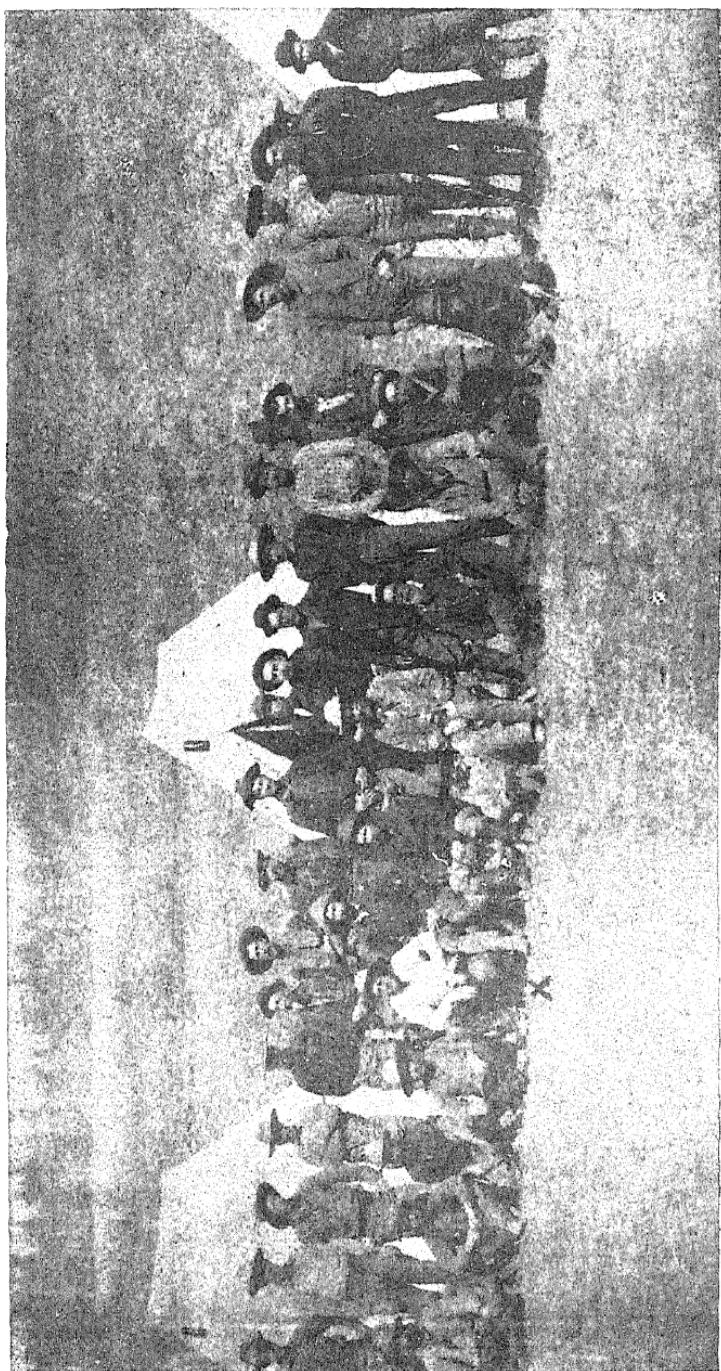


Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

General George Crook with his staff, scouts, and interpreters. General Crook is wearing the white helmet. Scout Tom Horn is marked by the x. Lieutenant Marion Maus is standing on Tom Horn's left.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.
Council between General Crook and Geronimo in 1886. 1. Captain Roberts, 2. Gerónimo, 3. Nana, 4. Lieutenant Maus, 5. three interpreters, 6. Captain Rourke, 7. General Crook.

the Rio Grande was in roaring flood, washing out the Santa Fe roadbed, that was perfect climax for our visitors. They reached Kentucky completely under the famous "spell of the Southwest."

Campaigning in New Mexico

SERVICE in Arizona was supposed to be for a three-year term. The Sixth Cavalry arrived in that Department in 1876. But in 1879 the Ute troubles prevented transfer of the regiment, and later the various Apache outbreaks forced retention of our experienced officers and men in that difficult and dangerous region.

But in May, 1884, the Sixth changed stations with the Fourth, then serving in New Mexico—which was then under the Department of Missouri. Headquarters and four troops went to Fort Bayard. Troops B and C, commanded by Anderson and Perrine, moved to Fort Lewis, Colorado. Chaffee's I Troop garrisoned Fort Craig. A and K, under Kendall and Kerr, drew Fort Wingate. Kramer and Wallace, Troops E and H, were sent to Fort Stanton in Lincoln County.

Stanton was then a hundred and thirty miles from the nearest railway stop—Engle Station on the Santa Fe. Captain Kramer and I arranged to ship our belongings to Engle, but to meet our wives at Lordsburg, where transportation would be available. When the two regiments held reunion at Lordsburg and the different families met, the occasion was a gala event, for that was a lonely country in the eighties.

Mrs. Cruse marched with us all the way from Lords-

burg to Stanton—and a grand campaigner she was! She was always up and ready for breakfast in the morning, always provided a good lunch at the noon halt, always faced hardships cheerfully. Even when we were held up at Fort McRae Crossing by Rio Grande floods for five scorching, weary days, camped on hot sands and fairly eaten alive by mosquitoes, she made no complaint.

Finally, we crossed the river and went on to Engle, where two ambulances—Dougherty wagons, these were in the eighties, with square, canvas-canopied bodies and iron tires, the driver's seat outside in stagecoach style—were waiting for us. Mrs. Kramer and her children took one ambulance, Mrs. Cruse had the other for her exclusive transportation, the road was good, and the halts pleasant. So we enjoyed the journey from Engle on.

One stop was at the Toussaint Ranch, an old location—as ranches were in that country then. Toussaint was a blacksmith, and he had practiced his trade around old Fort Selden on the Rio Grande in the late fifties and onward. This ranch he maintained on the famous *Jornado del Muerto*, the "Journey of Death" of the early Spanish explorers and padres. It was located around a splendid spring which made of the place such an oasis as might be found in Syria.

As we sat about the house in late afternoon a band of range horses came sweeping in to Toussaint's watering trough. Most of them were blacks, and all were so graceful and shapely that we asked their owner about them.

"Why, they look like Arabians!" I said.

Toussaint nodded.

"They are," he told us. "That is, part. I bought a stallion and a couple of mares from the sheik who owned them, before the Civil War. He was a real Bedouin, and

the animals had come from Turkey or Egypt. I've got the papers. I'll show you."

So, while our officers and men were admiring the horses, we went back with Toussaint to 1855, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War. March 3 of that year Congress appropriated \$30,000 for the importation of camels and dromedaries, to be used by the Army in the desert wastes of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. Major Henry Constantine Wayne was detailed by the Secretary to buy the "ships of the desert," and the Navy's Lieutenant D. D. Porter, commanding the *U.S.S. Supply*, furnished transport.

So, May 8, 1856, at Belize in the Mississippi River, the *Supply* transferred to the *Fashion* the Army's first shipment of camels. They were transported to Indianola, Texas, and landed there on the thirteenth. Eventually, the "gift of heaven" was scattered over the Southwest as the Army moved.

One of the provisos of the natives brought along to tend the camels was that they should bring stallions and mares for their personal use after arrival. One bunch of camels with a Bedouin named Maroa Hjilda ("Mary Hilda" to the soldiers) reached old Fort Selden en route to Yuma, Arizona. The stallion and two mares, of which Toussaint told us, were too footsore to be taken farther. So Toussaint the blacksmith bought them and let them range on his Jornado place, where conditions must have been like those in their native Syria.

The camel experiment, incidentally, failed. The packers of the Army trains found the animals anything but the "gift of heaven" which the Arabs considered them. Rocky ground such as ribs the sandy regions of our Southwest cut the camels' feet. Too, the Civil War interrupted

systematic troop movements in that country, and the camels were scattered as far as Old Mexico.*

In 1881 I had found the old sheik Maroa Hjilda at Solomonsville, where the red sand and bleak mountains made him feel at home. He had retired from Government work as packer and "Indian man" and ran a bunch of sheep on his hundred acres of irrigated land. He and the Solomon brothers were good friends, so the Son of Ishmael and the Sons of Isaac dwelt together in peace on Arizona's Gila River. As in Biblical times, however, the children of Isaac had the flocks and herds, the gold and the ear of princes, while Ishmael's descendant contented himself with more freedom and far better health!

I was so much taken with Toussaint's Arabians, and Mrs. Cruse so fell in love with them, that I bought a stallion and mare, certainly the prettiest horses we ever owned. They were absolutely wild, and our first day with them "gave circuses." But they responded to kind treatment and quieted gradually. Then we came to Bonito Creek on our last day of marching, five miles or so from Fort Stanton. Bonito is a rushing mountain creek and at the ford ran thirty feet wide and a yard deep, a lovely little river flowing out of great pines.

The Arabs failed to appreciate the mountain scenery. They balked at the running water until the soldiers said:

"Those desert horses are certainly well-mannered. Their mammas have taught them water is to drink, not to play around in!"

We had to halt the troop and get a lariat around each animal's neck. Then more lariats were tied together and

* *Texas Camel Tales*, by Christopher Emmett (Naylor, San Antonio), offers an interesting, if incomplete, account of the camel experiment.

half-circled about their haunches. With twenty-odd men walking forward with the ends of the long ropes, the Arabs were literally catapulted into the Bonito. They touched water just once, then made the far bank in a great leap.

The best horseman in E Troop was a gypsy-looking man named Nathan Jetmore. He broke the pair for me, to harness and saddle, and we used them all our time at Stanton. They had the typical Arabian lines, broad foreheads, kindly, protuberant eyes, and short barrels (the true Arab horse has five, instead of the usual six, lumbar vertebrae) and would have made ideal cavalry horses with two more inches of height. But they were never over fifteen hands high.

Fort Stanton was a pleasant post, in point of scenery one of the most beautiful garrisoned by the Army. Originally built before the Civil War to hold back Comanches and Mescalero Apaches, it had been an inclosed fortress with central parade of five acres. But we found it opened, the parade ground a level mesa some hundred and fifty feet above the Rio Bonito which flowed from snow-capped White Mountain fifteen miles away.

Quarters were at a premium, as at Fort Lowell. The junior officers of the Fourth Cavalry had been living in tents, but Mrs. Cruse and I were fortunate enough to get two rooms in Captain Wallace's house, Wallace having a small family.

In May of 1861, Fort Stanton saw one of the small but vitally important acts in the drama which held the Southwest (Texas excluded) for the Union. At that time the place was garrisoned by the Mounted Rifles, a regiment organized by Jefferson Davis when Secretary of War. Distinctly, it was a southern organization, from private to commander. When the various Southern states seceded

from the Union, the Rifles' officers prepared to follow their states and expected the rank and file to go with them. But when they had resigned, not one man would go south! They ignored all the promises of commissions in the Confederate Army and stood with the Union, as other commands were doing in the Southwest.

The officers were planning destruction of Fort Stanton and all military stores when Washington notified the Adjutant that the resigned officers would be permitted to leave, taking necessary transportation for themselves and their families. But if attempts were made to remove property or destroy it, they were to be arrested. So the officers departed for Texas, and some achieved high rank during the Civil War. The garrison later joined other Union troops on the Rio Grande and were absorbed into various regiments. For "Dragoons" and "Rifles" were done away with and the single term "Cavalry" was used to designate U. S. mounted troops. They helped hold that country against the Confederates.

Major J. J. Van Horn was in command of Stanton when I reached the place. He was of the Thirteenth Infantry and had Companies C and E of his regiment, under Captains B. H. Rogers and H. C. Pratt. There were three Lieutenants, Cavanaugh, Davies, and Fletcher, of the Thirteenth.

We settled to regular duty, which included keeping an eye on the Mescalero Apaches whose reservation—even to-day—is only a few miles from Fort Stanton. While the Mescaleros had been quiet for some time, we remembered how their restless young men had joined Victorio four years back and fought us at Memtrillo and elsewhere. Major Llewellyn was Agent and controlled them wisely and efficiently. But some would wander off the reserva-

tion and scare the settlers, threatening the women with death and helping themselves to whatever about the ranches they fancied.

The post was regarded by these settlers as an outpost of civilization in a wild land. Conditions in Lincoln County were much better than they had been three years before, when Billy the Kid and his bandits were killing and raiding almost at will. Sheriff Pat Garrett had killed the Kid at Sumner, July 13, 1881, and many of the outlaw type had hunted safer fields. Fifteen miles southwest of Stanton, Garrett's successor, John William Poe, had the VV Ranch. Poe was a splendid frontiersman, no fire-eater, but universally respected by everyone for bravery and honesty and (even more unusual!) intelligence.*

Our Army of the day was interesting to study and live with. In the ranks were—as Kramer once told the German baroness he had married—every type from Australian ticket-of-leave man to duke's adventurous son. We met some of them in after years, to be dazzled by their wealth and rank and social position.

The Hodgsons had gone to Fort Wingate near Gallup. Along in December Mrs. Cruse had an expected summons from her sister, and I drove her to Engle in a Dougherty ambulance, going by way of Malpais and Mound Spring. The weather was bitterly cold, and we had to sleep in a tent, there being no houses at our stopping places. But the roads were good, and we made Engle in time for the north-bound train. Mrs. Cruse went on her mission, and I returned to Stanton.

Going back across the flats of greasewood and mesquite and yucca, I was reminded vividly of that legendary

* Poe's widow, our good friend Sophie A. Poe, gives a graphic account of these days in her *Buckboard Days* (Caxton Printers).



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

"Tzoe"—A valuable Indian scout, with General Crook's command, in the eighties. He was called "Peaches" by the soldier boys because of his light complexion and rosy cheeks.

Arkansan who is supposed to have explained his home-coming by saying:

"I just can't abide to live in New Mexico. There's a country where you've got to climb for water and dig for wood and spell *hickory* with a J!"

Well—at Mound Spring the water rose from a volcanic cone. It was so impregnated with mineral salts that the deposit built up a hillock fifty feet above the surrounding country—and you climbed to the summit to find the spring. The firewood of the neighborhood was mesquite roots. They were dug from the bare plain surrounding the spring. A few miles away the Jicarilla—locally pronounced "Hickory" instead of "Hee-kah-reel-yah"—Apaches then had their Agency. So that disgusted Arkansas man must have been in the vicinity of Lincoln County.

Between Mound Spring and the Carrizozo Ranch the dreaded Lava Flow had to be negotiated. This was so rough that if we got our ambulances across without laming a mule or two, or jolting out some bolts from the vehicle, we called it a lucky trip. This formation is plainly visible today from the railway, which parallels it for about twenty-five miles.

To me the flow has always seemed one of the most wonderful spectacles of its kind, and I have seen lava in Hawaii, the Philippines, and Japan. The whole course of the flow is so complete that one traces the heavy, molasseslike current coming from a cone three hundred feet high, down a river bed to its final, immense smash into a shallow salt lake—what is now the gypsum flat called the White Sands.

It always fascinated me, and I romanced about its possible connection with the Gran Quivira ruins just up the valley from that cone. It was easy to imagine the thriving nation with its irrigation system, ruined overnight by dry-

ing up of its river. In the early eighties remains of the ditches were still to be seen, while the plain itself was a mine of pottery shards. From various "evidence" I thought the eruption less than two centuries before my day. But Professor Tarr, celebrated geologist of Cornell, came to Stanton and made a careful examination of the flow, concluding that it was more than two hundred years old.

The winter of 1884-85 was very cold. The expected birth in the Hodgson family occurred in January, but the little girl lived only a few minutes. Ida's recovery was very slow, and February had come before Mrs. Cruse could leave. We made the trip from Engle in a spell of the coldest weather I have ever experienced in New Mexico. From Nogal across to Stanton, the twisting mountain road was slick with ice. We were actually thankful to get home alive, at the end of that hundred and thirty miles of driving.

March and April went quietly. We kept an officer and ten men at the Mescalero Agency as a sort of permanent police force, and I rode over occasionally. Recruits arrived at Engle, and I went to get them. But routine only was our lot—until May.

Gerónimo's War Trail

GERÓNIMO had never been satisfied under any sort of restraint. Upon return from the Sierra Madres he had gone with the other Warm Springs and Chiricahua hostiles to Turkey Creek. Captain Crawford and Lieutenant Britton Davis were in charge of them; Crawford generally, Davis living with them in a tent on Turkey Creek, watching them and studying them, controlling the half-thousand hostiles and additions—Coyoteros and White Mountains who drifted in to join his charges—with Company B, Apache Scouts. Davis had Mickey Free and the one-time Chief of Scouts, Sam Bowman, as interpreter and general helper. Also, he organized a sort of "secret service" among Indians he could trust.

Both Crawford and Davis recognized the Apaches' natural antipathy for such drudgery as plowing and planting and harvesting and suggested that the Turkey Creek group be trained as stock raisers, the Indian Bureau supplying sheep and cattle. General Crook had no objections, but the Indian Bureau insisted that they farm. A few wagons and plows and some seed were provided.

The experiment was failing, by the spring of 1885. There was insufficient water in Turkey Creek for irrigation; the Apaches were not interested in farming; and certain belligerent influentials among them stirred up the young ones, so that Davis noted uneasiness and restlessness.

Gerónimo, Chihuahua, Ka-ya-ten-nae, Nachiz, Mangas (son of the famous Mangas Coloradas), and various other malcontents encouraged the Indians to insubordination, gambling, and drinking *tizwin*, an alcoholic drink made of corn.

As usual, the whole Apache situation was bad. Viewed after the passage of years, it appears utterly impossible. The Indian Bureau and the Army were at cross-purposes. The increasing number of settlers in Arizona and New Mexico opposed both organizations. "Responsibility without authority" was the order everywhere.

The Apaches bluntly told their guard—the Army—that they had agreed to come in from the war trail and live on the reservation. But they had *not* agreed to having their customs altered. If General Crook forbade the making and drinking of *tizwin* and the Apache way of punishing unfaithful, disobedient women, then "there were not enough *calabozas* and guardhouses in Arizona to hold the rebellious!"

Contractors around the reservation sabotaged the efforts to make the Apache self-supporting. They wanted to continue selling shoddy supplies at famine prices to grafting agents.

Territorial citizens wanted the Indians out of the way, but had no clear idea of how to accomplish it. With every blow of the Apaches at the settlements, they called frantically for the Army. But whatever the Army might do was violently criticized. The Territorial newspapers almost without exception found no names too bad for General Crook and his command.

So much for the general situation, which every informed officer of the Army understood—and suffered from. Lieutenant Davis and Lieutenant Gatewood (who

were still at Fort Apache on Indian duty) and Captain Crawford and other officers did the best they could to keep the Apaches quiet. That their efforts were unappreciated made small difference to them. They followed orders and tried to be fair to all concerned.

Crawford at San Carlos was so interfered with by the new agent, Ford, and the conflicting orders from the Indian Bureau and the War Department came so thick and fast that, to protect his record, Crawford was forced to ask an official inquiry. The Board sustained him in every particular, and as soon as he had been cleared Crawford asked General Crook to relieve him. Captain Pierce of the First Infantry, who had done "Indian duty" at various times in past years, succeeded him at San Carlos early in 1885.

Pierce, I consider one of the best "Indian men" that we ever had. When he relieved Crawford, it was to find that Davis was reporting to General Crook that unrest among some of the Apaches around Fort Apache and Turkey Creek threatened a dangerous situation, if unchecked. Pierce was sent by Crook to investigate, and with Davis he inspected every camp of the Chiricahuas. He talked with chiefs and influential men, queried the women, looked over the rudimentary farming projects, and examined the stock.

His conclusion was that a more peaceful, contented group of Indians could hardly be found. He compared Davis' charges with the Tontos, Yumas, and other Indians at San Carlos, and remarked that the difference was all in favor of those around Turkey Creek. There was a big barbecue, and Pierce made a speech complimenting the Indians. He told them that his report to Nantan Lupan—Crook, the Gray Wolf Chieftain—would praise their efforts. Nachiz appeared in a long-tailed, senatorial "jim-

swinger" coat, and from the height of a new Studebaker wagon *he* made a speech about the blessings of peace. Even Gerónimo talked along this line, if more briefly and with less enthusiasm.

Pierce composed a long telegram reporting to Crook and showed it to Davis. He gave a resumé of his inspection and said that in his opinion Davis' fears were groundless; those Indians could hardly be *driven* out on the war trail.

Davis had more trouble, though, with old Nana, Chihuahua, and other chiefs who wanted to be free to make *tizwin*, go on sprees, handle their women brutally—all without interference from the Army; and otherwise conduct themselves in traditional fashion while being fed by the Government. They delivered a virtual ultimatum to this effect. Davis informed them that all orders came from the General. He would communicate with Headquarters.

According to Davis, he wired Pierce at San Carlos—intending the telegram to be forwarded to General Crook through official channels—that the chiefs were drinking *tizwin* in defiance of orders and openly asking what he could do to prevent it. He states that Pierce showed the telegram to Al Sieber, who considered it no more than a spasmodic outburst which would be handled by Davis himself. So General Crook was not notified. It is easy to understand Pierce's attitude. Several complaints had come to the General from Davis; Pierce had gone at Crook's order to investigate; he had just reported that Davis was doing a splendid job—far better than might have been expected, with hostiles such as those so recently murdering and pillaging at will.

But while he waited for reply, Davis was informed by Mickey Free that Gerónimo and a number of other Indians had slipped from their camps and were headed for Mexico.

Davis wrote a telegram reporting this, to be sent to General Crook through Captain Pierce. But the operator at Apache reported his wire dead. (Immediately upon leaving, the shrewd Gerónimo had acted to forestall quick pursuit—and in no clumsy fashion: Instead of following the usual Apache practice of merely chopping out sections of the wire, he had cut it where the line hung in a tree fork, then connected the severed ends with a buckskin string. The repair party hunted that break until noon of the next day!)

Old Nana, Nachiz, Mangas, and Chihuahua had led their men with Gerónimo's, in the break for Mexico. But Gerónimo had played a trick upon Nachiz and Chihuahua, if not upon Nana and Mangas. He had sent his half-brother, Perico, a Scouts Sergeant, with two other Scouts of Lieutenant Davis' command, to kill their commander. But Davis' precautions unnerved them, and they slipped away. Gerónimo told his fellow leaders that Davis had actually been murdered; that the soldiers would now arrest all the Chiricahua and have them hanged like Deadshot and Skitashe. So they left the reservation with him.

Pierce had not been altogether wrong in his belief that these were contented Indians. Out of more than five hundred, only one hundred and forty-four were missing when count was made, after the break. Of these, one hundred and one were women and children who had been commanded to go with their men. Except for the lies told by Gerónimo to Chihuahua and Nachiz, he could have persuaded no more than a handful to follow him. For even the Apaches thoroughly distrusted and disliked Gerónimo—a fact apparently unknown to thousands who have heard or read of him. He was not a hereditary chief, such as Mangas Coloradas, Cochise, and Victorio had been. He

was brave and shrewd; he could always stir up a handful of wild followers. But his own people knew him for the liar and assassin he was.

We heard quickly at Fort Stanton of Gerónimo's outbreak. Shortly afterward, we were hearing reports of murder and rapine, as the Apaches caught prospectors and ranchers and freighters unaware, along the old war trail that led from Fort Apache to the Upper Gila River.

For when Lieutenant Davis' message finally got through to General Crook, immediately the Army took up the familiar and difficult task of hunting these amazing savages in their own wildernesses of desert and mountain.

Lieutenant Davis and his Scouts, acting with Gatewood's White Mountain Apaches and the Fourth Cavalry from Fort Apache, closely followed the runaways. But Gerónimo had already struck some ranches, and, when it was plain that a long pursuit must go into Mexico, Davis turned back for definite orders from Crook.

To facilitate operations against the "hostiles," New Mexico posts were quickly transferred by Washington from the Department of Missouri to the Department of Arizona. So, the Sixth Cavalry found itself serving again under the Gray Wolf, Crook, against its ancient enemy, the Chiricahua.

General Crook was a firm believer in the maxim that "the best defense is attack," and his general strategy in this emergency was to blanket every ford, water hole, cañon crossing, and camp site favored by the Apaches, with highly mobile units of his force.

It would be highly difficult—and probably not very interesting—to try recording here the exact schedules of the many troops operating in Arizona, New Mexico, and Old Mexico, against the hostiles. Much of the movement

was mere patrol; much was fast marches induced by sheer rumor; only a small part brought Cavalry, Infantry, or Scouts into actual contact with the Apaches.

Captain Wirt Davis, Fourth Cavalry, with two troops, was on the trail almost immediately. He overtook the Apaches' rear guard at the crossing of the almost impassable gorge of Blue River, a branch of the Gila. The Indians had all the advantage of position and extreme mobility, and Captain Davis was given the fight of his life. Then the hostiles withdrew, having delayed the troops for several hours.

Chihuahua and Nachiz learned, somehow, of the lie told them by Gerónimo. There was a furious scene, by reports we had much later; they threatened to kill Gerónimo, and he threatened them, in turn. Mangas led his followers to Mexico at top speed (he and his had no part in the hostiles' atrocities afterward); Chihuahua and his men turned to the Mogollon Mountains northeast of Morenci, uncertain—it was said afterward—whether to risk return to the Agency or follow Mangas into the wilds of Mexico.

The Sixth Cavalry, in segments, was in all the marching and countermarching. Fort Bayard's Headquarters garrison, being near the scene of action, was among the first of Departmental troops ordered out. Overton, with two troops, went to protect the people on the Gila. His route led between the Gila River and the Burro Mountains—exactly where the hostiles were!

The Apaches, greatly disconcerted by Wirt Davis' attack and by the trouble between Chihuahua, Nachiz, and Gerónimo, were coming out of the Mogollon Range, heading for the Burro Mountains foothills, when Overton arrived on the ground. They had practically no advance

guard, for they were watching the rear. There was considerable distance between the main body and the rear guard—three, four, perhaps five, miles. Overton actually cut into the trail between the two sections. They were wondering what Wirt Davis and the Cavalry would do next.

It was often remarked at the time that if Overton had followed the hostiles' main body fast, to engage him hotly, he might well have prevented the troubles caused by the Apaches in the next couple of years. Or he might have greatly reduced them. For he must have captured the women and children, while so mauling the Indian fighters as to scatter and weaken the force.

But hindsight is always better than foresight! Overton had definite orders to proceed toward the Gila and protect settlers there. While the trail showed very fresh and he was urged by guides and subordinates to follow and attack, Overton did not consider himself free to choose a course. Gerónimo was later to say that this was his closest shave. But when he saw Overton turn aside, he told the Indians that the soldiers were afraid to attack them when *he* commanded. Overton was later tried for his action here, but honorably acquitted.

Lieutenant Britton Davis came out again, with Scouts. He struck Chihuahua's party as it halted for breakfast. But the Apaches were very much on guard; the two forces exchanged shots at range of six hundred yards and upward before the hostiles quirted their fresh horses over the trail to Mexico.

At Skeleton Cañon a detachment of the Fourth Cavalry, a Sergeant, and seven men of Captain Hatfield's D Troop, had been left in camp with wagons, tents, horses, and mules. Chihuahua surprised this camp, making a com-

plete wipe-out of supplies and animals, killing the Sergeant and two men. Then they continued the flight toward Mexico.

Thereafter, rumors and more rumors came from all directions, as the Apaches scattered and the troops and Scouts followed every trail found, on both sides of the Mexico-United States line.

March and Countermarch

IN SEPTEMBER, 1885, I was in command of D Troop—Sixth Cavalry, understood. For the Captain was on sick leave, while Gatewood had Indian duty. On the tenth, the Post Commander was ordered to send a troop with four Mescalero Scouts to scout thoroughly the San Andres Mountains. Apaches were rumored in that section. The duty fell to me, as I was the only one who knew that part of New Mexico.

We took a wagon with supplies for ten days, a train of eight mules and one packer, and went out past the Mescalero Agency. Here we got four good Scouts, my plan being to examine every watering place from Mound Spring to the Organ Mountains. If there were hostiles in that country, they must leave sign around the water holes and springs, easily to be seen by our Mescaleros.

The line of march came out of the White Mountains down the slope to Tularosa and Three Rivers—later to become the famous ranch of Albert B. Fall and one of America's beauty spots—thence across the valley between the south end of the lava flow and the north end of the White Sands, into the San Andres Range.

The spring on which Captain Carroll had depended in 1880, but which had been dry, was running a good stream of water. So we camped there for a day, while the country to northward was thoroughly scouted. Then, as there

were no roads through the mountains, we loaded the mules and sent our wagon back to Stanton.

From end to end, we scouted the San Andres country, camping for a day or two at Memtrillo Cañon, scene of our fight in April, 1880. When I had definitely determined that there were no Indians, hostile or otherwise, in all that section, I marched to Engle. There we met our wagon and returned to Fort Stanton.

But I was no sooner back than orders were given me to march to the hamlet of Datil, New Mexico, sixty-five miles west of Magdalena. I was to go by way of Palomas, Hillsboro, and the eastern slopes of the Black Range, where two stations were already being occupied by two troops of the Eighth Cavalry under Captains Boyd and Fountain. These had several times found signs of Indians while scouting, but if the Indians were hostiles, still they had committed no depredations.

The fact was, as we learned afterward, that Boyd and Fountain had cut the trails of Apaches who did not want to follow the hostiles into Mexico, but were afraid to go back to the Agency. They moved about the Black Range, hunting, but determined not to fight. They wanted only to keep out of sight. But their signs added to the general nervousness of New Mexico, for reports came to us almost daily of Gerónimo's presence in Mexico and raiding parties of Chihuahua's band striking far to westward of the Black Range.

My orders to Datil indicated that I would be in the field for three or four months, at least. So Mrs. Cruse and I had a conference. We were expecting an addition to the family early the next year, so it seemed best for her to go home to Kentucky while the trip could be arranged easily. So, in October, she and the wife of Lieutenant Stotsenburg,

under "Stots's" escort, started in an ambulance for Carthage on the railroad. Carthage was a mere way station, but no stop was to be made by the party.

Stotsenburg, Colonel of the First Nebraska in the Spanish-American War and killed in action near Caloocan in 1900, was an inveterate hunter. Naturally, he took his rifle on this trip. On the great flat about ten miles from Carthage the ambulance encountered a herd of antelope, and against all protests Stots insisted upon stopping to hunt. He got two, but it was a couple of hours later that he and his bag came back to the ambulance. I doubt if the enemy ever gave him a more uncomfortable time than the two nervous ladies. They "knew" that he had made them lose the train, which meant an overnight stop in one of the worst holes in the country, where there were no accommodations of any kind. But by whipping up the team the train was made, if barely. Mrs. Cruse reached Kentucky in good health.

With D Troop I scouted the Black Range, the San Mateo Range, and all the surrounding country, very carefully. While we found no trace of hostiles, those Indian trails reported by Boyd and Fountain were constantly seen, and we, of course, had to follow them. They kept us patrolling steadily. At last I reported to Captain Dickey, Twenty-second Infantry, at Datil. He told me to make Datil my main camp and supply point until further orders.

It was very cold there on the summit of the mountains, hardly five miles east of the continental divide. I sent to Stanton for tents, winter clothing, and blankets, and, soon after the first of November, we dug in to escape the icy winds. We were still there, patrolling, running down rumors, when the year of 1885 came to an end. But early in January, 1886, Camp Datil was broken up. The In-

fantry under Captain Dickey and Lieutenant Crittenden returned to Santa Fé.

My orders were to proceed to Fort Cummings; to report to Captain Chaffee. I was to march by a certain trail, scouting all the way. Upon arrival at Cummings I would turn over the troop to Lieutenant West and proceed to Fort Bayard as witness before a general court-martial in the cases of some deserters.

We made our march in a week, and I saw much new country, but found no trace of hostiles. After a day at Fort Cummings, turning over the troop to West, I went to Bayard. The week spent there normally would have been very pleasant, after the hard, cold duty afield. But I had been granted thirty days' leave when my services "could be spared," and I was anxious to be on the road to Kentucky and the coming great event in our family.

At last I was excused and boarded the train to Carthage. From the railroad a stage carried me to Stanton where I could settle my accounts with D Troop and replace my ragged field uniform with the clothing that had never reached Datil. About February 5 I was in Owensboro, where on February 9, 1886, the future Colonel Fred Taylor Cruse, U. S. Army, was born.

In those days of regimental promotion, odd things happened—and unjust—to all officers of the Army. You got into a branch where plenty of vacancies existed and, perhaps, did easy duty for a short time, then received promotion; did a little more pleasant duty and saw yourself stepped up again. Meanwhile, your classmates in branches where vacancies were few remained almost where they had been from the start.

My case was decidedly of the second sort. After six and a half years of arduous, often dangerous, service with

the Sixth Cavalry, I stood second on the list of Second Lieutenants. Classmates in the other Cavalry regiments—except the First—had been promoted, and they and nearly all of the Infantry ranked me. Gordon was at home, awaiting retirement on full pay. Tupper and Chaffee stood at the head of the Captains—but with no vacancies in sight. While in Owensboro, what looked like Opportunity presented itself to me:

A week after my son's birth, when Mrs. Cruse was still in bed but apparently in good health, I sent a telegram to the Hodgsons at Fort Wingate, making our announcement. Back came a wire from Lieutenant Kingsbury, then awaiting his captaincy:

"For all our sake, go to Washington! See if they won't retire Gordon, who has waited two years, already. There are now three vacancies on the Limited Retired List of 250. This will give us both our promotions at least a year earlier than we can otherwise hope for them."

It seemed a good idea, in spite of very real drawbacks. The trip would be expensive at a time when we needed every cent. My leave was short. Mrs. Cruse was not yet up. But, if the maneuvering proved successful, it would bring promotion and might even secure us a post on the railroad, instead of one on the remote frontier where the lot of a mother and brand-new baby would be hard and dangerous. There were family conferences, but the advantages seemed to outweigh the expenses.

So I went to Washington. There, Will Ellis, Congressman from our District, took me to the War Department. Both of us were supremely ignorant of the steps necessary in this delicate situation. So we did exactly the wrong thing; we stated the circumstances baldly to the Adjutant General, whereas we should have had Senator Beck take



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Kay-e-ten-ae, a leader among the turbulent Warm Springs and Chiricahua Apaches in 1886. A two-year prison term tamed him to where he gave valuable aid to General Crook and General Miles.

the case to the Secretary of War—or to President Grover Cleveland personally.

Gordon had no wish to be retired. The Adjutant General asked him pointblank, and his reply was to get both Maryland senators loud in protest to the Secretary of War against his retirement. It was conveyed to me that my presence in Washington on such an errand was strongly disapproved. But the Adjutant General tried to soften the blow; he promised that he would save me the cost of transportation back to my station by giving me the next batch of recruits for Arizona or New Mexico, so that I might travel at Government expense.

The net result was that I went home poorer than at the start, to find that Mrs. Cruse had been dangerously ill with puerpal fever and had barely passed the crisis. But she soon began to mend and by the month's end was up and around, though still weak, hollow-eyed, and listless.

About the end of March, I received orders to report to David's Island, now Fort Slocum, New York. There were recruits to conduct to the Twenty-second Infantry at Fort Lewis, Colorado. Lewis was one of the most remote posts, the hardest to reach, in the Department of Arizona. It was clear off my line of travel to Fort Stanton; in fact, once there I was as far from Stanton as I had been in St. Louis.

The winter had been very severe in the Rockies. The recruiting authorities were doubtful if I could get through from Pueblo to Durango, for in places the snow had drifted forty feet over the railway track. Traffic had been suspended for weeks at a time. But, once started, I had no trouble. At Pueblo, we transferred to the narrow-gauge Denver & Rio Grande and began one of the most perilous, but wonderfully scenic, trips of my life. We were

one of the first trains to get through in a week. The roadbed was new and unsettled, and at Cumbres Divide the snow stood mountain-high for wall to the cuts on our right. Then there was a sheer descent of over a thousand feet, where an entire freight train had slid over a few days before us.

At Fort Lewis the snow was six feet deep on the parade ground. During my two days there I met many old friends: Ned Casey, killed in the Sioux Campaign of 1891; Medad Martin, Class of '77; Captain Hodges, Class of '81; F. B. Jones, of my class; and many another destined for prominence in later times. Eventually I got back to Fort Stanton, but as a money-saving proposition, conducting recruits was a total failure. I never applied for the duty again.

Mrs. Cruse and the boy left Owensboro in May, accompanied by her mother. She stopped off in Wingate for a month, to visit the Hodgsons. In June I went up to the railroad and met the party at Carthage. It was very hot on the Plains, and by the time we made Malpais Crossing the baby was alarmingly ill. We pushed on to Nogal, where fresh milk could be had, as well as medical attention. The next day we limped into Stanton, where our old friend Dr. Taylor took charge. After a few days under his care, mother and boy were coming around nicely.

Meanwhile, the Gerónimo pursuit was going on, affecting all of us in one degree or another. An enormous amount of work had been done by the Army and the Scouts, if not much success had been scored by those efforts.

Soldiers and Scouts

JUNE of 1885 had seen the campaign against the Apache hostiles in full swing. While the Army patrolled north of the Border, two commands of Scouts and Cavalry under Wirt Davis of the Fourth Cavalry and Emmett Crawford of the Third Cavalry, respectively, went into Mexico. Al Sieber, most famous of Southwestern civilian scouts, accompanied Crawford. Two pack trains were sent along by General Crook.

In the Sierra Madres some of Crawford's Scouts struck the hostiles, wounded one of the men as all ran away from the attack, and captured some fifteen women and children.

In those lofty mountains, where trails were almost non-existent, the mules of our pack trains suffered terribly. So did the horses of the Cavalry. But the soldiers were intended to serve as center for the Scouts. It was the idea at Headquarters that the Scouts could better operate from a column of soldiers, or a camp held by the Army, than if unaccompanied. It was not expected that any force except the Scouts, trotting indefatigably afoot, could come up with the hostiles.

Captain Crawford's big mules slipped over precipices and either killed or badly injured themselves. He reorganized his train, sending for small native mules. Then he began again to comb the Sierra Madres. Lieutenant Britton Davis and a Scout command began a heroic forced march

that was to end in September, at Fort Bliss, Texas; a trek of more than five hundred miles in twenty-four days; five hundred miles actually covered two and three times, because of the close hunt made for the hostiles.

Lieutenant Day of Wirt Davis' Scouts also struck the hostiles, a few days after Crawford's coup, with about the same result: The men and many of the women and children scattered into the cañons and ravines, but Day captured some fifteen women and children and killed a woman and a boy. Two of Wirt Davis' Scouts, acting independently, also met Gerónimo's force, killing two at Sierra La Hoya.

The numbers of Gerónimo's and Chihuahua's followers were being reduced, but a half dozen could strike with all the deadliness of as many rattlesnakes, then vanish; and their mere presence below the frontier kept Arizona and New Mexico in turmoil.

One band of hostiles, raiding in Arizona, struck the command of Captain Fountain, ambushing the Cavalry, killing Surgeon Maddox and four men, wounding several others, then escaping without a casualty.

In the middle of December, Captain Crawford took a new command into Mexico. Lieutenant Britton Davis had resigned to become manager of the Corralitos Ranch in Mexico. Lieutenant Marion Maus had succeeded him. Al Sieber started with Crawford as Chief of Scouts, but was recalled by Crook, and Tom Horn, who had been Sieber's assistant as a packer and Spanish interpreter, replaced him.

Years later, when Horn was in a Wyoming jail charged with murder, he wrote or there was written over his name a "Life" in which much was made of his services between 1882 and 1886. While giving great praise to Sieber—whose feats of daring and endurance can hardly be overrated—

Horn assumed to himself experiences and exploits which were very certainly not his. As Al Sieber's successor under Captain Crawford, he served for the first time in any official capacity in connection with military operations against the Apaches, or the management of those on reservations.

This digression is made because of my desire to give credit where credit is due and, equally, to prevent the theft of honors by glory hunters. Summed up, then, in my years of service among and around the Apaches I never so much as heard of Tom Horn until he appeared in Crawford's command in late 1886. Other officers queried on the subject, who like myself knew everyone concerned with the Apache situation, and were like myself on the very ground mentioned by Horn as his field of glory, agree that December, 1886 marked his first employment as Army scout. But his services later were excellent.

Crawford's force had moved into Mexico for nearly a month when, January 11, 1886, he found the hostiles' camp on the Rio Aros in Sonora. He swept up everything the Apaches owned that morning, and they scampered out of range, dismayed by loss of their ponies and blankets. Gerónimo, Nachiz, and Chihuahua were the leaders of the Apaches. Mangas had kept away from them since August of 1885.

From their cover, the hostiles began to parley with Crawford. He told them to surrender and come back to Arizona with him. While the talk went on, a party of Mexican "militia"** came looking for the Apaches. On the morning of the twelfth the Mexicans stumbled upon Crawford's camp and evidently thought it that of the hostiles.

* Said to be mostly Tarahumara Indians.

They opened fire, and Crawford's men dived for shelter. Lieutenants Maus and Shipp—and Tom Horn—yelled to the startled Scouts:

“Don’t shoot! Don’t shoot! Wait!”

Crawford called frantically to the Mexican commander:

“*Americanos! Amigos!* Americans! Friends!”

The firing stopped short. A voice was raised from the Mexican side. Crawford jumped to the top of a great rock, the better to be seen. Again he assured the Mexicans that this was the American soldiers’ camp. Then—a single shot came from the Mexicans. Crawford crumpled; slid from the boulder. Instantly, from the enraged Scouts came a volley. First shot was from the rifle of Mickey Free—who had a bead on the Mexican commander. The target dropped as quickly as Crawford had done. Tom Horn swore—he had a slug through his arm. A Scout sat down with both hands about his chest; he coughed, lay flat. Shrieks from the other side told of men struck outside the camp.

Shipp, Maus, Horn—all yelled in Spanish and English; Mexicans and Apaches ceased firing. Presently, it was plain to the attackers that they had made a great mistake. The two forces mingled; casualties were checked.

Crawford was dying with a bullet in his head. The Mexican commander and twelve or fifteen of his men were dead; many more were hurt. Cautiously, the hostiles of Gerónimo, Nachiz, Chihuahua came in from the edges of this tragic little battle. Maus resumed negotiations with Gerónimo.

Crawford, *beau sabreur*, died on the seventeenth in the arms of Lieutenant Maus.*

* He was finally buried at Kearney, Nebraska.

The hostiles agreed to meet General Crook, but not immediately! They would confer with the Gray Wolf in March, at El Cañon de los Embudos—in Sonora, some twenty miles south of the American line. The excuse for delay was, as usual, that time must be granted for gathering in the little parties scattered over the vast Sierra Madre range. Time for stealing Mexican stock was what Gerónimo really wanted.

On March 27, 1886, General Crook wrote General Phil Sheridan in Washington that he had held conference with Gerónimo and other Chiricahuas; had told them grimly that they would either come in as prisoners or face extermination; that, after some savage argument, the chieftains Gerónimo, Nachiz, and Chihuahua had agreed to surrender.

General Crook added with what proved to be excessive optimism that a year or two of imprisonment in Florida would doubtless reform these wild men.

The General started for the frontier, leaving to Maus the work of escorting the Apaches northward. The night after his departure one Tribolet, an American camped near San Bernardino Springs on the line, sold mescal—the flaming Aztec liquor distilled from maguey—to Scouts and “wild” Apaches. Gerónimo always was a great hand for a spree. For that matter, so were most Apaches! On this occasion, whoever got drunk, it was Gerónimo, Nachiz, and twenty of the wilder spirits who simply melted into the darkness and returned to Mexico. With them went thirteen women, three boys, and three girls. Chihuahua and the others went with Maus; were duly sent to Florida.

It is doubtful if General Crook blamed Lieutenant Maus for Gerónimo’s going. In his report to General Sheridan at Washington, Crook stressed the fact that the Apaches had more or less made their own terms during the

conference; that there had been no time when the Army could have captured them. They had kept their own camp; at no time were all of the hostiles present in Crook's camp; when they began to march with Maus, they retained their weapons. Being actually on the ground, naturally he understood the situation's difficulties.

But Sheridan, utterly unfamiliar with these magnificent guerrillas and their mountains, expressed himself as greatly disappointed. "It seems strange," he wired Crook, "that Gerónimo and party could have escaped without the knowledge of the Scouts."

General Crook was instructed to put the forces of his Department on the defensive. He answered caustically that when dealing with this particular type of Indian, "troops cannot protect beyond a radius of one-half mile from their camp." He held to his lifelong belief in attack—relentless pursuit. If the Department disagreed—well! he had wrecked his health in fighting Indians; let another officer take command.

General Nelson A. Miles relieved Crook on April 20, 1886. He outlined his plan of action at once, in an order. A particular feature of his plan was a mobile force, men, horses, pack trains, intended to follow the raiders wherever they went. Command of this special force was given to Captain Henry W. Lawton, Fourth Cavalry. Attached to the command were Lieutenants Leonard Wood, Surgeon (later Major General and candidate for the Presidency in 1920) A. L. Smith, a future Brigadier General, Wilder, who was to attain the same rank, and "Rosey" Walsh.

Lawton also took Gatewood and Stanton from the Sixth Cavalry as members of his staff, to be special aides and advisers. His temporary headquarters he established at Fort Bowie. All troops were ordered to turn over to Law-



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Bonito—Chiricahua Apache War Chief. After surrender to General Crook, 1883.

ton—when possible—such hostile trails as they found; his duty would be to pursue relentlessly.

Sometime in April a specially selected band of Gerónimo's little following raided across the line. Captain Lebo of the Tenth Cavalry and my classmate, Brett, quickly cut the hostiles' trail. Lebo overtook the Indians May 5 in northern Sonora, but found them in such strong position that he could not get up to them. He lost one man killed and had one wounded. Brett made a wonderful march and hung to the trail for twenty-four hours without halt for food or water, driving the hostiles totally exhausted into the fastnesses of the Sierra Madres.

Ten days after Lebo's brush with them, the Apaches reappeared, this time in the Santa Cruz Mountains of Sonora. Captain C. A. P. Hatfield of the Fourth Cavalry, who had been continuously patrolling, had marched into Mexico. He went quickly to find the hostiles reported at a ranch on a horse-stealing expedition. There was a great deal of firing when his D Troop found the Indians. As usual, the Apaches scattered, but Hatfield captured all of their horses, blankets, saddles, and other equipment. He started back toward the line.

The hostiles circled and ambushed D Troop in a narrow cañon. Hatfield's blacksmith and baker were killed; his First and Second Sergeants were wounded. The hostiles recovered their horses and scattered again. Lawton met Hatfield and himself took up the trail, letting D Troop return to its regular station.

Again, Gerónimo's fighters raided over the line. Tradition has it that Hatfield had seriously wounded several of the hostiles. One wounded man, at any rate, came into Arizona with the raiders and left them to recuperate at Fort Apache. Lieutenant Gatewood heard of his presence

and went to interview him. He was Kayitah, and he said that *he* had had all the fighting he wanted. General Miles interviewed Kayitah and other Apaches, and, since Lawton and all the other commanders in the field were finding no trace of Gerónimo's band, he determined to send a message to the hostiles. Kayitah had said that others were tired of running, hiding, and fighting.

The problem was selection of an officer for the mission. It must be one in whom Gerónimo had faith. A stranger would doubtless be shot on sight; certainly would not be able to persuade Gerónimo to surrender. The choice made, of Lieutenant Gatewood, was ideal. His bravery, cool judgment, and understanding of Apache character, with the knowledge the hostiles had of his fairness toward Apaches, made him virtually the only possible choice. General Miles issued Gatewood his orders to go into Mexico with two Apaches—Kayitah and Martine—and particularly instructed him to get from any commander of troops (except a few small columns in Mexico) not less than twenty-five men for escort. So Gatewood started.

Gerónimo Surrenders

GATEWOOD and his two Apaches went to Fort Bowie. Colonel Beaumont, commanding there, could not furnish the escort Gatewood asked. His command was scattered over that whole section of Arizona, on patrol or defensive duty. Gatewood managed to get an interpreter, George Wratten, a packer, Frank Huston, and, for courier, a rancher known as "Old Tex" Whaley.

Colonel Beaumont sent Gatewood down to Cloverdale, saying that Captain Stretch, there, would supply the wanted troopers. But Gatewood found at Cloverdale an Infantry company very much under-strength; no horses and little equipment. So he went on into Mexico. There a mixed force of Cavalry and Infantry under Lieutenant James Parker encountered him. They could spare no men, but Parker escorted Gatewood's little party to Captain Lawton.

At the time—August 3—nobody seemed to know where Gerónimo might be. Gatewood put himself under Lawton's orders for the time being, but with the distinct understanding that he was to proceed upon his mission as soon as circumstances permitted. This was agreed to by Lawton.

Presently, news came that the hostiles were near Fronteras, Mexico, contacting the Mexicans there, getting food and mescal. Gatewood made a fast ride over the eighty

miles to Fronteras and sent out Kayitah and Martine to locate Gerónimo.

The Mexican officials were not in the least cordial. In his usual fashion, the tricky Gerónimo had been solemnly discussing with them the terms of surrender. The Prefect of the district, just as tricky, had quietly gathered a couple of hundred soldiers in Fronteras. While he talked with the two squaws whom Gerónimo had sent as emissaries, the Prefect was preparing to lure the hostiles into town, to kill off the men and capture women and children. Naturally, he disliked having his fine, large plan disrupted by Americans.

Lieutenant Wilder, of Lawton's command, talked to the squaws about surrendering to General Miles. The Prefect knew of this discussion and warned Wilder and Gatewood against following the women to Gerónimo's camp. So Gatewood borrowed six men from Wilder, along with Tom Horn and an interpreter named José Maria, then started as if for Lawton's camp. But, once out of sight of the Mexicans, he circled and picked up the squaws' trail.

For three days Gatewood followed the squaws. The march was through very rough country, where ambush was possible at any point. A piece of white flour sacking was carried on a stick as flag of truce. They crossed the Bavispe River and made camp. Kayitah and Martine went ahead on a scout. Martine came back at sundown to report that he and Kayitah had been in Gerónimo's camp. Gerónimo had received the gist of General Miles' ultimatum and held Kayitah as hostage. He had seen Gatewood's party all along without noticing the white flag; had wondered what bunch of idiots were trailing him with so small a force.

Gerónimo and Nachiz invited Gatewood to come into

camp, promising safety. Gatewood trusted Nachiz, if not Gerónimo, so he decided to venture into the hostiles' hands. During his march he had periodically sent back one of Wilder's men to Lawton, to inform him of the line of march. Now, Lieutenant R. A. Brown of Lawton's command overtook him, with thirty Scouts.

The next day, August 24, 1886, the entire party moved out toward Gerónimo's position. But they were soon halted by men sent from Gerónimo. He demanded that Brown and the Scouts should return to camp and that any soldiers following should also stop at that point. Gerónimo and Nachiz would meet Gatewood only. The demand was complied with. Gatewood went on into the hostiles' camp with his own little party.

"By squads the hostiles came in, unsaddled and turned out their ponies to graze," Gatewood described the council. "Among the last to arrive was Gerónimo. He laid his rifle down twenty feet away and came and shook my hands, remarking my apparent bad health and asking what was the matter. The tobacco having been passed around—of which I had brought fifteen pounds on my saddle—he took a seat alongside as close as he could get, the revolver bulge under his coat touching my right thigh. Then, the others seated in a semicircle, he announced that the whole party was there to listen to General Miles' message.

"It took but a minute to say:

"'Surrender, and you will be sent with your families to Florida, there to await the decision of the President as to your final disposition. Accept these terms or fight it out to the bitter end.'

"A silence of weeks seemed to fall on the party. They sat there with never a movement, regarding me intently. I felt the strain!"

There was much talk—Gerónimo was noted as an orator—and all the grievances of the hostiles were brought out, as during the conference with Crook. Gerónimo said that his people would not go to Florida; they must be returned to their reservation, given their farms again, with implements, rations, and clothing; they must be guaranteed immunity from punishment for any of the crimes committed since leaving Turkey Creek. If Gatewood could promise these things, the war could end right there! If not, they would fight to the last man.

“Take us back to the reservation or—*fight!*” was Gerónimo’s ultimatum, as he looked Gatewood in the eyes.

Gatewood’s life hung in the balance, and he knew it very well. For he had no authority to bargain, and the refusal he had to make might very well rouse Gerónimo’s murderous fury.

“I couldn’t take him to the reservation,” he said afterward. “I couldn’t fight; neither could I run; nor yet feel comfortable!”

But Nachiz interrupted to reassure Gatewood of his own safety at the moment; he was a very discerning Apache. Gatewood breathed more easily. He talked to Nachiz of conditions at the Agency; told of the ones, including the mother and daughter of Nachiz, already in Florida. He warned Gerónimo that living on the reservation at this time meant living among this band’s deadly enemies. The Apaches held a conference, then came back to Gatewood. Gerónimo said that they knew nothing of Miles.

“What is his age?” he asked. “His size and the color of his hair and eyes? Is his voice harsh, or agreeable? Does he talk much, or little; say less or more than he means? Does he look you in the eyes, or not? Has he many friends? Do

people believe what he says? Do officers and soldiers like him? Has he had experience with other Indians? Is he cruel, or kind-hearted?"

These and many other questions Gatewood had to answer. At last Gerónimo professed himself satisfied—particularly because Miles had sent Gatewood to them! But he asked Gatewood to help them.

"Consider yourself not a White Man, but one of us; remember all that has been said today and tell us what we should do."

Earnestly, Gatewood advised surrender. The Apaches looked solemnly at each other for a long time, then Gerónimo said that they would hold council that night and give a decision in the morning. Gatewood went back to camp and told Lawton all that had happened.

The next day Gerónimo agreed to surrender to General Miles. But he stipulated that on the march northward Gatewood must remain with the hostiles; that Lawton's force should remain separate and serve as guard for them. The march toward the line was begun that same day, August 25, 1886.

I have dwelt upon the details of these negotiations because so many erroneous, conflicting accounts have been written in the years since that day. Lawton, for instance, is credited in some places* with having "captured Gerónimo." As may be seen, nobody ever *captured* Gerónimo.

Lawton had never so much as set eyes upon him, until Gatewood brought the hostiles into Lawton's camp. And upon the occasion of their first meeting, the discussion was not of the surrender—that was already accomplished. Lawton had expressed himself as greatly pleased with

* See *Nelson's Encyclopaedia*, Lawton item, for example.

Gatewood's arrangements. The talk between Gatewood and the hostiles on one hand, Lawton on the other, dealt with the march back to the line.

Gatewood took his life in his hands when he went into the Apache camp. I believe that I am safe in saying that no other officer of the Army could have "got away with it"—and I say this with the most intense admiration for Lawton and his command, for Leonard Wood, A. L. Smith, and the others.

The next day, second of the march, the Mexican commander from Fronteras appeared with his two hundred soldiers. Gatewood and the hostiles—twenty-four men, fourteen women and children—raced northward for ten miles. Lawton parleyed with the Mexicans. At last a courier came to say that Lawton had arranged a meeting between Gerónimo and the Mexican commander, who wanted to be sure that the Apaches were really surrendering.

Gerónimo went wolfishly to this meeting. He told the Mexican that he was surrendering to the Americans because he could trust them; that surrender to the Mexicans—something he had never really thought of doing—would have meant being murdered. The Mexican said that he would accompany the party and see that the surrender was actually made.

"No!" Gerónimo yelled, hand on revolver. "You are going south and I am going north!"

And that was the way it was. But one of the Mexican troopers went along and was sent back by General Miles with official confirmation of the surrender, to relieve Mexican minds of the fear of these savage Chiricahuas.

On September 3, General Miles met the Apaches at Skeleton Cañon, Arizona. The surrender was completed.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

General Nelson A. Miles. This picture was taken in 1886 at the time of Gerónimo's surrender.

But immediately the citizens of Arizona and New Mexico clamored for vengeance. Through the Territorial newspapers they demanded that Gerónimo and other leaders be summarily executed and all Apaches be sent out of the country immediately. General Miles reported the situation to his superiors in the War Department. He added that, unless otherwise ordered, he would forestall attacks upon the Indians by starting them at once for Florida.

Both President Cleveland and the Secretary of War were out of the city when Miles' telegrams arrived and could not be reached for several days. So the General, fully realizing the dangers of delay, assumed responsibility for his plan. He got special trains from the Southern Pacific Railway, loaded not only the hostiles, but many other Apaches, into the cars, and started them east under a strong guard of Infantry. In his memoirs, General Miles makes no further reference to the incident beyond thanking the governors and other prominents of the Territories for their support at the time. But the old maxim learned by so many of us in Indian warfare—"you'll be damned if you do and double-damned if you don't!"—held good, as Miles learned very quickly.

According to newspaper reports of the time, General Miles' action in sending the Apaches summarily out of the country was not only unauthorized, but decidedly objected to by President Cleveland, who had sent other orders.

By these reports, when the President learned that the Indians were already in Texas, en route to Florida, he had the train stopped at San Antonio, while he demanded Miles' authority for the transfer. It was said that he called the move "gross insubordination" and threatened to return the Apaches to Arizona and bring Miles before a court. But all settled quietly at last, and Gerónimo and the others

went on to Florida, then to Alabama and, at last, to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. But they never came back to Arizona.

President Cleveland seems not to have forgiven Miles for this incident. As late as 1895, when Lieutenant General Schofield was retired and Miles was logical successor, Cleveland was most reluctant to appoint him, and when he finally did so, it was said to be very much against his will. This is gained from newspaper comment.

Soon after my return to Fort Stanton, late in April, Stanton was ordered to join General Miles as aide. Captain Kramer was in the east on recruiting duty, so command of E Troop devolved upon me. We were kept on the *qui vive* until Gerónimo surrendered, with much patrolling, if not any actual hostilities.

Stations Change

FORT UNION was our next station. The order was welcomed by us all, for Union was practically on the Santa Fe Railroad, near the thriving town of Las Vegas. Two days out of Stanton on the march, our horses stampeded while on herd. Some of them kept going for fifty miles. We spent a very uncomfortable week while horse hunting, but finally limped into Union.

We spent a very comfortable year at this post. From Owensboro I imported a vehicle designed to seat four persons—a surrey; quite the most wonderful possession we had ever had. Also, I bought a burro for the baby's use; not the ordinary burro by any means, as we discovered. He was small and white, clean-limbed and intelligent of eyes, and the seller insisted that his lineage and achievements were remarkable. Naturally, this sounded to me like the sales talk expected of a horse dealer, not to be taken seriously. But I did give an extra five dollars.

At this time our cook was Millie, a colored woman, and her ten-year-old daughter Mamie was the baby's nurse. Every morning Fred was mounted in a special pack chair on the burro, with the girl behind. These airings delighted everybody concerned. But one afternoon Mamie on the burro was overtaken by the mail orderly, and he called to her to hurry, as he galloped by. She sent the burro after him, and, for all his efforts, he was badly beaten in a mile.

The troopers surreptitiously pitted the burro against the fastest horses on the post, and, with Mamie up, he beat them all. This was a valuable bit of information, and the troopers made the most of it. An E Troop man would hear of some fast horse in another outfit. He would make it a point to loaf up to the parties concerned and remark indifferently that—shucks!—E had a *burro* that could outrun anybody else's *horse*. Naturally, such a defy produced bets. The races were all for a mile or less. Each side was allowed any weight up, saddle or bareback, standing start. That burro never lost a match while we were at Union and Mamie rode him. The financial profits to E Troop were pleasantly large.

We ended 1886 with a grand ball, given by the Tenth Infantry. It was held in a magazine used in the old days for storing powder and "buck-and-ball" ammunition. The mortised oak floor, six inches thick, laid without nails and so finished that cracks were not visible, was perfect for the glide waltzes then in vogue.

Target practice ushered in the new year. Then I was detailed to survey the adjacent timber reserve. The notorious General B. F. Butler claimed to have purchased the timber in 1880, when the post was temporarily abandoned. He claimed stumpage and other damages from the Government. The affair was very much involved and was only settled sometime later when the post was definitely and finally abandoned.

Our garrison was temporarily increased by arrival of two companies of the Ninth Infantry, under Major John C. Bates, later Lieutenant General. With Bates came Lieutenant Rockefeller—mysteriously disappeared near Malolos in the Philippines in 1900; doubtless killed by *insurrectos* while inspecting the guard at night—and Lieutenant

George Brand Duncan, who was to become Major General, both close friends of ours.

Colonel Douglass commanded the Tenth Infantry and the post at that time, and among our friends were several who achieved much fame. Among others was Bullard, who as Lieutenant General commanded a million men in France and who met and married his wife there. Captain Duggan and Lieutenant Plummar were future Brigadiers, as was Captain Stretch. E. M. Johnson rose to Major General in France. Captain Drum, who was killed at San Juan Hill in 1898, left four children, one of whom is the celebrated Major General Hugh A. Drum, lately assistant Chief of Staff. We had incipient greatness there, but more important at the time was the fact that all were pleasant, interesting people.

My father and mother came on a visit in July and thoroughly enjoyed the fine weather, the new and interesting scenes and colorful natives. We drove over the historic Santa Fe Trail, through Glorieta Pass to Santa Fé, three days each way. The Santa Fe had built near Las Vegas the wonderful Montezuma Hotel, as a tourist objective in New Mexico. But it never paid. We were treated in princely fashion there, but at most unprincely rates.

In August we changed station to Fort Lewis by marching, sending the heavy baggage by rail. Our orders included a stop at Dulce on the Durango branch of the Denver & Rio Grande. The Jicarilla Apaches had just been returned to their old reservation on the Colorado-New Mexico line, after several years at Mescalero.

Captains Tupper and Chaffee were due for promotion in September. I stood at the top of the Second Lieutenant list and expected transfer to a troop at Fort Wingate, with my promotion, about the time of arrival in Lewis. So Mrs.

Cruse decided to go back to Owensboro, there being another family event scheduled for December. I saw her off, then prepared for my own move.

Our march to Dulce was very pleasant. It was a land of interesting history and beautiful scenery, the roads were fairly good, and we enjoyed cold nights and no mosquitoes! At Amargo we met F Troop from Fort Lewis, under Lieutenant Hugh J. Galleher, on the same duty as ourselves. Our work was to protect the Jicarillas from cowboys and squatters. The reservation had only just been delimited and assigned to the Indians, and some trouble was anticipated.

However, the squatters removed from the reservation were given other Government land in the vicinity, and we had only to patrol the lines daily, keeping the whites from provoking the Jicarillas.

One day early in September, Captain Kramer brought out the District Commander, the tall, dark General Benjamin H. Grierson.* The General congratulated me upon promotion to First Lieutenant. I thought he referred to Captain Tupper's promotion and said:

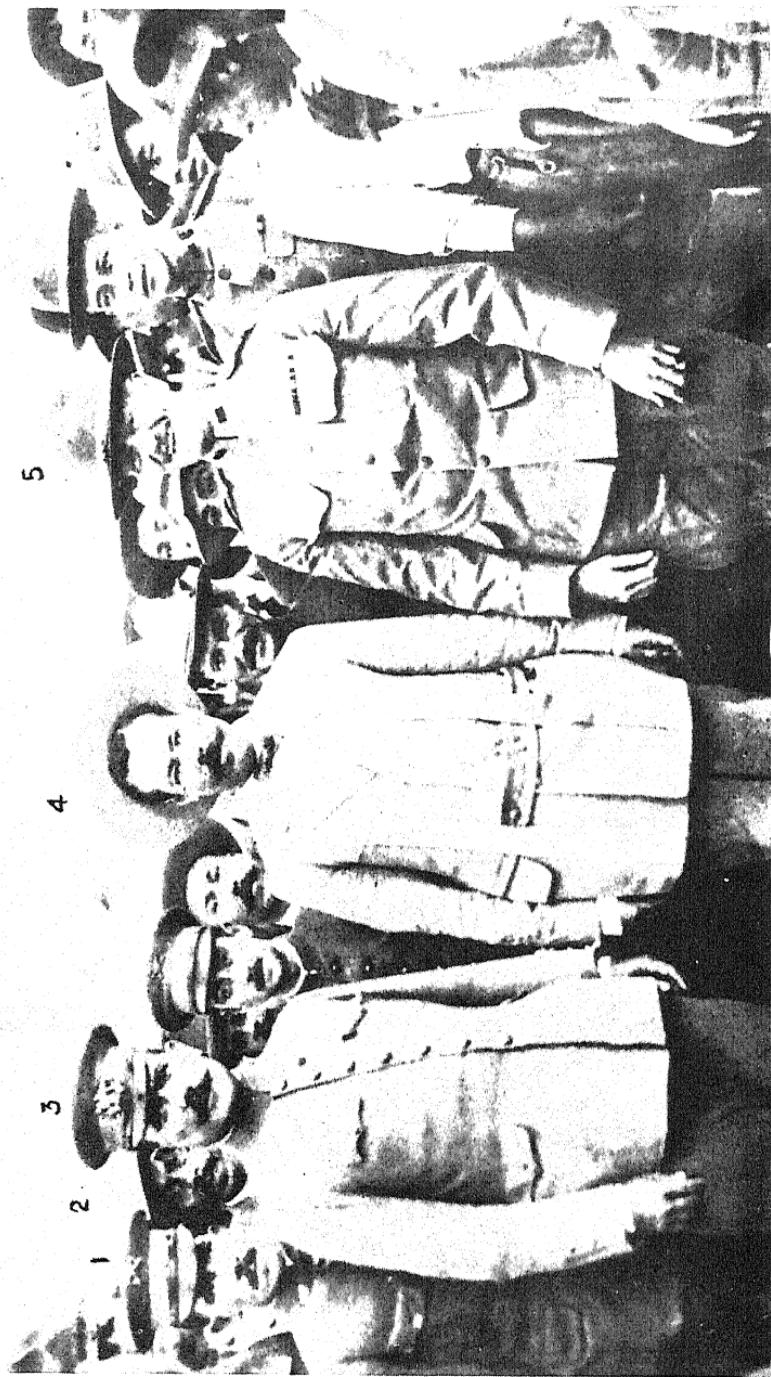
"But I haven't it, yet. It's due on the ninth."

He told me that my step came through the death of First Lieutenant Timothy Touey, of L Troop, who had died very suddenly at Fort Stanton on August 28. So I was already promoted—but *not* as I had hoped to be. The promotion meant that I must go to Stanton, instead of Wingate, to serve in a troop under a Captain disliked by his subordinates. But General Grierson was very jovial about it, so I had to conceal my feelings. Nobody would exchange

* Hero of the famous "Grierson Ride" of 1863. He led a body of Cavalry from La Grange, Tennessee, to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 600 miles in 16 days, to cut off Vicksburg from the east.



Nachiz and Gerónimo at Fort Bowie, Arizona, after surrender to Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood in 1886.



1 and 2, Colonels Serrano and Martinez. 3, 4, and 5, Generals Obregon, Villa, and Pershing. General Obregon had not

stations with me, station and commander being so highly objectionable.

Until we had finished settling the Jicarillas, I served with E Troop, then we marched to Fort Lewis. I was so impressed by the scenery around Pagosa Springs that, when passing through Durango, I went to the U. S. Land Office and paid \$35 for seven lots of the Government townsite. After all these years, they are no more valuable than in 1887, but just as beautiful.

About November 2 I said good-by to E Troop and Captain Kramer and his family, to turn very reluctantly toward Fort Stanton. I had two horses and my household goods, so the agent at Durango gave me a freight car to myself. It was a remarkable and very enjoyable trip. In those days freight trains ran over that division only by day. We averaged a hundred miles, then "tied up for the night," so there was ample time to see the country. Particularly, I recall going over Cumbres Pass where we ran along a balcony, overhanging a cliff with sheer descent of more than a thousand feet, then coasting down to Antonito on a lot of dizzy curves, over and under loops that made one thankful just to get down alive.

Stanton was reached November 10. I found many changes in the garrison. Lieutenant Colonel A. P. Morrow, Sixth Cavalry, now commanded. We were old acquaintances from the Victorio Campaign of 1880. Major Van Horn, later succeeded by Major Emil Adam, had been promoted. Captain Pratt had dropped dead on the tennis court some four months earlier. Lieutenant Davies had also died; so had Second Lieutenant Weinberg while at school in Leavenworth, fatally injured when an oil lamp exploded. They had been replaced by Captain S. Bishop and Lieutenants J. A. Penn—future Brigadier, and D. F. Agulum.

H Troop had been succeeded by D, with Captain Kingsbury (Gordon having finally retired), First Lieutenant Scott, and Second Lieutenant R. B. Paddock. Paddock married Pershing's sister Grace. He died in Pekin as Captain, Sixth Cavalry, on the Chinese Expedition of 1901. L Troop had replaced E. Overton was its Captain, I was First Lieutenant, and the now world-renowned J. J. Pershing was Second Lieutenant. Our old friend, Captain Marcus Taylor, was still post Surgeon.

The Thirteenth Infantry left for Kansas and Oklahoma stations. Two companies of the Tenth Infantry came in their place, bringing Captain Kirkman, Lieutenants Kirby, and Andre Brewster. (The latter was Pershing's Inspector General in France.)

That term of service at Stanton was made notable by amazing improvement in quarters. We had lived in rough-and-ready fashion for years, sometimes cleaning out a stable for a room. So when the authorities built a nice double set of officers' quarters, enlarged the men's barracks, and actually installed a water and sewer system, we marveled at our luxuries! The stone houses had been made two-story, giving us bedrooms for the first time. This, with bathroom and toilets, nearly overwhelmed us. For the first time in my Army career I drew five rooms.

No hostiles were out at this time, so General Miles inaugurated field maneuvers to keep us fit. Our term for them was "rabbit hunts." In these, a commissioned officer would start with fifteen men, to raid another post approximately a hundred miles away. Some eight hours later the raider would be energetically pursued by another officer with similar force. The length of a day's march and the time of rest were limited, but otherwise every warlike artifice to elude pursuit and make gains was allowed.

On one such maneuver First Lieutenant Scott of D Troop was the raider, ordered to go from Stanton to Fort Bayard in five days. Pershing, with an L Troop detachment, was to catch him. Scott was a fine Cavalry officer, an uncommonly good soldier and trailer. So we were very much surprised when Pershing captured him on the fourth day out, in spite of the fact that Scott had scattered his men at various times and had used all the Indian ruses learned in years of frontier service. Pershing went up in the regiment's estimation from that day.

Early in December I got leave and was present in Owensboro on the twenty-first, to welcome James Thomas Cruse to my father's house on Crittenden Street.

Mrs. Cruse recovered rapidly this time. So, early in February we started for Fort Stanton, sending another surrey ahead. At Moberly, Missouri, we picked up a cook who had worked at Stanton. This was very well. But we also took her sister as nurse and the moment we set eyes on her pretty face we knew that she would be married within six months—and she was, to the First Sergeant.

But, despite minor domestic problems, our life at Stanton went very smoothly for the year of 1888. We made fishing trips to the Ruidoso, a lovely little trout stream and visited the famous town of Lincoln where John Chisum, McSween, Murphy and Dolan, Billy the Kid and his gang, made lurid history in the late seventies and early eighties in the so-called Lincoln County War. With work and mild social activities, life was pleasant enough.

This year marked the beginning of marvelous developments all over the Southwest. Mining and sheep and cattle raising forged ahead, but particularly irrigation was inaugurated, bringing under cultivation what had been considered desert land. Now that people were safe from the

Apaches, settlers fairly swarmed in. Mrs. Cruse urged that we get into the development.

Captain J. C. Lea owned a townsite named Roswell, and we bought several lots from him. The house we built was tenth in Roswell, and we hauled the lumber and hand-made shingles from historic Dowling's Mill on the Ruidoso.

Roswell was now the center of a new irrigation district. Surrounding farms were producing marvelous crops of melons, alfalfa, fruits, and vegetables. At the moment all the country around had been placed on sale by the United States. One had only to select his tract, notify the land office at Las Cruces, send along check at the rate of \$1.25 per acre, and get title. We decided to buy about 600 acres near Roswell, with the idea of irrigating later. But we delayed too long!

Complaints were made in Washington that cattle barons and speculators were buying up all the good land in immense tracts, freezing out legitimate homesteaders and farmers. So President Cleveland withdrew all public lands from sale in August, and we had to take up our land under the Desert Land Act and get water on it.

To decrease expenses, Captain Taylor, Captain Rogers, and I each located a tract and began to dig an irrigating ditch some seven miles long, about seven miles southeast of Roswell. Then we let matters rest until the spring of 1889.

The year moved to its end with no special incident except a fistfight between Captains Overton and Kingsbury on the parade in the presence of enlisted men. This came near to being extremely serious in its consequences. Scott as Commanding Officer and I as post Adjutant, by peremptory order of the Department Commander (Colonel Morrow was absent), had to require very delicate adjustments of our respective Captains, to halt proceedings.

School at Leavenworth

COLONEL MORROW suffered greatly from inflammatory rheumatism. Early in 1889 he left us on sick leave and never returned. Major Emil Adam succeeded him in command. At this time Captain Kingsbury and Lieutenants Penn, Pershing, and Paddock (these last were called, facetiously, "The Three Green Peas") had a happy-go-lucky bachelors' mess.

The entire Thirteenth Infantry was now moved to the Indian Territory, taking Captains Rogers and Bishop and Lieutenants Penn, Fletcher, and Anglum. A company of the Tenth replaced the Thirteenth. Captain Overton took sick leave, never to rejoin. His going placed me in command of the troop, with Pershing as assistant. We rushed our target practice, and Pershing went to the Department shoot in charge of the Stanton details, duty which carried him to Wingate and to Leavenworth by the end of August. I began to feel "left behind."

In June I took thought of my own situation. For ten years I had done straight duty with the regiment; no detached service details, such as recruiting, college duty, or the like. It seemed to me that I was getting into a rut. So I asked to represent our regiment at the U. S. Infantry and Cavalry School, Fort Leavenworth. The school was then in its formative stage, but teaching the best of modern military procedure. Craig, our Adjutant, was pleased to

give me the detail. I was ordered to report September 10 as Student Officer.

Before leaving, I wanted to look after the Roswell land. Taylor, Rogers, and I had contracted with a Texan experienced in such work to dig a canal. It was to be eighteen inches deep, seven feet wide at the top and five feet at the bottom. We had levels given by Mr. A. H. Whetstone. Our water was to come from South Spring River, after farms to eastward of John Chisum's famous South Spring Headquarters Ranch had been served.

But our canal failed to settle the problems that year. There had been very little rain for the two previous years, and the plains were dry to dustiness. Worse, cattle by the thousands were forced down from the foothills to get water. In going to the Pecos River they crossed our canal, leveling it almost every night.

In July I took leave and went down to be a farmer. In the heat and dust and mosquitoes this proved the hardest work of my life—and we could get water only to the tracts of Taylor and Rogers. My land lay a mile to the south, and the water simply refused to go there. This was a great disappointment, but when we settled up, a year later, Taylor and Rogers gladly gave me a third of their tracts, in repayment for my expenditure on the canal.

When J. J. Hagerman, the railroad builder, came in from Colorado and the big Hagerman Canal was built, I relinquished my desert claim and filed on 160 acres for timber culture, proving up five years afterward. I still own those three tracts, with Roswell town lots. Today Roswell is surrounded by some of the most beautiful orchards, alfalfa and cotton fields in the United States. But it cost much work, worry, and money to accomplish our part of the pioneering. However, we were so full of

faith in the country that before we left for Leavenworth in August, we traded the treasured surrey and harness for three more town lots.

Leavenworth, as station, had both good and bad points. Quarters for married officers were very scarce, new ones being only under construction. There were about forty members of our class, and the regimental promotion system I have mentioned before made for some anomalous situations. In length of commissioned service I ranked everyone in the class. But not in actual rank!

For example, First Lieutenant Newton had been Sergeant in D Troop at Fort Apache in 1879 and was studying for his examination. Whenever and however I could help him, I did. He was commissioned in 1881, sent to the Ninth Cavalry, benefited by numerous casualties and—made First Lieutenant a year before me!

My classmate, Shunk, had got one of the two vacancies in the Eighth Cavalry in Texas, at time of our graduation. His promotion had come along early in 1885, as contrasted to my late 1887 date. He was serving as Instructor, I was a Student Officer.

The practical result was that these officers drew pleasant quarters while only the generosity of Lieutenant Wilson, Class of 1877, got me a single room. My family had to stay away until late November, when a rickety set of quarters was vacated in the west end. So much for the personal, the human, the irritating!

The class represented every regiment of the Army. The course—practical and in the field, as far as possible—lasted two years at this time. The authorities were much embarrassed by the total lack of American textbooks on military science. We had only texts by German and English authorities. These had no interest in our affairs.

The lessons learned by us during the Civil War and on the frontier (later to be studied intently in Europe) and the peculiar status of the U. S. Army in relation to our civil institutions—wholly different from anything across the Atlantic—were ignored. Europe could not then believe that America had anything to teach.

But the staff was made of chosen men. They set about supplying our deficiencies and within a few years issued texts which have since been standard not merely in America, but over the world. Wagner wrote *Minor Tactics* and other works while we were there. My classmate, Beach, wrote his famous *Military Topography*. W. H. Carter wrote the much-needed *Horses, Saddles and Bridles*, a manual for Cavalry everywhere. C. C. C. Carr made his noted translation of De Brack, cavalryman under Napoleon. We found the De Brack particularly interesting, because it confirmed our experience of the Civil War and Indian fighting.

All these officers—except Wagner, who died most untimely as Colonel—became General Officers. Carter and Wagner were undoubtedly responsible for our present General Staff, inaugurated by Theodore Roosevelt and his able Secretary of War, Elihu Root, after the Spanish-American War had shown up our glaring deficiencies.

Life in our class was very full. Every man in the group was determined to stand high. Some were brilliant students, too. But the pace proved too fast for some of them and before the first year was out, they were going back to their regiments. Holbrook, late Major General and Chief of Cavalry, took the lead and kept it to the finish, in spite of our efforts to dislodge him.

The family joined me eventually, and by spring we had pleasant quarters. With a new surrey from Owensboro

and various post entertainments, life was enjoyable in spite of the constant, intense study.

When we left the Sixth Cavalry it seemed fixed in New Mexico. General Carr had just returned to the regiment after two years of recruiting duty in St. Louis. Asked by the War Department to exchange stations with the First Cavalry, then in Oregon and California, he declined. The Fourth Cavalry, in Arizona, snatched the chance.

Our Southwestern Indians were either on reservations or imprisoned out of their country; Arizona and New Mexico were perfectly quiet. But in the North, in 1890, new trouble came up with the Sioux and Cheyennes. These had come in to live on various Agencies—even the famous Sitting Bull surrendering—but never contentedly. Rumors began to go around about a Messiah, and Ghost Dances were held—all this very much like our experience with the Medicine Man at Cibicu.

December 15, 1890, Sitting Bull was killed during an attempt to rescue him from arrest. General Miles was in command of the Department and he appreciated to the fullest the danger of widespread outbreak of these fighting tribesmen. He asked and received authority to smother the belligerents with overwhelming force before they could really move.

The Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Cavalry, and one or two regiments of Infantry were ordered mobilized, to proceed fully armed and equipped with all possible speed to the vicinity of Red Cloud (Standing Rock) and Rosebud Agencies.

The Eighth Cavalry and Twelfth Infantry looked after the line stretching from Fort Meade eastward to the Missouri River and Fort Yates. The Sixth Cavalry covered the ground from Meade southward to Chadron along the

railroad. The Seventh and Ninth Cavalry were in readiness near the two Agencies.

This was a new policy. Always, before, Indians had managed to take the warpath and do immense damage before sufficient forces were collected; this time the troops were on the spot before the Indians were ready. Too, a general winter campaign had never before been deemed advisable in those cold regions. This time, the entire movement was successfully concluded in the bitterly cold weather of December, 1890, and January and February, 1891, because the troops were well provided with winter clothing especially supplied and furnished ample transportation. Miles smashed the uprising so conclusively that there has never been another.

But the Sixth Cavalry was made very unhappy at the end of it. They were assigned to stations at Fort Niobrara, at McKinney and Washakie. By April, 1891, they were in the new posts and learning that all were really as undesirable as we had always heard. All have since been abandoned. My troop, L, drew McKinney, 150 miles from the railroad, under a new Captain. Overton and Perrine had been retired.

The campaign affected me only incidentally. Every Student Officer at Leavenworth whose regiment was in the field promptly applied to rejoin. We were just as promptly notified that we would remain in the class. It was even intimated that General Miles might just possibly win the war without our help.

Late in June, 1891, our class was graduated. Only three honor students were permitted at the time. Holbrook, Barth, and I captured these positions, but with Sandy Harris and a couple of others as close runners-up.

We were allowed academic leave until September, not

to be counted on our records. So Mrs. Cruse annexed a ten-year-old darky boy, Wesley, from Dalonega, Georgia, to "herd" Fred and James, and we started on a trip through Canada. We came down the St. Lawrence, saw Montreal and Quebec, wandered along the Hudson to New York, went to Washington and to Kentucky.

One outstanding memory of that pleasant trip is the meeting with Mrs. U. S. Grant in Saratoga. She took the keenest interest in us and was much amused to hear that this was really our honeymoon, twelve years postponed, and that we had the children along to enjoy it with us. She told us many incidents of old Army life. When we went to one of her receptions in Washington, five years later, she told various notables about how she had met us honeymooning with our two children.

I expected to proceed to McKinney for troop duty. But in Washington Colonel Clous of West Point surprised me by asking that I be given a four-year assignment with him, as Instructor in Law. It was complimentary, but West Point suffered its usual dearth of quarters, and we decided that McKinney, out-of-the-way place that it was, suited us better. However, the very next day notification came that I had been detailed to Leavenworth School as Instructor, to report September 1. That settled the matter, and we vacationed in Kentucky.

Eastern Duty

THAT WINTER of 1891-92 an epidemic of grippe swept the United States. We suffered from it at Leavenworth, and Mrs. Cruse was left very weak following her severe attack. The Hodgsons were at Fort Niobrara, so in April she went out with the boys for a visit with her sister. When she reached Omaha the great blizzard of 1892 was just beginning. Her train ran into the full force of that terrible storm which completely destroyed the town of Nelson and caused widespread loss of life and property.

At Valentine the train was ten hours late. Nobody had been able to get in from the post, nine miles distant, so she had to remain at the first little house reached, only a few yards from the station. There she spent the night and most of the following day. Then the storm abated, and Hodgson and two or three enlisted men struggled into Valentine with an ambulance.

For three days my most frantic efforts got me no information. Every telegraph line in Nebraska was down. But her trip was completely successful; she recovered health quickly and in June came back to Leavenworth. Then I went down to Roswell to straighten up our land matters and dig an artesian well on one of the tracts we held. Mrs. Cruse went to Eureka Springs to escape the intense heat of Kansas, and I joined her there.

The following winter was as hard for her as that

preceding. So in June of 1893 we tried the seashore at Old Orchard, Maine, spent the summer pleasantly, saw the Chicago World's Fair, and returned to work.

From the beginning my duties had been easy, because I had myself so recently completed the course. Much of my time was employed in digging out side lines in the fine military library of the school and discussing technicalities with old friends such as Carter, who had Hippology in the class and was working on his book, *Horses, Saddles and Bridles*.

The boys were going to school to the Misses Goodfellow. These ladies were sisters of a Major who had died at the post years before. They were permitted to retain quarters and teach the younger children. Many a Colonel of today was towed into "the devious paths of knowledge" by those gentle, well-informed spinsters. Fred and James had led such an irregular sort of life on frontier posts that we wondered how they would take restrictions, but they surprised us pleasantly.

As winter approached we looked forward with dread to the coming months. Providentially, it seemed, Colonel Gordon of the Sixth wrote that Stotsenburg's tour as Regimental Quartermaster expired December 1 and the appointment was mine if I wanted it. We were delighted to get Niobrara—and the extra pay—and on November 10 I left Leavenworth with my horses and household goods to set up housekeeping. Mrs. Cruse followed a week later. January 1, 1894, I relieved "Stots'" as Quartermaster.

Fort Niobrara, on the little creek of the same name, was a typical frontier post. It was situated in the sand hills of northern Nebraska, a few miles from the South Dakota line as a check on the Rosebud Agency of the Sioux, thirty miles to northward. Because of the severity of that climate,

unusual care had gone into planning and construction of quarters for officers, men, and animals.

We had very cold weather—for one week in February the thermometer showed 22° below zero, though the sun shone brilliantly every day and there was very little snow on the ground. That first winter no real blizzards came, though at times the snow banked up to the roofs of the houses and entrances had to be tunneled out.

The dry, rarefied air put us all in good health, and there was plenty of amusement. Someone was always giving a dinner or party; and our unusually good regimental band gave concerts each Wednesday night, then enlisted men and officers alternated with grand hops on Friday nights. The administration building, Gordon Hall, had just been completed at the time of our arrival; when we opened it with a good road troupe that packed the house for two nights, we felt downright metropolitan. All in all, we never spent a more enjoyable winter anywhere, in all my service, than at this lonely station.

Ladies arranging dinners had the services of one of the most remarkable characters I ever met in the Army, Cook Henry Muller of Wilhelm's company, Eighth Infantry. He was a genius at catering. We swore that he could give pointers to Boldt of the Waldorf or Muschenheim of the Astor. His connections went everywhere in the region; he could produce almost without notice chickens, turkeys, butter, eggs, trout, frog legs—all without excitement, though he was supposed to be hampered by a family of three boys and a girl, none ten years of age.

To the civilians of the post, Muller was the outstanding man at Niobrara. They might not know Colonel Gordon but they knew Muller! In addition, he was Father Confessor of his company, as Captain Wilhelm often said.

No matter what time a bunch of recruits arrived, Muller was on hand to lead them to a groaning table that, with its chickens and vegetables and cakes and jams and coffee, would have done credit to any hotel. While he fed them he made solicitous inquiries about their trip and congratulated them on joining the finest company in the finest regiment, until they felt as if they were among members of their own families.

When Muller saw a moping boy, showing the first signs of that deadly homesickness that so often led to desertion on the frontier, he would cook that young soldier his special dish and take him to his house to grind out tunes on the organette—*Annie Laurie, Old Folks at Home, I Had But Fifteen Cents*. By that time the youngster was pouring out his troubles and easing his soul. In four years Captain Wilhelm lost not one man from desertion—an amazing record that drew comment from the War Department. All this for pay of about \$17.50 the month, plus occasional contributions from grateful housekeepers who recognized genius!

The Army's Hall of Fame includes Mullers, as well as Pershings, Howzes, Marches, and like Generals of world renown.

That spring, while on brief leave in Roswell, proving up my timber claim, I heard amazing news: Hodgson, who had married Mrs. Cruse's sister, had been appointed Captain and Quartermaster. This was an immense jump for an officer of less than thirteen years' service, in that day. Nor, with all credit to Hodgson, did the advancement come because of his very real abilities. He had served as Regimental Adjutant of the Sixth Cavalry during the recent Sioux troubles, then as Aide to Carr until the General's retirement.

But his splendid record did not accomplish the promotion. It was the fact that both senators from his home state, Georgia, were close friends of Cleveland's Secretary of the Interior, Hoke Smith—also a Georgian—and *persona grata* with the President. On the morning that word reached Washington of the sudden death of a Captain Floyd, the Secretary of War submitted Hodgson's name for a Captaincy before outlying districts knew that a vacancy existed.

Returning from Roswell, I stopped at Leavenworth to congratulate him with all sincerity. But I felt very much outside of things, lacking as I did influential friends to keep my name before the Powers. Hodgson's was only one case of many. Every time I picked up a newspaper, it seemed that I read of someone three or four years my junior in service jumping ahead. All my Engineer classmates had achieved Captaincies by October, 1889. Now, the Infantry and Cavalry were attaining that rank. Even though I were promoted I could never overtake them. (I never did!)

In October the Sixth changed station. It was a decided change too. Two troops were skeletonized for economy's sake. Headquarters and four troops went to Fort Myer, Virginia. Four moved to Leavenworth. Two were sent to Yellowstone Park, and two were changed to Fort Snelling, Minnesota. It was my work to arrange transportation, then turn over stores and animals to the Regimental Quartermaster, Twelfth Infantry, McCarthy. We had one of the finest wagon trains in the Army, twenty-two six-mule teams complete with wagons, covers, and every extra that years of frontier service suggested.

Myer was an ancient Civil War post, ready for abandonment when the Chicago strike riots of 1894 caused a

change of opinion in Washington. It was considered advisable to have troops near the capital, so a small appropriation was now granted for repairs, while an extensive building plan was being evolved. But living conditions, meanwhile, were miserable.

We enjoyed Washington, however. Secretary of War Lamont was particularly cordial to the Sixth.

The Army was then suffering a periodical upheaval. Among the new ideas was virtual elimination of transportation. We were told that, Indian troubles being over, the Army would never again need wagon trains—or could hire them from contractors when necessary. This would save much money.

We tried the scheme on summer maneuvers in what were certainly the fairest conditions. Several large transportation companies near Fort Myer had idle teams during August and September, just the time of our maneuvers. We made a contract for so many pounds, so many days, daily movement not to exceed twenty miles. Then we started.

The march was only to the Shenandoah Valley, and the roads were fair. But the wagons never got in until late at night, the horses (unaccustomed to long straightaway travel) died, the soldiers suffered, and the contractor returned with his train wrecked. He had lost a great deal of money.

But out of the fiasco we maneuvered a four-mule team and escort wagon for Headquarters and each troop. That was all we had when we entered the Spanish-American War. Meanwhile, half a dozen of the finest trains the Army ever saw were dissipated by orders. Wagons that cost two hundred dollars were sold to farmers for fifteen—and their stock were unable to pull them! Harness went for two

dollars which had cost forty. It was nothing less than a crime! Lack of those trains caused the Army endless trouble—and lives—when we got into camps, but the reformers and amateur economists had their way. Of course, they never suffered for their failures; the Army was the sacrificial goat.

In December, 1896, having become acquainted not only with Secretary of War Lamont but also with Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle and Senator Lindsay I was appointed Captain, Quartermaster Corps. It was not the vacancy I wanted, but even that had required endless effort on the part of my friends, and it was the best promotion I could expect.

January 1, 1897, saw me on temporary duty in Washington. Mrs. Cruse moved us a little ahead of time, so we were able to have all regimental officers from Fort Myers in for lunch on the first, at our new home on Hopkins Place near Dupont Circle. Our entertainment followed the Presidential Reception and preceded the Special Reception of Secretary Lamont at three o'clock in the afternoon.

I recall Lamont remarking to me on that occasion that he would have done many things otherwise and avoided many errors, if he had known the Army as well in the beginning as he had come to know it. That reminded me not too pleasantly of his inability to understand why—to me—one Captaincy was vastly preferable to another!

My special duty was restoration of Fort Washington, down the Potomac ten miles. The \$10,000 allotted me for the work was, as usual, about half the sum required. I remember meeting J. J. Morrow of the Engineers there, anxious to justify his recent promotion to First Lieutenant by making a record. His work was installing the huge

concrete emplacements for disappearing guns—some of the first ever put in. He was destined to become Brigadier General and Governor of the Canal Zone.

P. F. Gormley, a young and ambitious builder, was my foreman. With his tireless assistance—he served as boss carpenter, inspector, purchasing and employment agents—we achieved a record of our own in rehabilitating those abandoned quarters and barracks. I am confident that, today, the plumbing alone would cost more than my whole appropriation.

Gormley became Government Building Inspector through my enthusiastic recommendations, went into business for himself, made and lost his million, then began earning another after 1923.

“Remember the Maine!”

WHEN the restoration of Fort Washington was done, I received a pleasant surprise. Four months' leave was due me—and I got it. Mrs. Cruse had decided upon a European tour and had so planned it that our slender finances would stretch. We sailed from Baltimore June 10, 1897, on the North German-Lloyd steamer, bound for Bremen.

We were fortunate in going when we did. The Spanish-American War duties that lay before me would have made it impossible to get long leave for years after 1897. Then, too, the boys were at the impressionable age; thanks to the invaluable Henty books they knew the romantic, adventurous history of just about every place on our schedule, and informed us concerning the relics of famous and infamous persons and events.

It was an unforgettable trip for us: From Bremen to Hanover to Berlin to Dresden we went—but James had contracted malaria at Fort Myer and every so often an attack would alarm us. So we turned aside to Partenkirchen on the ancient Roman road from Italy into Germany, having seen Carlsbad and Munich. At the sanatorium of the noted Dr. Behrend three weeks cured James—for life—of his malaria; so we went on.

Zurich, Lucerne, Interlaken; Baden-Baden and Heidelberg and Weisbaden and Hamburg—crowded with notables. Then down the Rhine by boat from Mainz to

Cologne—comfortable, pleased with everything. But our time was getting short; we caught the Express for Paris through Aix; stopped a week at the Pension Glatz, Victor Hugo's Parisian home. London by way of Dieppe and Newhaven, to a comfortable little hotel on Oxford Street. From Dover to Ostend—brilliant, gay, in those good times; and Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam. We stayed to the last possible moment in Holland, then rushed to Bremen and our steamer home. There was a storm in the North Sea, and it stayed with us almost to the American coast. But home we came at last.

Sawtelle was the new Quartermaster General. When I reported back, he had a job for me: The Department had decided to install a sanitary water and sewer system in Key West Barracks, which had been abandoned because of yellow fever. The joker was that no contractor would undertake the work for the money available. They all said that it was impossible at the price—so I must go down and do it.

Mrs. Cruse stayed in Washington with the boys, and Quartermaster Clerk Henry Nichols and I went down. We rigged a sort of "jack-leg" sewer system that worked perfectly, but our fresh water supply insisted upon remaining brackish, because of infiltration of salt water through the porous coral rock. The old rain-water cisterns—always a source of danger—had to be retained. But we improved them greatly.

Over in Cuba the Spanish were oppressing the natives, and Key West was jampacked with refugees. We became experts on the situation; we knew when the Insurgents won or lost a skirmish; we could say *Viva Cuba Libre!* with the best of them. But in spite of our great sympathy for them and our dislike of Spanish tyranny, intervention

or involvement of any kind was the furthest thing from our minds.

Then, in January, 1898, the *U.S.S. Maine* dropped anchor off Fort Taylor, where we were installing some new-fangled gun emplacements. She was a wonderful ship in our eyes, if by today's standards she would seem no more than a little cruiser. Her length over all was 324 feet, her beam 57 feet, her displacement 6,650 tons. She could make 17 knots and carried four 12-inch guns in two turrets, six 6-inch guns, seven 6-pounders and some dozen of smaller pieces. Her complement was 26 officers, 328 men. She was quite new—less than three years old.

Captain Sigsbee and his officers made a grateful addition to our Army and Navy colony. The night before she sailed for Havana, Captain Sigsbee had Captain Merrill and me, with Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens and two or three others, aboard for dinner. If he had any premonition of coming tragedy, certainly he failed to show it.

But at 9:40 P. M., February 15, while she lay moored to Buoy Four in Havana harbor, she was blown up. At Key West we who had dined on her stood at the landing place, watching the old *Olivette* come in with the disheveled remnants of officers and men, waiting with vehicles hastily gathered to carry the wounded to our quarters and barracks at the post. Of her complement, 260 were killed or died of their wounds. Two of these were officers.

It was midnight when we had finished attending the sailors. We gathered at our mess for bath and supper and there, from Lieutenant Blow and Lieutenant Boyd—whose classmate and roommate, Jenkins, was among the dead—and the others, we had the story of the disaster from varying angles. Even then, the officers were certain that no accidental explosion of the magazines was responsible;

that a submarine mine had wrecked the *Maine*. Subsequent evidence before the Court of Inquiry bore out this first opinion; but whether Spaniard or Cuban placed that mine is unknown to this day.

What we realized that night was that war with Spain was certain, for everybody believed the Spanish guilty of this murderous attack upon a vessel engaged in a good-will mission. We discussed our military situation pro and con, and when at three we went to bed, all were very serious. The United States was in no way prepared to wage war, even with poverty-stricken Spain.

We had just adopted a modern rifle, the Krag-Jorgensen, but had received barely enough weapons for our regular Army—nominally 25,000 men. We had no reserves of guns or ammunition. We were working slowly at the fortification of our main seaports and had modern guns for about half of them. Only a few of these were actually mounted and ready for action with even ten rounds per gun. Our wagon transportation—even that necessary for the little regular Army—had been sold off. All told, we had about five pack trains; at least a hundred such would be needed merely for Cuban operations.

As for our Navy, while modern, it was actually inferior ship for ship to the Spanish, until the brand-new battleship *Oregon* could be brought around Cape Horn from San Francisco. New Englanders had good cause to fear a sudden assault upon their coast by an enemy fleet. It was entirely unprotected by batteries or mines, and our fleet was too small to protect the whole Atlantic shoreline.

As soon as the newspapers reported the American public's reaction to the *Maine* destruction, I concluded that neither President McKinley nor Congress could withstand the pressure for intervention in Cuba, whether or

not that led to war. So it seemed to me that I had better rush my work at Key West and stand available for active duty. By the latter part of March the job was finished. I turned over to the post Commander and asked further orders.

Promptly, I was instructed to return to Washington. But a confidential order was inclosed, directing me to make personal inspection of Fort Morgan, near Mobile, and Fort Screven, near Savannah. I was to note carefully the progress made on gun emplacements and mounting of guns; and to consider facilities for housing the garrisons intended to man those guns.

At Fort Morgan I found my old Academy instructor, Captain W. T. Rossell, Engineers. He was working furiously to get his work done, expecting an emergency. Two guns out of six were mounted, a couple more were on the ground and his mine casements were ready. When I asked about experts to handle the guns, he said:

"If they will permit me to enlist these laborers now on the work, then give me a month to drill them, I will guarantee to hold this place against all comers!"

At Savannah matters were going very slowly. Concrete was being poured on the emplacements; one was about finished, and it stuck up on the sand spit like a three-story house, for the sand revetments had not been placed. The officer in charge did not believe that he could possibly be ready for action within six months.

After war was actually declared, some mines were planted and artillery protection of a sort arranged. But this was only to prevent a sudden assault by small craft and even more to allay the fears of the people. Actually, Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile were all totally unprotected against a Spanish fleet during the entire war.

In Washington the Quartermaster General was intensely interested in my verbal report. He instructed me to submit it in writing immediately, then hold myself in readiness for any sudden assignment to duty. For it seemed inevitable that war would come, no matter what President McKinley might do to avoid it.

At last, I went home, to find the family well and the whole city excited over the prospect of war. This was March 29. The night before, Fred and James, along with young Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt and a couple of hundred other boys, had started to smash all the windows of the Spanish Legation about two blocks away. Only the arrival of a large police patrol, especially sent to guard the house, saved the Spanish glass.

Mules and Majority

APRIL 3 the Quartermaster General sent for me. When I reported, he took me in to see General R. A. Alger, the Secretary of War. Several important-looking gentlemen were discussing wagon transportation with the Secretary and he said to one:

“Mr. Studebaker, I wish you would get busy and turn me out about two hundred six-mule wagons and a thousand escort wagons. Just as soon as possible! Say—within two months.”

“I couldn’t agree to turn out two hundred six-mulers in a year,” Clem Studebaker answered. “When you people sold off all your big wagons, some two years ago, we used up all our stock. Now, we have neither material nor machinery to make them.”

I thought regretfully of our beautiful trains, which were not costing the Government a cent at the time, which could have been kept in storage until needed! But they had been practically given away because of a foolish idea of economizing. That blunder cost not only money, but lives, before we were done.

General Alger had been told of my varied experience with pack trains. He asked a great many questions, then wound up by saying that he wanted to form twenty pack trains of seventy-five packs each. I was to go at once to St. Louis, report to Colonel G. C. Smith, and arrange for

purchase of these pack and riding mules. He laughed and said:

“You had better buy good ones, too, for you’ll probably go to Cuba with them!”

I was leaving and I turned at the door.

“Yes?” General Alger said.

“I’d like to regard that as a promise, Mr. Secretary,” I told him.

“All right,” he answered. “Good luck to you.”

This was the first intimation I had that we were really preparing for war. Actual declaration was made April 25 by Congress, stating that war had existed since the twenty-first. By that time the American fleet at Key West had been ordered to blockade Havana. On the twenty-third the *Nashville* of that fleet captured a Spanish merchantman. But I was in St. Louis, buying mules, when these things happened.

Unprepared as we were for war, we seemed to get every break. In the matter of transportation, we were particularly fortunate. Prior to 1898 our best customers for fine mules were Cuba and the South African states. They absorbed about 8,000 “sugar” mules annually. But I discovered that for three years Cuba had purchased none, owing to the insurrections. Africa had bought very few, because of the Jameson Raid and other troubles. Even our domestic demand had been smaller by 30 per cent more than a year, on account of the Panic of 1897.

As a result, when I appeared at East St. Louis, mule mart of the world, announcing authority to purchase without advertising, to take as many as a dealer might have and—best of all!—to make immediate payment, the dealers swarmed around. They offered the highest quality at prices unprecedentedly low. General officers were to

report that they had never seen such excellent transportation during or since the Civil War.

I know that when the Spanish-American War was over and surplus mules, the least desirable, were disposed of, mules purchased by me at \$122 a head brought on the block after two years' service \$165 a head. All told, I bought about twenty-five thousand head. This brought me the title of Mule Man of the Army. The dealers meant it respectfully, but my family and some Army friends did not think so much of it.

My staff and I chose mules strictly in accordance with specifications. It stood to reason that in many cases we got animals that profited the dealer no more than two dollars a head. So if he could slip in just three or four which were a little doubtful, which had cost him around \$80 a head, for our price of \$120, that carload would even up into a good profit.

Somewhere, Kipling remarks that people have very little interest "in generals sweating even to baldness over details of commissariat" or words to that effect. Dr. Ed Farrell, the veterinarian, Clerk Nicholls, and I were each sweating in that way—though I had hope of field service.

The dealers tried none of the usual flimflams on me. They appreciated our prompt payments and understood my statement that we had no time to waste, guarding against sharp practices; that when I thought they were being tried, we would simply blacklist that firm. But, human nature being what it is, they did finally edge prices upward. All along the line, one day, mules were offered us at \$142 a head. This was a large increase in price.

I made no objection; I simply did not buy. They sat back waiting for us to accept the inevitable, but by the next day my outfit and I were on the road to North Texas.

There I bought twelve hundred mules, as fine as I had ever seen, for \$118 a head. Most of these I shipped directly to New Orleans and Tampa, but for moral effect it seemed good tactics to route twelve cars via St. Louis to Chattanooga. We had to unload them at St. Louis for watering and feeding and, all day, the corral fence was lined with dealers. They were astonished at the quality and the price, and we resumed business at normal prices.

Captain Von Schrader, ex-Apache Scouts man, was fitting out the pack trains at Jefferson Barracks, then shipping them with packers to Tampa and Mobile. Meanwhile, in May, the War Department allotted a number of volunteer commissions to the Quartermaster Corps. This was necessary, in order to provide officers for the Corps in our enlarged Army. The commissions ranged from Colonel down to Captain, with eight Majorities. It was stipulated that the upper grades should go to experienced officers already in the Corps. Mrs. Cruse began to work, in Washington. Entirely through her diplomatic efforts, my name was confirmed on May 12, and I retained this commission until legal expiration May 1, 1901. She was the most able representative I could have had, as I told her at the time.

Mid-June brought rumors of intended operations against the Spanish in Cuba. Truth of these was indicated by concentrations of troops at Tampa and Mobile. So I wrote the Quartermaster General, reminding him of the Secretary's promise concerning active service in the field. He replied that I would be used where my services were most needed.

"Buy five thousand more mules!" he concluded.

When the Shafter expedition against Santiago sailed from Tampa, June 14, 1898, taking several of my pack

trains, I was depressed. But my friends assured me that I would certainly go with what was regarded as the main expedition—that against Havana. General Blanco held that city with the main body of the Spanish, and all of us expected a hotly contested campaign. So when I was ordered from St. Louis to Chickamauga, for duty as Chief Quartermaster of General J. P. Sanger's Second Division, First Army Corps, I expected quick movement.

The condition of the camps and the number of men on sick list and the depressed morale shocked me. But with everyone working hard, these conditions improved slowly. However, the medical authorities recommended distribution of the various units, and our Division was sent to Lexington, Kentucky. There I worked night and day, getting shelter and supplies for an outfit that increased from eight regiments to sixteen; from a Division to a Corps. General J. P. Breckenridge commanded, for a time.

Meanwhile, events in Cuba blasted my hope for fighting duty there. General Shafter landed at Daiquiri, sixteen miles southeast of Santiago, June 22. General Joseph Wheeler, with a force of regulars and the Rough Riders under Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt, attacked and beat the Spanish at Las Guasimas on June 24. Shafter brought on the remainder of his army, and on July 1 my old friends of Apache days, Chaffee and Lawton, now Generals, made a furious attack upon El Caney, while General Hawkins and Roosevelt with the Rough Riders took San Juan Hill. The Spanish forces were hurled back.

Shafter pushed on to attack Santiago, and Admiral Cervera came out to fight the American fleet on July 3. He was literally blasted out of water by the superior American gunnery, losing every ship. July 16 the Spanish

General Toral surrendered some 22,000 men and the city of Santiago to Shafter. General Nelson Miles descended upon Puerto Rico. But peace negotiations stopped all operations August 13. Actually, the Spanish-American War was over.

With us of the First Corps, even the peace-commission activities stopped nothing. The United States was demanding cession of the Philippines in addition to other territory, and the Spanish were objecting violently. We continued organization.

In October General James H. Wilson, the Union Cavalryman of Civil War fame, relieved General Breckenridge. I had succeeded Colonel Marshall as Acting Corps Quartermaster, and Generals Breckenridge and Sanger had recommended me for step up to Lieutenant Colonel and permanency in the job. The Quartermaster General had approved this.

But when General Wilson appeared, he brought along my old acquaintance, Aleshire, as Corps Quartermaster. Both Wilson and Biddle, his aide, seemed very much surprised to find me there. Wilson had come in from Puerto Rico to take command of the First Corps and, noting that Colonel Marshall was ill, but having no information concerning me, he had discussed with Biddle the matter of a Corps Quartermaster.

Biddle told me that, on the train between New York and Washington, Wilson had asked him to suggest some live young man of the regulars, to be named Corps Quartermaster as soon as they reached the capital. So Biddle got out his Army Register (which for 1898 did not show the Volunteers) and looked down the list. When he came to Aleshire's name he mentioned him as a good prospect. He did not notice my name, which was four below Aleshire's. He had no idea that as a Volunteer Major I was actually

acting as Corps Quartermaster. But—Aleshire put on the silver leaf, and I served under him!

Hugh L. Scott, our Adjutant General—later Major General and Chief of Staff—also lost out on the silver leaf. He and I held a real Lodge of Sorrow for two or three days, but consoled ourselves with the thought that it was kismet and kept busy.

To anticipate, I helped Scott over a rough place a few months later and he never forgot it. So, when several other Colonels were giving me the race of my life in 1917, for Brigadier, he called me quietly into his office one day and, as Chief of Staff, told me not to worry; I would get the Star.

We were kept occupied during the rest of 1898 discharging and transferring troops.

Army of Occupation

SO MANY deaths occurred from pneumonia that the Department at last ordered the Corps to southern Georgia. Hugh Scott and I had an enormous amount of work in connection with the movement and the work of whipping into shape what was intended to be a Cuban Army of Occupation. In Columbus, Georgia, the family joined me and we had a pleasant winter.

By January, 1899, General Sanger and part of the occupation forces were gone, and from then on our forces disintegrated by discharge or transfer to Cuba. In February I went to Bonham, Texas, on a mule deal and joined my family in New Orleans, in time to see the Mardi Gras. In March, Corps Headquarters were abolished. General Ludlow went as Governor of Havana and took Scott as assistant.

Then I served as Transport Quartermaster on the worthless old *Ingalls*, detailed to carry Secretary Alger and a party of notables—all men—on inspection around Cuba and Puerto Rico. The history of our mishaps with that limping wreck would fill a book. Mrs. Cruse and the boys went with me from Brooklyn to Savannah but the *Ingalls* in a storm was too much for them. James, a good sailor, stayed with me, and we got the party over to Cuba.

In Havana it was pleasant to have dinner with General Chaffee. We carried along one of the naval officers who

had been in the fight with Cervera, and with the hulks of the Spanish squadron before us, he described the battle. Leonard Wood was then Governor of Santiago and he personally guided the Secretary's party over the battle-fields of El Caney and Santiago. James and I were invited by General Alger to go on all these expeditions.

From Cuba we went to Puerto Rico, where the Secretary had the doubtful pleasure of reading New York papers and finding himself viciously attacked for—among a thousand other things—junketing in luxury at the Government's expense. If some of those editors had been forced to travel on the *Ingalls*, I am sure that their tune would have changed quickly! But General Alger was attacked as few Secretaries of War have ever been; blamed for everything that was wrong with the Army—and unjustly blamed, for he was one of the most hard-working of public servants. He tired of it, finally, and resigned that year.

While the *Ingalls* was in Puerto Rico, Mrs. Cruse and Fred had a chance to slip over for a look at Cuba. They came near to being caught in Havana by an epidemic of yellow fever but at last got safely out. This was the last plague of that terrible disease in Cuba, for my old friend Major Walter Reed, of Fort Apache, went to Havana with his corps, and their experiments and practices utterly routed the fever. Reed gained undying and most deserved fame by the work.

In June I went to San Juan, Puerto Rico, as Depot Quartermaster. Fred and I went down on the *McClellan* as family advance guard. George W. Davis was Governor General, and Colonel John L. Clem was Chief Quartermaster. I was delighted to get quarters in the famous old Casa Blanca, palace and fortress of Ponce de León. The

palace had just been overhauled and equipped with American plumbing, cooking ranges, and the like. Mrs. Cruse came down a couple of weeks later and she always said that the Casa Blanca gave us the most romantic and comfortable quarters we ever had. As citadel of the defenses, it stood 200 feet above high tide, offering views of bay, ocean, and mountains; and it was pleasantly cool at all seasons of the year.

My work was being in charge of the Depot and water transportation. There was plenty to do, shipping surplus troops home. Only Colonel De Russey's Eleventh Infantry and Colonel Rafferty's Fifth Cavalry remained as garrison. The days passed quickly until March, 1900. In that month came the terrible hurricane, worst in island history, that caused the loss of two thousand lives and millions in property.

It was raging at seven in the morning and when at eight I tried to get out of the walled inclosure, to go to my office on the docks, the terrific wind drove me back. Mrs. Cruse was ill with dengue fever, and her bedroom was actually awash. We moved her to a dry storeroom—and just in time. Two or three of the immense wooden shutters, heavy enough to resist rifle bullets, were blown in like sheets of cardboard, iron fastenings snapping. Cascades of water came in, to rush down the tiled stair in a torrent. This continued until three that afternoon, when the storm abated and we could communicate, office to office, to begin taking stock.

San Juan had suffered no loss of life, and its property damage could readily be repaired. But from other points the tales of distress poured in. Playa de Ponce, with 1,200 people, was completely wiped out by a huge tidal wave. Every coffee plantation on the island was destroyed, the

people left homeless and foodless. Our fine roads and bridges were washed away.

My tug, the *Slocum*, was returning from Mayagüez with two barges in tow when the hurricane struck her. Two days after the storm ended we had not heard from her and feared the worst. But she came limping in finally, having lost her tow and been blown clear to Haiti. Only the marvelous seamanship and heroic efforts of First Officer Tingle saved the barge crews. She was a wreck above water—smoke pipe gone, boats ripped away, superstructure razed.

Aid came quickly from the United States, and we began the herculean task of feeding and caring for more than 200,000 absolutely impoverished people for six months, until a food crop could be raised. Governor Davis proved himself an administrative genius. He worked out an efficient relief system, whereby the Puerto Ricans would be fed and clothed and still not degenerate into permanent paupers. A plan of exact accountability made it possible to follow every pound of codfish—staple diet of the natives—flour, corn meal, bacon, and other foods, with every old hat or dress or suit of clothes, from the dock to the named recipient.

Mrs. Cruse and other ladies of the Woman's Relief Society did wonders. She worked twelve and fourteen hours a day for the four months of emergency. As for me, she claimed that the only topic of conversation in our house was "beans, bacon, and *Borrenquin*," the last being my decrepit 50-ton steamer which carried stores to island ports. Each time the *Borrenquin* put out it was with my prayer that she make just this one more voyage!

Road construction and other public works were authorized, to keep the natives employed in their own dis-

tricts. Otherwise they would have flocked to the towns and become pauperized. Actually, the hurricane was in one way a blessing. These people for two centuries had gone from childhood to old age half starved. Now, for the first time, they got ample rations, regularly. Too, Captain B. K. Ashford and other young surgeons, hunting the causes of anaemia, ran down the hookworm and thus, incidentally, helped our own people in the South.

In June we began to hear alarming rumors about the Boxer uprising in China. The Department ordered still more troops out of Puerto Rico, where few were needed, for service either in China or the Philippines. My interest in the subject was increased when I read that General Chaffee would command the American force going out and that General Humphrey was slated as his Chief Quartermaster. I began to work harder than ever on relief.

In July a cablegram came to Governor Davis asking how soon I could be relieved for duty with Chaffee's force. Davis replied "not for a month or so," but said nothing to me about the inquiry. Ten days later he had another cablegram requesting my relief at the earliest possible moment. This time he sent for me and asked the status of our relief activities, telling me of the cablegrams. I promised to finish within ten days—and did. We got away, leaving San Juan with very real regrets. But by the time we reached New York, in August, the expedition had sailed. Once more Aleshire got the billet I might have had. It was a long time before I forgave Governor Davis for not telling me of the first cablegram and giving me a chance to hurry.

The Department ordered me to Manila as Depot Quartermaster, and at first this pleased me not at all. Out of the whole Quartermaster Corps no more than eight

officers had been out of the United States. Of these, only one man had been out longer than myself. But Mrs. Cruse was willing, so I made no objection. We took a month's leave, visited Kentucky and Pagosa Springs and other Colorado points. In Denver a telegram came ordering me to rush to San Francisco and take charge of the Army Transport *Leelanaw* and a consignment of horses and mules for Manila. So I went one way, the family the other. They could not accompany me, as the *Leelanaw* had no cabin accommodations.

This worked out most pleasantly for them as, in October, they sailed from New York on the *Kilpatrick*, through the Suez Canal, getting a look at Gibraltar, Malta, Cairo, Aden, Colombo, with pleasant company and fair accommodations. My trip was to be vastly different.

Transpacific 1900

THE GOVERNMENT had been very unfortunate in its shipments of livestock to the Orient. Two months before my arrival in San Francisco the *Siam*, carrying four hundred mules, had run into a storm and lost two thirds of her cargo. The Board of Survey had blamed this loss upon flimsy stalls. So the *Leelanau* shipment was ordered fitted out with special care.

Colonel Oscar Long, Depot Quartermaster, was an acquaintance of mine of long standing—we had been at the Academy and elsewhere together. He explained the situation to me, then I went with some trepidation to report to the Department Commander. This was Major General Shafter of Santiago fame, whom I had first known—and far from favorably—at Fort Grant in the eighties, as Colonel of the First Infantry.

Shafter had been the terror of his subordinates—a rough, harsh commander. During the Spanish-American War, despite his successes in Cuba, the newspapers had lampooned and caricatured him as almost no other officer of our country has been. The attacks ceased only when he was made Major General of the regular Army and assigned to the Department of the Pacific.

My surprise was enormous when I blundered into him in a corridor, a big, fat man, and he pumped my hand and drew me into his office to inquire about Mrs. Cruse, the

boys, and myself most cordially. Apparently success had softened him. He was friendliness personified during my stay in San Francisco.

For three weeks, Colonel Long and I worked at the stock fittings of the *Leelanaw*. When we finished, we had good reason to believe that everything proved best for animal transport was in our arrangements. Each horse and mule had a padded stall. The system of watering and feeding was machinelike. We had a veterinarian and fifty teamsters to care for the shipment.

On sailing day the Dock Superintendent put aboard a deckload of wagons, and he and I engaged in a furious argument. At last I forced him to remove them, for they made the vessel dangerously topheavy. As we pulled out from the pier the ship's commander leaned over the bridge rail and called to an ancient mariner there:

"Well, Uncle Jimmy, how about typhoons? Think we'll hit one?"

The old salt spat and said:

"Well, pretty late for 'em. But if you *do* catch one, she'll be a humdinger!"

We had a fairly smooth sea outside the Golden Gate, but a strong northerly wind shook the animals up more than I liked. So the Captain turned southwest to ease the strain, and we ran out of the breeze two days later. From that time until we made Honolulu the sea was like a mill-pond. We lost one mule in 2,000 miles, which constituted a record. By judicious feeding of half ration, with frequent bran mashes, the mules were put in better condition than when they were loaded after a hard rail trip from Utah and Idaho.

At Honolulu we took the animals ashore for ten days' rest. When we reloaded and stood out again, with the band

playing us "Aloha Oe" from the dock, men and animals both were in good condition. But there were no hardships; the Pacific was smooth, and in that "flying fish weather" one day seemed exactly like another. At last we sighted a forbidding black peak that reared 500 feet above the encircling ocean and the Captain, giving its name, said that we were three days from Manila.

This was about noon and I am sure that I never looked around upon a more placid scene in my life. We continued past the sullen rock and at five-thirty went below to dinner. The Captain was ten minutes late. He sat down nervously, ate his soup, then muttered an excuse and got up abruptly, to go back to the bridge. He was soon back and as his meat course was put before him, he said:

"Major, I suggest that you have your men stand by and see that every mule is secure in his stall. I've never seen anything like it: The mercury is dropping clear to the bottom of the barometer. It looks like a big storm."

I went up for a look and, if the Captain had not told me about the falling barometer, I never would have thought of a change in weather. The sun was setting upon a sea perfectly smooth; the air was pleasant; there was absolutely nothing to indicate to a landsman that trouble was brewing. But I sent my men to their stations and they took extra precautions to protect the animals.

Suddenly—well, it was as if a black curtain had been dropped over the sun. An unearthly roar sounded, coming over the sea from every direction at once; coming from the sky. Before seven we were in the vacuum of the inner circle of one of the worst typhoons ever recorded in the Orient. Only a Conrad could describe it. We were tossed like a chip. We rolled; we pitched; we did both at once. The wind, with velocity of 110 miles an hour, took the

tops from the waves and hurled them through the air. It was like being submerged; water was everywhere. Within the first half-hour every horse and mule was dead, either drowned or smashed in its stall.

At nine I managed to crawl to the bridge. The Captain and Second Officer were lashed to stanchions, backing the man at the wheel. The Captain kept muttering:

"Damn her! She won't come around. Damn her! She *won't* come around!"

He called down the speaking tube to the Engineer:

"Give her everything you've got! If we don't get out of this vortex, into a bigger circle, we'll go down."

A few minutes later, the Engineer reported that two of his firemen had been thrown against their hot firebox doors and crippled. We sent down some volunteer coal passers from among the teamsters. They shoveled furiously and the *Leelanau* fought her way out of the vortex. The Captain looked at me, then pointed to the barometer.

"Look there," he said. "What do *you* read?"

In the glow of the standing lamp over the instrument the figures showed plain, if they meant very little to me.

"Twenty-seven point ninety," I read, then looked for explanation.

"Exactly!" he agreed soberly. "Once, tonight, we saw it standing at less than twenty-six. I wanted you to see it. For if we ever do get ashore and tell of those readings, we'll just be put down as colossal liars. People *know* that such things simply can't happen!"

We seemed to spend ages in that crazy tumult of wind and water. But, actually, the wind slackened around ten-thirty. By midnight the *Leelanau* was not lurching so badly, though it was still rough enough as we struggled through the broken waves. At daylight we found our-

selves seventy miles off-course with a rising sea. The ship would lift upon a mountainous wave, then seem to dive headlong into the trough beyond, as if she had been pushed bow on from a cliff. Thousands of tons of water swept us from stem to stern with each plunge downward; everything that could be carried away was swept from the deck. Each time we dived, it seemed that we would not—could not—rise again.

From the beginning of the typhoon, the First Officer and two of his best men stood by the hand steering gear below the bridge. Near noon I heard a terrific crash and voices lifting in sharp commands. The steam steering gear had failed at last, with every cog of its quadrant stripped. But the First Officer and his men at the hand wheel were ready. As the *Leelanau* began to swing around broadside to an enormous wave which would have rolled the ship over, they straightened the rudder and kept us headed into it.

By one o'clock the sun was out, and before the afternoon wore away the heat was oppressive. Our dead horses and mules began to smell, but when we tried to jettison some of the carcasses, the continued high sea made all hoisting impossible. We had to wait another day.

The typhoon was a record breaker in many ways, and it was really miraculous that we weathered it. Starting on the west coast of Japan, it took more than two thousand lives ashore and on the fishing fleet—which was virtually wiped out. It swept the east coast of Formosa, causing much loss of life. On Northern Luzon much property was damaged and some were killed. Continuing, it struck the Ladrone (Mariana) Islands and at Guam wrecked the American cruiser *Charleston* and nearly all native shipping.

In Manila the authorities became very anxious about

the *Leelanaw* and at last gave us up. We were six days upon that last "three days'" leg of our passage.

When we came to hoist our dead cargo from the stalls, we found animals with broken necks and broken backs and otherwise mangled; some were drowned. But our special stalls and fittings were intact, to prove that the disaster had been caused by nothing that human precaution and skill might have circumvented.

As we cleared the ship, someone yelled excitedly that one mule was still alive. The Veterinarian and a swarm of assistants rushed to a fore-peak stall to this sole survivor. He was doctored and petted and watched by all hands. Five days after the typhoon he got to his feet and nibbled at hay. As we rounded Corregidor, standing into Manila Bay, he was standing. But just as the anchor dropped, so did the mule—stone dead. Post-mortem showed that his entrails were badly ruptured; the marvel was that he had lived even a day. But the Manila papers, hearing only the first of that account, played up our single survivor. It was stated facetiously that the most expensive mule ever seen in the Orient—perhaps the whole world—had just been landed with ceremony and the shouts of the multitude, a \$350,000 mule! In reality we simply swung him overboard and I landed never a mule.

The story was broadcast over the entire East, along with descriptions of the typhoon. Newspapers in Hong-kong, Singapore, Shanghai, Tokyo, Peking, made witty comments upon the mule that cost a third of a million dollars. My old regiment, the Sixth Cavalry, was with General Chaffee in Peking. American transportation had roused the admiration of English, French, German, and other countries' officers there. Now, these officers said to ours:

"No wonder you Americans have such magnificent transport: Look what you pay for mules!"

The *Kilpatrick* had just reached Colombo, Ceylon, when these stories appeared. Mrs. Cruse read of the typhoon and our narrow escape—and also of the mule. She and the boys and the transport passengers derived much amusement from the account. They pictured me, verbally, as sitting up on the *Leelanau*'s fo'cas'le beside my solitary mule, landing with him, marching beside him to the Governor's Palace to make my report; witty ones invented etiquette proper for such an occasion.

Like Queen Victoria, I was not amused. Our last two days at sea were spent in perfect weather. Had we been two days earlier or two days later, we would have known of the typhoon only upon arrival. Yet here we were—I thought time and again—coming in over a calm sea, without those mules. The mule ship sailing from San Francisco three days after the *Leelanau* stood in on time, reporting no sign of dirty weather during the whole passage. She did lose twenty-five animals from sickness, while our loss was only three.

The Board of Survey called upon us and exonerated me completely. I was complimented for the quality and nature of our fittings and handling. Too, the Captain remarked grimly to the Board that, if I had not forced the Dock Superintendent in San Francisco to take off his deckload of wagons, we would have turned turtle in the first terrific blast of the typhoon.

So I came out of both ordeals—the storm and the inquiry—far better than I had expected.

Island Army

MAJOR GENERAL Arthur McArthur was Governor General of the Philippines when I arrived in Manila. The Quartermaster Corps was headed by Major Crosby P. Miller, with title of Chief Quartermaster of the Islands. Under Miller were Chief Quartermasters for Northern and Southern Luzon and a Depot Quartermaster, Major J. T. Knight.

Knight had been very ill, and I was to relieve him. But he had convalesced during my passage out and looked good for the remainder of his tour of duty, expiring January 1, 1901. This pleased me, since I could travel about the Islands, familiarizing myself with conditions.

My start was made by going along the Dagupan Railway—the only line in the whole country then. Stops at Malolos, Angeles, Dagupan, and Lingayen permitted views of the scene of our operations in various campaigns under Lawton, Young, Lloyd Wheaton, Smith, Bell, and Funston. On those fields two old friends had been killed in action—Lawton and Stotsenburg.

The next trip carried me up the Pasig River into the Laguna de Bay, to Muntinlupa and Santa Cruz. Here the *insurrectos* were as active as so many wasps. At Santa Cruz they jumped a wagon train the day I was there. At Los Baños the garrison was in a state of constant siege, and every man slept upon his arms.

My return to Manila was made on the little *Napindan*, commanded by Captain J. J. O'Connell, who was as efficient as he was eccentric. Probably he was more hated and feared by the *insurrectos* than any other officer of our Army. Aboard the *Napindan* he patrolled Laguna de Bay and he had captured or sunk practically every *banca* which Aguinaldo's men tried to get across the lake with supplies and men. He had completely closed that channel of communications between the *insurrecto* forces of northern and southern Luzon. Boat and commander seemed to me unique.

A word about the general situation may not be amiss. In 1896, Emilio Aguinaldo, Filipino patriot, led an insurrection against the Spanish. He was finally defeated and, in 1897, shipped off to Hongkong with his principal followers, having been paid by the Spanish—and well paid!—to keep quiet. He was in China, looking for another opportunity, when we declared war on Spain. Admiral Dewey was ordered to pick up Aguinaldo and land him on Luzon to rouse the natives.

When Spain yielded the Philippines to the United States, Aguinaldo demanded that the Islands be set free. When this was refused, he shifted the target of his insurrection to the Americans. From February, 1899, to March, 1901, the *insurrectos* kept our Island Army busy. It was certainly busy during most of my time. We felt as if we were fighting wasps.

I reached Manila in early December, 1900, expecting to board a supply vessel for the southern islands and have a look at Iloilo, Samar, Zamboanga, and Jolo. But Knight had suffered a relapse, so serious that he was not expected to recover. Major Miller ordered me to take charge of the Depot. Knight was hurriedly packed for Hongkong. On

the twenty-second I saw him on a stretcher, waiting for a launch. He said feebly:

“Well, Tommy, old man! Do the best you can for me on the money and property. I have to transfer it to you sight-unseen.”

That constituted the formality of handing me more than seven millions in property, scattered from Aparri to Jolo, and some \$450,000 in gold and silver. For we had no designated depositories at the time; all bills were paid in cash.

A quick look around showed me that I had taken over the most exacting, far-reaching, responsible job of my life. For every man, animal, pound of food, foot of lumber, supplies of any kind, must pass through my office—first when it came to the Islands, next when it was distributed. I had forty-five ocean-going steamers and innumerable launches and lighters; a complete railway system; rations, clothing, wagon transportation, and other necessities pertaining to an Army actively campaigning against Aguinaldo in the North, Tineo and others in the South, Cailles in the Laguna District, and fighting a bitter, flaming war in Samar and Leyte. Then there was the Chinese Expedition, asking every so often for something or other.

We had taken over the railway from its British owners. But they held me responsible for every engine, car, rail—and tie and spike, I often thought! These would have to be accounted for when we returned the road later on.

Our health instructions solemnly cautioned us to remember that we were in the tropics. We must cultivate a placid disposition and establish regular habits of eating and relaxing. Particularly, after working hours, we should rest quietly.

Those pontifical instructions gave some of us a good

deal of wry amusement—when we had time to think of them. My Depot knew neither the beginning nor the end of office hours. Many and many a day I have gone to work at six in the morning and at eight that evening started home, only to be stopped short by a rush order from someone in the field, demanding supplies that must be got away immediately. On such occasions I turned back—and hoped to get away by daybreak.

The Depot could not be closed for inventory, so I never made one. I did count the gold coin, weigh the bags of silver and ruffle the bundles of thousand-dollar bills—the first I had ever seen. Also I cleared up Knight's *Account Current*, which helped. As for the property, I might very easily have gone mad with worry about it. But, breathing a pious hope that everything would turn out all right and the Auditor might forgive me, I signed Knight's *Property Return* without knowing whether I had a hundred blankets or a thousand times that many.

Our accounting system was far too cumbersome for an Army campaigning. We simply had to ignore it. During the World War we did far better: everything shipped to France was virtually counted as "issued" as soon as it reached the front. Nor did we lose by that. As a matter of fact, we did not lose in the Philippines, either. I stopped worrying about receipts for stores and concentrated on getting the articles sent as they were ordered.

When Mrs. Cruse and the boys arrived we rented a house owned by an *insurrecto* officer then in the field against us. The rent was \$100 a month "Mex," which translated is \$50 in "gold." In the Islands, the terms "Mex" and "gold" were used always to distinguish between the Philippine standard and our own. They were employed not merely in matters of money, but facetiously

designated other phases of life. For instance, an officer of Volunteers—or a regular officer holding Volunteer rank, as I did—was known as a “Mex’” Captain, “Mex’” Major. The officer holding his rank in the regulars was said to be “real,” not “Mex’” this or that.

The house was a wreck when I took it, but when thoroughly repaired and equipped with plumbing and sewer connections it proved most comfortable. A carriage and two spirited Filipino ponies, picked up from an officer going home, made life very pleasant for Mrs. Cruse. She never weakened in her affection for Manila; it never lost its charm for her.

Our Chinese Expedition, though it had been more tossed together for the emergency than systematically organized, proved an eye opener to the officers of other countries acting in common against the Boxers. Since Von Moltke’s time the British, French, and Germans had sneered at American soldiers. But when that grim veteran Chaffee appeared with his command, they gaped instead of sneered! He had magnificent transportation, superior to anything in the others’ experience; all his equipment was carefully chosen for efficiency. When the allied forces went into battle, the Americans moved with clocklike precision, every officer and man automatically performing his allotted duty, but salting the performance with a certain swinging recklessness. Back to various war ministries (I happen to know) went revised estimates of the United States Army!

Those of us in the Philippines got a tolerably complete and accurate picture of the whole Boxer affair from officers returning and, later, from General Chaffee and his staff after all was settled. Briefly, the militant Chinese society called Boxers began early in 1900 to spread antimissionary



Thomas Cruse, major and quartermaster, Manila, 1901.

feeling all over China, inciting the people to rise against all foreigners. The old Dowager Empress tried to check the Boxers, in the beginning, but presently she and the Manchu ruling element were on their side. Boxers murdered the German Minister in Peking and attacked other foreign legations. In the British Legation a couple of hundred foreigners took refuge and were besieged there.

English, American, German, French, Russian, and Japanese troops combined in a relieving force. In June, 1900, ships of the allied nations bombarded and razed the forts at Taku. Under British Admiral Seymour, a march on Peking began, but was not successful. Then the joint expedition moved. There was savage fighting at Tientsin, Peitsang, Yangtsun, and Peking before the allies hammered their way into the capital, to rescue the people beleaguered there, August 14, 1900. For more than a year afterward, until final settlement of the troubles, an allied garrison held Peking.

The city was divided into military zones. Each was policed by soldiers of a different country. General Chaffee drew the Sacred City and its environs, with the Russians occupying the adjoining section. When Chaffee surveyed his zone, he was amazed to find that the Court, when flying before the Allies, had left behind the Manchu treasure of gold bars—variously estimated at from eight millions to fifteen millions in value. Chaffee told me that it was the most astonishing sight of his life.

Both the Chinese and the Allies expected Chaffee to seize the treasure in accordance with military law, using it to defray some of the expenses of our campaign. Instead, he posted a sufficient guard over it and eventually turned it over intact to the Imperial Commissioner when he left Peking.

Also, he issued drastic orders for the behavior of his soldiers, forbidding any semblance of looting or maltreatment of Chinese. These instructions were scrupulously obeyed, for everyone knew that what "the Old Man" said he meant—and woe to the offender!

All the way to Peking, the Russians had been guilty of the most atrocious brutalities toward the Chinese. Every other command had been horrified and disgusted by Russian excesses. In Peking they showed at their worst. In their sector next the American they held orgies of rioting and looting and raping. Chaffee was furious, but helpless in the circumstances to do more than strengthen his guard line to keep them out of his district. He notified the Russian commander that in no circumstances would a Russian be permitted in the American zone.

For a time, there was no trouble. But when the Russians had stripped their sector of valuables and most of the Chinese women and children had taken refuge with the Americans, they began to edge toward Chaffee's line. One night hundreds of them rushed the American sentries, who promptly opened fire and killed and wounded several. Chaffee threw the Americans upon them, and the soldiers went at the business *con amore*. The Russians were flung back over the line battered and crippled.

One of Chaffee's aides, Ramsey, told me of going with the General and another aide to the Russian headquarters next morning. Ramsey said that he wondered what the Old Man was up to—for he was quiet and, with Chaffee, quiet indicated the calm before a hurricane. They walked into the Russian headquarters, and Chaffee, paying not the slightest attention to sentries or subordinates, shouldered through to face the Russian commander—who spoke English. Without formality, Chaffee burst out:

"You——! I told you to keep your murderous ruffians out of my sector. I ought to choke the life out of you, you——"

Ramsey said that he had never heard the Old Man in better form. Recalling, as I did, Captain Chaffee of the Sixth Cavalry in San Carlos, expressing his opinion of a crooked contractor, I was certain that Chaffee rebuking the Russian belonged among Army classics. He finished by remarking almost mildly:

"And if I ever catch you or one of your men on the American side of the line, I'll shoot you for the skunks you are!"

Not one word was said in answer or protest, then or later, by the Russians. Nor was there any more trouble!

General Chaffee came to Manila in June, 1901, to succeed McArthur as Commanding General in the Philippines. McArthur had also been Governor General, but William Howard Taft was to assume that office, and the military was to be subordinate to the civil government Taft would institute. With Chaffee came Quartermaster General Humphrey and the rest of the Chinese Expedition staff; behind the transport carrying them were the other transports with troops.

My office was feverishly busy unloading troops and supplies and "sorting" and distributing them. General Chaffee went immediately upon a tour of the Islands, taking his staff on the *Sumner*. He asked my boys to go along, and they made the entire trip with him. Both spoke Spanish fluently, having been taught in Puerto Rico and Manila.

Meanwhile, we sent the Ninth Infantry to Samar, a hotbed of insurrection still, despite the fact that Aguinaldo and his staff had been captured at Palawan by Freddy

Funston in March. The Sixth Cavalry went to Mindanao and Jolo, while the Fourteenth Infantry and auxiliary units were stationed around Manila.

We had to locate regular outfits coming from the States and get the Volunteers back to San Francisco, as by law they must be mustered out by the end of July. When the work was done I felt proud of the record made in handling those troops. Chaffee and Humphrey were highly complimentary.

July 4, 1901, Mrs. Cruse and I witnessed inauguration of civil government in Manila. Just a year before we had seen the same ceremonies in San Juan, Puerto Rico. It was a gala occasion. General McArthur was an excellent speaker and he talked well that day, winding up with his famous remark—and controversial:

“I leave the Islands peaceful, but not pacified!”

The inference was that he had squelched the insurrection, and Taft and Chaffee would find it easy to establish routine. As soon as he finished he walked out and went aboard his ship. He sailed that afternoon for San Francisco, ignoring the remainder of the ceremonies. It was an open secret that McArthur and Taft had no use for each other; and that the General had made Taft’s position humiliating upon several occasions.

This had an aftermath; Taft paid him back with interest a few years later when, as Secretary of War, he let Chief of Staff Lieutenant General McArthur proceed home to Milwaukee to await retirement, a full year before the event was due.

Taft made an eloquent speech, giving a summary of his instructions from President McKinley. The statements surprised many in the audience. Particularly, General Chaffee sat up. He gathered the impression—correctly or

otherwise—that he was stripped of all authority, even over his own soldiers. Thus began another conflict, between the strenuous Chaffee and the smiling, quietly stubborn Taft, which was to have far-reaching consequences in after times.

Life in Manila was exciting and interesting in those days. My assistant in charge of Land Transportation was Captain Archie Butt, destined to become President Taft's aide. Archie was one of the most delightful, witty, charming persons I ever knew. Two such dissimilar characters as Theodore Roosevelt and Taft fell under his spell, which is certainly proof of its quality.

Archie lived at the old Army-Navy Club, where all the gossip of all the Island affairs was hashed over; we depended upon him for "the inside" of events. One side of his character was not generally known, then or afterward: he was a devout churchman and every Sunday, in that wild, wide-open Oriental port of Manila, Vestryman Butt was present at services in the little Episcopal church in the Walled City. It was a good soldier, a rare man, a brave heart, that helped women and children to the life-boats of the *Titanic* in 1912, then stepped smilingly back to await his death.

“Peaceful—not Pacified”

GENERAL McARTHUR'S famous claim to have wrought peace in the Islands was not wholly justified in our experience after his going. Governor Taft, with Commissioners Wright, Ide, Worcester, and Moses, proceeded to inaugurate civil government throughout the Philippines. But the Army was constantly engaged in a clean-up, chasing here and there after small *insurrecto* bands which had not followed Aguinaldo's example of resignation. Particularly, Mindanao and Samar were still harassed by elusive and savage forces operating like Gerónimo's Apaches.

In September we were terribly shocked by news of the slaughter of Captain Connell and almost his entire company of the Ninth Infantry. Connell was stationed at Balanguiga, Samar. The Filipinos there protested the most ardent affection for American rule, and it would seem that both commander and men took these protestations at face value. The people were permitted to go and come at will about the troops.

On a Sunday morning the Filipinos went to their church near the barracks. As they gathered for early mass, the soldiers went to breakfast in a building used for mess hall, leaving their rifles in barracks. Natives moved about, standing near the sentries in apparently idle talk. The church bells rang and at that signal the Filipinos mobbed every sentinel, chopping them to pieces. Connell and his

two officers were killed in bed. Volleys were fired into the soldiers seated at their tables, killing or wounding most of them.

The survivors snatched up chairs or pulled legs from the tables and began to smash a way through the swarming Filipinos toward the barracks and their weapons. Some had only their fists to counter the heavy bolos which hacked at them, the guns which fired into their ranks at point-blank range. A handful reached the rifles, but they were so outnumbered that by nine o'clock only the Sergeant and four or five men survived. They had succeeded in getting two or three rifles and slipping into the bamboo jungle unnoticed. All were desperately wounded; some had been left for dead and managed to crawl away.

They found a boat and pushed off. Two died the next day, and when a Navy patrol happened upon them, all were unconscious. Three days later, through this rescue of survivors, Manila learned of the massacre. Chaffee and others of the Chinese Expedition had known Connell and virtually every man of his company. They felt the disaster as a personal tragedy.

Samar from earliest times had been intractable. Against the Spanish, against Aguinaldo and his brief *insurrecto* regime, against the Americans, the Samarites had rebelled. General Chaffee determined to take such steps on Samar that another outbreak would never occur.

First, a Navy patrol was organized. Several small gunboats under active and enthusiastic young lieutenants ringed Samar about, absolutely cutting off all communication with the neighboring islands of Masbate, Panay, and Leyte. It was claimed that the Navy did its work so efficiently that not a single *banca* managed to cross the straits after patrolling began.

For the punitive expedition Chaffee selected General "Jakey" Smith, an officer energetic and implacable, with Colonel Waller of the Marines to assist. Smith was given ample troops; Waller led a battalion of Marines. Like the Afghans of British India, the Samarites were to learn that "if the patience of Government were long as a summer day, its arm was as long as a winter night."

Smith and Waller landed. Then, for six long weeks, we heard nothing at all from Samar. The silence ended with General Smith's curt report: "Samar is subdued."

That Smith was hard-handed in Samar there is no question. But he dealt with a savage, treacherous, blood-thirsty people, and only drastic measures served at that time. Certainly Samar has been peaceful and prosperous ever since "the Six Weeks of Smith!"

It was very like the old Apache campaigns. When Smith and Waller were ordered before courts-martial, it was exactly like the old days of "damned if you do, double-damned if you don't." The Samarites poured their tale of cruelty and oppression suffered into the receptive ears of the civil government, which enthusiastically relayed it to Washington. The final result was that Smith was retired as Brigadier General in July, 1902, with Presidential reprimand "because of unnecessarily harsh orders given to his subordinates while commanding in Samar, Philippine Islands." This despite the fact that both Smith and Waller were acquitted of all charges by the courts.

It was all very unjust. General Chaffee never forgave Taft for his part in the affair. Years later, the breach was as wide as ever between them.

Colonel Miller was relieved as Chief Quartermaster by General Humphrey, who had served Chaffee in that position during the Chinese duty. Through various rearrange-

ments, my work was made lighter. But on June 1, 1901, all Volunteer commissions had expired; off had come my "Mex" oak leaves; Captain's bars had replaced them; down had come my pay. Not until an officer died in Washington, in July, 1902, did I make "real" Major.

Reorganization of the Army in July, 1901, had furnished us a rearranged Army List that was a seven days' wonder. Bell, Funston, and Leonard Wood appeared as Brigadiers. Bell and Wood had made the almost unprecedented jump* from Captain. Funston held only Volunteer rank, so he was virtually made from civil life.

It seems to me that the Army in general was satisfied with the appointments of Bell and Funston. The first had a record of dashing and successful campaigns; the second had topped many deeds of bravery in battle by his daring capture of Aguinaldo and the *insurrecto* staff. But Wood was made Brigadier General from the Medical Corps! The old-timers, the Civil War veterans, objected violently to him. They tried unsuccessfully to block his promotion in 1901 and again, even more furiously, when he was nominated Major General in 1903. Personally, I regarded him as a man of the most outstanding character and ability, one who had rendered unusual services to the country. I knew him well, for while we were around Washington and he served in the Medical Corps, he was virtually our family physician.

Adjutant General Corbin came out on a tour of inspection and was royally entertained—by us, among others. When he went on to Shanghai, Mrs. Chaffee, Mrs. Cruse, and the boys were his guests on the *Sumner*. It was at about this time that we received the word of President

*Custer was elevated from First Lieutenant to Brigadier General of Volunteers during the Civil War—without examination!

McKinley's assassination by Czolgosz the anarchist and Theodore Roosevelt's assumption of the Presidency. General Corbin hurried back to Washington.

In September, 1901, we sent Fred back to the States, to enter St. Luke's School, near Philadelphia.

The crowded, eventful year closed with the first big dinner of the Carabao Club. This unique organization had been founded during the year, in a spirit of good-humored ridicule of Chaffee's returned "Chinesers," who were showing a great deal of swank and side. They, with some British officers and a few selected officers of the other Boxer Expedition allies, had organized the Dragon Society, to promote good fellowship during the Peking occupation of 1900-01.

The Dragons had a button and very ornamental badge and showed themselves inordinately proud of themselves. They gave a couple of delightful dinners, rather on the order of the Gridiron Club of Washington. We in Manila had no such organization and felt very much out of things.

Then Benny Randolph with his messmates Scriver and Stevens—Majors of Artillery, Signal, and Quartermaster Corps—aided and abetted by Archie Butt, W. L. Kenley, Meigs Taylor, Cyrus Radford of the Marines, and several officers of the Navy—sent a circular around. It was suggested that a society be formed to promote camaraderie and remembrance of service in the Philippines. Commissioned officers whose Island service fell between 1898 and 1902 were eligible. Ultimately we extended the period to 1906, because of the Moro Campaign.

My name stood ninth on the original list made by Stevens, but as I failed to attend the first meeting in October, I was finally numbered 70. From the beginning,

the Carabaos were a huge success. All the officers of the Boxer Expedition were eligible and came in. Kenley, Taylor, Butt, and many another gifted amateur actor, singer, playwright, and composer contributed their talents to our entertainments.

There was a time not so far back when every ranking officer of the Army belonged to the Carabaos, having joined as Lieutenant or Captain in the old days at Manila. The only time anyone was displeased by our sayings and doings at the dinners—and our guests have ranged from President Taft to Aguinaldo himself—was in 1915, during William Jennings Bryan's brief time as Secretary of State. Bryan was highly offended when he heard us sing with cheerful irreverence, as usual, the old classic: "Damn! Damn! Damn the Filipinos—" and reported indignantly to President Wilson. The Carabaos, of their own accord, held no more meetings until about 1920!

In March, 1902, dengue fever laid me up, and during convalescence the medicos ordered me away for a time. Mrs. Cruse and I made a very pleasant trip to Hongkong and Japan. The British-Japanese Entente had just been signed, and a celebration was held in Yokohama while we were there. The British Asiatic Squadron, the Japanese Home Fleet, and our battleship *Kentucky*—with Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans and Captain Stockton—and several gunboats rendezvoused in the harbor.

It was a grand affair—or succession of affairs. I recall that we met at a garden party Sir Cyprian Bridge, the British Admiral, with practically all the Japanese who became notables during the Russo-Japanese War—Admirals Togo and Uriu, both graduates of our Naval Academy, Generals Kuroki, Nogi, Yamagata, and many others.

During our trip, my son James had made a trip with

Captain Gilbert on the *Pathfinder*, a new vessel attached to the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Both he and Fred had made friends aboard her, being taught to swim and dive expertly by some of the young Survey observers. The original plan was for him to go up to Amoy, China, where the *Pathfinder* was to have overhaul, then return to Manila. But he insisted upon becoming one of the crew and made himself so useful that he was put on the ship's roll at \$25 a month.

He was still aboard, and we were in Japan when the *Pathfinder* was ordered to survey San Bernardino Straits, the dangerous, but much-used passage between Luzon and Samar and Masbate. Mrs. Chaffee tried to lure him ashore to wait for us, but he was too much enamored of life on the ocean wave. He sailed with her to the Straits and proved so useful at rod-carrying and swimming from one rock to another that Captain Gilbert promoted him to \$40 a month.

From San Bernardino the *Pathfinder* went down to Mindanao. In September, when my tour of duty expired we were packing to catch the October transport, several letters and finally an urgent cablegram were required, to pull our young sailor back. He turned up just five days before the transport sailed, brave in a new uniform, with pockets literally bulging with his pay. He was fourteen, then, but Captain Gilbert told us that he had performed the duties of an adult junior officer.

Just before we sailed for San Francisco, the transport arrived in Manila with Washington papers. We were astonished to find an item in one, remarking that Fred Taylor Cruse had been appointed by President Roosevelt as Cadet at West Point—"at large." He was to report for examination in March, 1903.



Photo courtesy N. H. Rose, San Antonio, Texas.

Tom Horn, who was a scout with Lieutenants Gatewood, Maus, and Wood.



Beatrice Cottrell Cruse. Manila, 1902.

Later, we learned that he had gone from school to Washington, to visit the Hodgsons—Mrs. Cruse's sister and brother-in-law—and while there had spoken of West Point. Hodgson and our old friend, Carter, aided by Governor Taft who was there from Manila, secured the appointment.

Even when I was leaving the Depot, turning over to Major W. S. Wood, we could not close down, even for forty-eight hours, to make inventory. Wood and I struck a sort of piecemeal balance acceptable to us both. My figures showed me ahead something over \$120,000 on some things, but short on others. I took not only my own returns, but my predecessors' as well, hoping to straighten the Philippines office once and for all with the Auditor.

We sailed on the *Sheridan*, anticipating a pleasant voyage of about twenty-eight days, since we were to miss both Guam and Honolulu. Just before leaving, a Lieutenant Corey, his mother and father and five or six convalescent soldiers from Leyte were rushed aboard. We reached Mariveles at the mouth of the Bay about an hour later, between five and six of the afternoon.

That night Lieutenant Corey's mother became violently ill. We had eight or ten returning surgeons and several nurses aboard, all familiar with tropic diseases. They diagnosed Mrs. Corey's case as the dreaded cholera. She died thirty-six hours later in spite of the wealth of expert attention given her. The next day two of Corey's convalescents died. So we had to remain there twelve days, during which time several more died. Our loss was fourteen in all. A week after the last death, we sailed for Nagasaki.

For two or three days we were well enough. Then there was another outbreak, and we lost eight more. So we entered Nagasaki with the yellow flag at our masthead

and were sent to the most efficient, comfortable quarantine station I have ever seen. Again the doctors had stamped out the cholera, but we had to remain ten days, fumigating, cleaning up, steaming out the water pipes, and taking aboard fresh spring water.

Our stay was very pleasant and everyone improved in health. Actually, none of us missed the city, the station was so comfortable. Everything was free—tea and cakes for the women, Scotch and soda for the men.

The second night out from Nagasaki, we heard a slight commotion in the cabin adjoining ours. Naturally, our first fear was that cholera had come again. It was a death, but not from cholera. Major Bonesteel, whom I had known at West Point as one of the Class of 1876, had died from Bright's disease.

Twenty days later we reached San Francisco, and the health authorities, upon learning of Bonesteel's death, decided to take no chances. We were sent to Angel Island for ten days, to the most uncomfortable, poorly arranged quarantine station imaginable. But at last we were taken to the dock in San Francisco, and our fifty-two days on the *Sheridan* were done.

On the dock was a very familiar figure, the Baggage Master. It was none other than our famous Eighth Infantry cook from Niobrara, Henry Muller. He simply took charge of us. Our trunks were swept through Customs duty-free. A carriage was got from Headquarters to take us downtown. Our household goods? Forget them! He would have them unloaded and passed—and he did, without duty. Muller the marvelous!

So—we moved on to Washington, very glad to be home again.

Crowded Years

RUMORS OF slackness and dishonesty in the Philippines Department had come to the War Department in such number that a returning Quartermaster was generally greeted by suspicious stares. When I checked the returns brought with me, working with the Auditor, the atmosphere at first was anything but cordial. But eventually I was pleased to see a change in Department opinion. I was able to settle my own returns and those of others; and also to demonstrate that, considering the enormous amount of property handled from 1898 to 1902, losses from maladministration and embezzlement were incredibly small. By April, 1903, my accounts were well on the road to clearance.

In June, Fred, having graduated from St. Luke's School, reported at West Point. James then decided to try for Annapolis. We got him an alternate appointment—dependent upon failure of the principal appointee—from our Kentucky Representative. He was only past fifteen but after a special preparatory course passed the Annapolis examination with splendid marks. But—so did the principal appointee!

We found that Congressman Starke of Nebraska had seen his nominees all fail, physically or mentally. He was willing to give James an appointment, if his unsuccessful nominees were willing and if James would establish Ne-

braska residence. James went out to Aurora, Starke's home town, hunted up the boys who had failed and got their approval. He came back to Washington and entered the Naval Academy.

In spite of his youth, he stood above twenty in a class of some three hundred during his whole time; was star man in his last year; three-striper; took the gold medal for gymnastic excellence, and, because of the planned World Tour of Admiral Bob Evans' White Squadron, was one of eighty-five picked to be graduated a year ahead of time. The Navy was very short of officers, having expanded greatly under Theodore Roosevelt.

From 1903 to 1907, my life was one of important and exacting stations in the Quartermaster Corps; of working days filled with detail; of encounters both personal and professional with pleasant people—notables, many of them. Omaha, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Omaha again—we lived in all of them. Mrs. Cruse made warm friends everywhere, as well as reputation as perfect hostess, of which I was very proud.

In June, 1907, Fred was graduated from West Point, twenty-sixth in a class of one hundred twenty-four, and Cadet Captain. James, commissioned Passed Midshipman, was already on the battleship *Georgia*. She fitted out in Boston Navy Yard, and James was both busy and happy with his part of her arming and manning.

After Fred's graduation, I left Mrs. Cruse with him in New York and hurried back to work in Omaha. They visited James in Boston, saw friends in Washington and Kentucky and at last came to Omaha in July. We were very happy for a little while.

On the morning of August 15, 1907, I opened my copy of the Omaha *Bee* and read of a terrible turret explosion

on the battleship *Georgia*. Several had been killed and hurt.

Within a few minutes a telegram came from Boston. James was one of the officers severely injured. He was still alive when we left Omaha at seven that evening, on the first eastbound train we could get.

At Chicago and Cleveland we received telegrams saying that James, while badly burned, was conscious and apparently improving. When we reached Boston friends met us, to tell us that he still lived, but was very low.

The newspapers had described the accident for us. The *Georgia* had begun Record Target Practice off Provincetown, and James had commanded two secondary battery guns. On the fifteenth he was on engine-room duty, his target practice completed. But Lieutenant Goodrich (son of the Admiral), commanding the after turrets, asked James to take charge of one of the guns. James came up from the engine room in knit watch cap and sweater, glad to have the chance with a big rifle.

His gun was doing remarkably well and had but two more rounds to fire when the great powder charge exploded prematurely—before the breech had swung shut. Instantly, the turret was filled with flames and superheated gas. Goodrich's legs were almost burned off; in his agony he somehow got out of the turret and jumped overboard. He was drawn out of the water but died within the hour.

James' classmate, Faulkner Goldthwaite, standing immediately behind the breech, was literally blown to bits. So were seven of the gun crew, while of the several burned, four died a day or two later.

James was terribly burned on hands and arms, but he scrambled up the iron ladder to turn on the fire hose, then went back into the turret. When rescuers came in a few seconds afterward, James was standing with the hose,

dazed by gas, on the verge of collapse. Taken outside, he was asked by the chaplain how he was and said almost matter-of-factly:

“All right. Never mind me. Look after those fellows.”

But his condition was plainly serious. He was given first aid in his stateroom. The *Georgia* raced for Boston, and when it reached the Navy Yard James walked down the gangway to the ambulance. In Chelsea Naval Hospital it was discovered that his lungs and heart had been much affected by the powder gas. We found him conscious, but on the edge of delirium.

President Roosevelt ordered eminent specialists to the hospital for conference with the Naval surgeons, and they came to tell me that his recovery was hopeless. In mid-morning of August 19 he roused a little, spoke brokenly to his mother, and died holding her hand.

The Navy Department ordered his particular friends to Washington from their ships and stations, to serve as pallbearers. The full Marine Band, a battalion of Marines, several companies of bluejackets, all officers of the Navy Department, our friends in the War Department, formed the cortege to Arlington Cemetery. An Admiral's Escort for a Passed Midshipman, aged not quite nineteen.

“Bravo!” Theodore Roosevelt shouted, when the first word of James’ return to the turret came to him. “That’s the kind of men we have in the Navy. He’s the right stuff!”

We inscribed the words in bronze upon his monument.

Fred’s first duty was with Captain Gatley’s battery of Field Artillery, then in Havana with the Army of Occupation. We moved from Omaha to Boston. My old rival, Aleshire, was a rival no longer: President Roosevelt promoted him from Major to Quartermaster General. This surprised us, though perhaps it should not have, considering

the jumps made by Wood, Bell, Funston, and also Pershing —who in 1906 skipped all grades between Captain of Cavalry and Brigadier General.

Fred served only a year in Havana before passing examination for promotion. Reorganization of the Army and Artillery in particular, together with increases, made more officers necessary. It seemed very different from my day! He left Cuba with commendations from Captain Gatley, General Crowder, and even that stern disciplinarian, General Tom Barry, for military efficiency; for diplomatic handling of elections in the *bosque*. It was a highly satisfactory record.

We were stationed in Chicago, promotion to Lieutenant Colonel having come to me in 1910. There was duty in connection with maneuvers, and much work involved in the new General Staff reorganization of the Army. All sorts of schemes were tried out, most important, perhaps, being concentration of headquarters in three large divisions. The Eastern Division headquartered at Governor's Island, New York. The Central was at Chicago, and the Western at San Francisco.

Another important change, made in 1912, was consolidation of the three old departments of Pay, Subsistence, and Quartermaster in one. Aleshire was made Chief of Corps, with rank of Major General. This altered the prospects of promotion for all of us in the new Corps. But accidents, deaths, resignations, brought me up to Colonel in February, 1913. Mrs. Cruse heaved a deep sigh of relief:

“Now!” she said. “I hope that we’ll hear no more growling about lack of promotion. We’ve had it ever since our marriage.”

The present system of a single-promotion list, incidentally, is much more just and satisfactory to all than the

ancient practice of regimental promotion, or promotion in each branch of the Army, a system tried for a while.

During this time, after transfer back to Boston, we made a trip to Chicago, and there came upon several of our old enemies from Arizona—the Chiricahuas, headed by Nachiz, Gerónimo, Chihuahua, and Chatto. They had got that far on the homeward road after years in Florida and Alabama, but were still prisoners of war.

Two of our most noted Chiefs of Staff—Wotherspoon and the great Indian man, Hugh L. Scott—had been in charge of them during this time, at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, and Fort Sill, Oklahoma, respectively. I have often wondered if their study of the Chiricahuas, the ultimate in personal military efficiency, helped Wotherspoon and Scott later, in their own responsibilities.

From top to bottom, the Quartermaster Corps was getting training that proved invaluable later on. Aleshire had the clearest possible knowledge of Army needs and, with the far-seeing Leonard Wood as Chief of Staff, he got backing for his plan to accumulate a supply reserve. He did not dare use the word "war" in connection with his requests. Pacifists were highly vocal—not to say blatant—and whenever the Army or Navy asked for anything, to fit our armed forces for emergency, they were accused of trying to foment war to their personal profit. The lot of a conscientious military man was hard.

So Aleshire stressed the Army's part in relief work during earthquakes and floods. Between 1910 and 1914 we stored up quite a supply of blankets, cots, tents, under-wear, hats and shoes, though sending immense quantities of supplies to flood sufferers in the Mississippi Valley. Because of these reserves, we were able to provide promptly needed equipment for the troops—regulars and National

Guardsmen—sent to the Mexican Border in 1915 and 1916, during the revolutions.

It was a revelation to us old-timers, to see our smooth efficiency. We remembered how, in 1898, even the regulars had to wait for equipment to be manufactured, before marching. We lost more men during the Spanish-American War from lack of supplies than by enemy bullets. This was made clear to the country, but soon forgotten.

While stationed at Philadelphia, building a reserve stock became almost an obsession with me, and I lost no opportunity to add to our accumulation. When Villa raided over the line into Columbus, New Mexico, we had equipment enough for 200,000 men—a fabulous stock for that day. But Border operations used up most of it. Meanwhile, the European War had begun, and our manufacturers were rushed with orders from abroad. Prices on wool and cotton and other materials went sky-high; our appropriations barely covered current expenses, and Congress absolutely refused to appropriate a penny for reserves.

General Crozier begged frantically for Ordnance, as Aleshire pled for Quartermaster supplies. But we had been assured that the United States was not going into the war; therefore, we were told, the Army needed no unusual allowances. When we *did* go into the struggle there was not in stock sufficiency of ordinary articles to outfit our two regular divisions.

The years of 1915 and 1916 were busy ones. The expedition into Mexico on Villa's trail, commanded by Pershing, gave him and Howze and Harbord and other ranking officers invaluable field practice just before their World War responsibilities began.

Fred covered himself with glory. He served at Marfa, Texas, with his battery, during the Border operations.

Then a Pennsylvania regiment of Infantry, National Guard, was converted into Field Artillery. Colonel Asher Miner commanded, but lacked a Lieutenant Colonel. The vacancy was offered to a Pennsylvanian of the regulars, Captain F. S. Leisenring. Leisenring, an Infantryman, did not feel qualified and highly recommended First Lieutenant Fred Cruse, Field Artillery. Miner and Fred whipped that regiment into an outstanding Field Artillery outfit, one which drew the highest praise from regular Army officers at Fort Bliss, and other posts around El Paso.

This rank and duty he retained until the regiment went home in 1916. By that time he was promoted Captain in the regular Army. Watching him accomplish this after nine years' service, I could not help remarking that I had been from June, 1879, to December, 1896, covering the same ground. Whereupon Mrs. Cruse informed me that I was never so good as Fred at the business of soldiering!

In 1915 I was detailed to the War College for the course. That was a busy, highly interesting year. In our class was a large number of officers destined to garner glory, honor, and the highest rank during the World War.

Particularly, there was Peyton C. March who, as full General and Chief of Staff, eventually outranked everyone in the Army; Henry Jervey, who became March's Chief of Operations; Howze, to be Major General and commander of a division in the most noted battles; Farnsworth, grave and inflexible, also division commander; "Peggy" Winn, short, slow-spoken, whose ability in critical battle situations always delighted Pershing (like Howze and Farnsworth, Major General in command of a division); Lutz Wahl, a brigade commander in France, later Adjutant General.

It was customary to finish the course with a military

ride to Civil War battlefields around Washington, receiving lectures on the operations involved. But Mexican Border troubles interfered in 1916. We never made our ride. Instead, we gathered quietly one morning for a simple ceremony of graduation. Our diplomas were handed us, and by night the class was scattered, heading for commands all over the United States, bearing orders that said "at once!"

My orders took me to duty in the War Department, Supply Branch.

Into the World War

GENERAL ALESHIRE was head of the Quartermaster Corps, but in very bad health. He had indicated his intention to retire and did retire in September, 1916. Generals Devol and Sharpe contested bitterly for command of the Corps, and Sharpe won. Devol had been serving in the Canal Zone for two years and so was entitled to retire as Major General. An excellent civil position was offered him in San Francisco, so he went out. My old friend of Apache campaigns, A. L. Smith, was promoted Brigadier in Sharpe's vacancy.

When these changes had been made and we came to take stock of ourselves, I found that I was the Colonel of longest service, but only sixth in date of commission. Colonels who had come into the Army anywhere from four to twenty years after me had benefited by fortunate appointments; in the colloquial term, had "got the breaks."

Devol's retirement left a second vacancy for Brigadier General and on the ground of my long service I applied for it. So did Colonels Harry L. Rogers, John B. Bellinger, and Chauncey Baker. The contest soon crystallized into a race between Rogers and myself.

Rogers was ranking Colonel of the Corps, though one of its youngest officers. Secretary Alger—a family friend—had appointed him Major in the Pay Department in May, 1898. He had run through the other grades very rapidly,

becoming Colonel, Pay Department, in 1907. Then, with consolidation of Pay, Subsistence, and Quartermaster Departments in 1912, Rogers became ranking Colonel of the entire Quartermaster Corps.

He had another advantage: It was claimed that when the consolidation was effected, one of the Corps' three Brigadiers should be chosen from the ex-Paymasters. Rogers was canny! In my own service, while performing duties in various places, under famous Generals, high compliments had come my way. But they had been verbal. It was decidedly *not* customary in those earlier years to ask your superior for written commendations. So, of all my compliments, only one was in writing—a letter from General Humphrey covering Philippines service. Even that was officially unknown; I had never thought to file it with my record.

But Rogers had looked ahead! When he was commended, he asked to have the statement in writing. So he possessed eulogistic letters from a score of prominent Generals—including those who had complimented me at least as highly, many of them my close personal friends—Chaffee, Carter, Pershing, Bell, and many others. None had ever expected to have their praise of Rogers thrown by him into the balance against me.

Bellinger came into my office one day to say that I had no earthly chance; the race was between him and Rogers. This seemed correct, at the time. Apparently, nobody supported me, while Rogers' friends were pounding the tom-toms frantically. General Sharpe not only did not support me, but was rather inclined to throw his influence to Rogers, because of that consolidation agreement. I could not stress my service and undeservedly slow promotion with any hope of sympathy, for Sharpe, like Rogers,

had skyrocketed to rank. President Arthur had jumped him from Lieutenant to Captain in 1883 and rapid promotions afterward brought him to Commissary General in 1905. But at last he agreed to stand neutral.

One friend I had, though I was unaware of it at first. Hugh L. Scott was now Chief of Staff with rank of Major General. Like some of the rest of us, Scott had seen himself sidetracked time and again. Actually, through the vagaries and injustices of the old promotion system, Scott, entering the Army in 1876, was ranked as Colonel by Rogers, entering in 1898!

We seesawed until November, 1916. Then Scott called me into the office one day and remarked quietly that he had recommended me over the others to the President and I was to be appointed. He warned me to say nothing, lest pressure become too great for Mr. Wilson and he be forced to change his decision.

January 12, 1917, I was confirmed by the Senate and accepted my commission that day. General Sharpe assigned me to the office just vacated by General Devol upon retirement. This was really that branch of the Quartermaster Corps which had been the Paymaster General's office in preconsolidation days. Devol had disliked it intensely, for all his experience—like mine—had been with men, supplies, outdoor work. His painfully accumulated knowledge helped not at all in matters of straight finance. Nor did mine. Within a month I was as unhappy as Devol had been.

General Smith had the Clothing and Equipage section and felt lost there, he told me. I suggested that we see General Sharpe and ask to trade offices. My years in St. Louis, Chicago, Omaha, Boston, and Philadelphia had given me the most intimate knowledge of Clothing and

Equipage. I knew the contractors personally, was familiar with their mill capacities and peculiarities and really enjoyed working in this branch.

But Smith wanted my Pay no more than I did. His eye was on the ballooning Transportation—motor and rail—then getting far too big for Colonel Chauncey Baker to handle alone, as we neared April, 1917, and our entry into the World War.

We urged General Sharpe to reassign us, showing him how beneficial it would be to the Corps. His definite and persistent refusal to make any changes bitterly disappointed us—and resulted finally in the downfall of us all, Sharpe, Smith, Baker, and myself. Smith was a careful and conscientious officer but utterly unable to establish cordial relations with the great textile men and shoe manufacturers and other tycoons of industry who did so much to outfit our enormous forces. Ultimately, dollar-a-year men had to be thrust into his department, and he found himself edged completely out of the picture.

Colonel Baker held tenaciously to all of his multiplying jobs, refusing to divide or relinquish any of them. So divisions were arbitrarily made. Atterbury appeared one day as Railroad Director; Water Transport was made separate under Major F. T. Hines; Motor Transport, also, became a branch to itself. Baker was left to purchase horses, mules, and wagons.

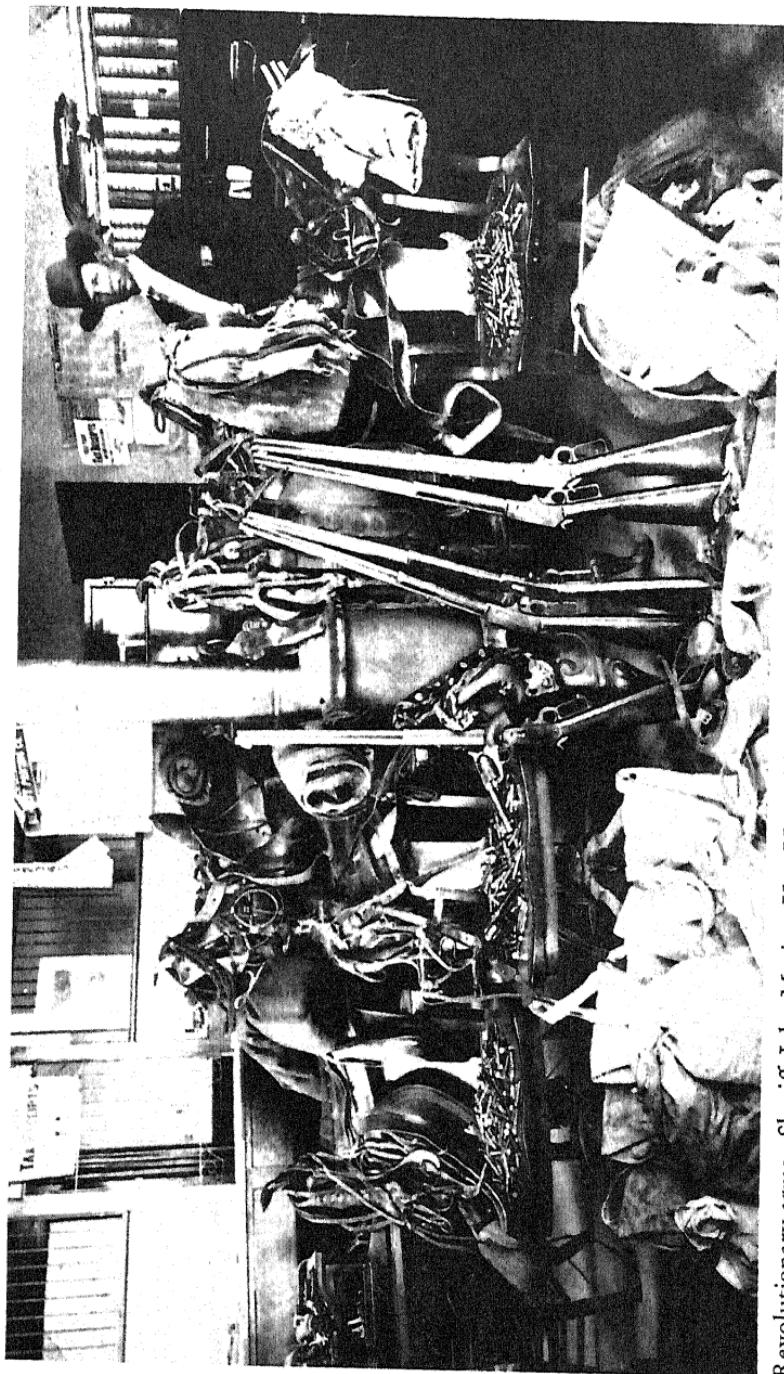
Even though my office was not the job in which I felt most capable of rendering maximum service, it operated with efficiency. Three most capable assistants were directly responsible for this—Colonel Herbert P. Lord, later Director of the Budget and always a financial genius, Major Kenzie Walker, and Chief Clerk Klober. They knew more about "high finance" than I could hope to learn; it was

only necessary not to interfere. Ours was the only branch which escaped utter disruption in the frenzied days that followed, when Supply talked of millions, instead of hundreds, of dollars. Lord established a liaison with the Treasury Department that successfully met every demand of our swelling activities.

Months before our declaration of war upon the Central Powers, it was realized that mere defense of our own country necessitated a far-reaching and scientific program. First step was the institution of the Council of National Defense and an Advisory Commission composed of outstanding industrialists. Our War College had worked out detailed plans for a strong defense army. The U. S. Shipping Board was formed. The Navy was given great increases. By March, 1917, the Munitions Standards Board was called into being by President Wilson, under the chairmanship of Frank Scott. This was an inspired appointment. Scott, head of Cleveland's Warney, Swazey Company, was one of the most far-seeing patriots it has ever been my fortune to serve with.

Changes were occurring daily. Chiefly, we noted the enormous increase in our expenditures all along the line. Of course, the huge Allied purchases in this country, beginning in 1914, had accustomed the Quartermaster Corps in some degree to problems of Supply for armed forces running into millions. Too, we had begun to consider American capacity for production and ways of developing and directing output so as to supply the Allies without unnecessary deprivation of our own population, civil and military. We had come into competition with Allied purchasing agents as well as our own individual branch buyers. Some of us realized the enormity of the task confronting the Corps.

Secretary Newton D. Baker found himself dissatisfied



Revolutionary arms. Sheriff John Morine, Van Horn, Texas, with weapons and equipment of Pascual Orozco's band, wiped out by cowboys when they came over the border.

with the Quartermaster Corps. In late 1917 he called in General George W. Goethals, famed builder of the Panama Canal. He gave him full authority to make changes, as Acting Quartermaster General. Poor General Sharpe was immediately stripped of all authority and banished to a single room with one clerk. When he thought fit to make a few suggestions, Goethals informed him bluntly that when his advice was needed he would be sent for.

General Smith had just suffered a hot session with Secretary Baker and as a result asked retirement. Goethals called him in and approved his retirement as of that day.

I could see the handwriting on the wall. Because of General Sharpe's refusal to give Smith and me the duties for which we were particularly fitted, the efficiency of all the Corps was injured at the top. Now, Sharpe and Smith had suffered, and I expected to be next. December passed, however, without a summons. But on January 8, 1918, Goethals informed me in his office that I did not fit into his scheme of things. He had discussed me with the Acting Chief of Staff, General Biddle. I could retire as Brigadier General, and both he and Biddle would recommend that I be placed on active duty outside the War Department.

Close friends of mine had been forced into retirement in similar situations. It had always seemed to me that their feeling of humiliation and chagrin were not justified, when circumstances beyond their control—and really reflecting in no way upon their character or professional efficiency—brought involuntary retirement. Watching Chaffee, Smith, and others, I had determined that if the experience came to me I would go as promptly and cheerfully as might be, to act the soldier even in that hard situation.

The big clock beyond Goethals showed 10:10 A. M. I stood and said:

"The application for retirement will be in your hands by noon, General."

Back in my office I checked the paragraph in Regulations that must be quoted. The stenographer made three copies, and I went to the apartment in Stoneleigh Court to pull myself together. Mrs. Cruse, ill, was out of the city. Shortly after eleven I placed my application in Goethals' hands. Not a word of comment was spoken on either side. More than forty years of active service had ended for me. That was a gray day. My sixtieth birthday fell on December 29, 1917. There were important positions in which I knew my services would have been of great value, had attempt been made to place me.

Well, Goethals was to have his gray day too. When Peyton C. March relieved Biddle as Chief of Staff, Goethals was made Assistant in charge of a division termed Purchase, Storage, and Traffic. Colonel Robert E. Wood, who was Captain in Panama had handled supplies ranging from a needle to a locomotive for Goethals, was brought back from France, promoted Brigadier General and made Acting Quartermaster General. Goethals expected to be made Chief of Supply in France with high rank. But Pershing said curtly that General Goethals did not fit into *his* scheme of things. Harbord got the job, with Brigadier Generals Dawes and Atterbury his assistants in handling A. E. F. Supply.

Nor did Goethals share in the testamentary promotions after the World War, which made Pershing and March full Generals, Liggett and Bullard Lieutenant Generals. Congress had promoted him Major General in 1915, for services connected with the Canal. He was not even suggested for higher rank.

These things are said in no spirit of malice or envy or

detraction from Goethals' greatness as an Engineer. The point that does seem important, in fairness to veteran officers both able and loyal whom he handled roughly, is that Goethals' years of experience had not been in Quartermaster work, nor was he given the time necessary to prepare himself for his new duties. So his "shake-ups" did not lay the foundation for efficiency. Actually, it is doubtful if he ever came to understand the business of Supply as well as his classmate, Sharpe, whom he displaced with such unnecessary contempt. As Engineer he was one of our great figures; as head of Supply he was a dismal figure. I think he realized this fully before the Armistice.

Washington—Retirement

DURING my seventeen years of service following the Spanish-American War and occupation of the Philippines, I came in contact with many of the country's outstanding business leaders. Particularly during the years from 1915 to 1918, when various patriotic enterprises drew them to Washington, I met men who were then notable and since have become world-famous.

The old Munitions Standards Board mentioned in a foregoing chapter brought to the capital the best men of every line from all over the United States. I have spoken of Frank Scott—who slaved himself into a physical breakdown by November, 1917. He was a man of the most remarkable understanding of men and events and, having made a fortune, devoted himself to American historical research and public service. His intimate knowledge of the clay feet sported by many "great" figures, gained from painstaking study of obscure records, never weakened Scott's faith in the innate soundness of America, nor roused cynicism in him.

We had also the services of Bernard M. Baruch, of whose place in the history of that period nothing needs to be told. Staunch supporter of our war efforts, a genius at organization, Baruch moved mountains.

Julius Rosenwald, the Sears, Roebuck multi-millionaire, was for general supplies. Certainly, he "took off his coat

and waded in" energetically. Those of us who worked with him will never forget the fund of unique stories with which he enlivened our gatherings, each yarn prefaced by "I saw in the Sears catalogue—"

Daniel Willard succeeded Scott on the War Industries Board into which the Munitions Board grew. Hugh Frayne, labor leader, was of infinite help to the Administration when the draft bill began to operate. Robert S. Lovett worked with railroads. Howard Coffin and J. N. Willys served as experts on gas engines. Colonel Starrett of the noted George A. Fuller Construction Company, assisted by Major R. A. Marshall, wrestled with the gigantic cantonment construction problems as hundreds of thousands of recruits began to pour in. The brilliant Commander Hancock represented Naval Supply; Admiral Bowles, Naval Construction; Colonel Beverly Dunn, Army Ordnance.

Mrs. Cruse's brother-in-law, Hodgson, had been retired for physical disability—angina. He was recalled to duty as one of Scott's assistants. His wide previous knowledge of Army Supply proved of great value to the Board. He died suddenly, one night in August, 1917, having worked all the day. I believe that his funeral was attended by more noted men than I had ever seen gathered for such an occasion.

Not only did these men serve the country at their own expense, giving the benefit of their vast specialized knowledge and executive abilities, but they performed another service not so much dwelt upon: each had great influence in his own section of the country. When they went to a senator or representative to explain the need for special legislation or vastly increased appropriations, they were received as officers of Army and Navy could not always

be. This was of enormous help to the overtaxed President and Cabinet.

My connection with the Board was by order of General Sharpe, as liaison man for the Quartermaster Corps. I recall vividly one of the very early meetings, when among other articles needed I listed a million blankets. Scott asked a few questions which showed his complete grasp of the Army situation, then doubled the number and advised arranging for three millions more before summer!

It is often fashionable to rail at the rich, successful citizens of our country. But my association with many such showed me how they gave their time, their abilities, their money, without limit to secure our victory. The difference between them and less wealthy people seemed to be only that they were able to do what others would have liked to do for the country.

After my retirement I remained in Washington until General Biddle told me that I would not soon be given any active duty. Business acquaintances had made me flattering offers of well-paid positions. So I asked if I might accept civilian employment. Permission was granted, with the warning that a retired officer must not be party to any Government contracts. Otherwise, there was no objection whatever.

Actually, some twenty-odd Army and Navy officers of retired status had been snapped up by firms anxious to utilize their special technical knowledge. General Humphrey, ex-Quartermaster General, was with the Duponts as Washington representative. Beverly Dunn was an expert on the transportation of explosives, having evolved a system used by all the railroads. One retired Navy Commander held an important post as steel authority and another represented a large rubber company.

It seemed to be generally recognized in official circles that none of these officers ever forgot for an instant his allegiance to the United States. Rather, they were believed to be of great help since they knew the requirements of the Government, each in his own line. This attitude was well known to me when I began to consider the positions offered me by men familiar with whatever abilities I had for business management.

A ship-building project would have paid \$8,000 a year. But it seemed to me that their expansion program was rather speculative, in spite of the soundness they showed financially. I passed that place. One that appealed was the post of sales manager of a big woolen mill. The salary there, also, was excellent. But we would have had to live in the Middle West. Several other positions were being considered when I found myself "smothered in blankets," so to speak, in the most painful experience of my life.

H. H. Lippert, a manufacturers' agent whom I had known well and favorably in Chicago, came to me one day with a tale of woe. The mill he represented had secured contract for 100,000 woolen blankets of Government specifications in June, 1917. Delivery was to be made at St. Louis and the price was very low—\$3.85 apiece, as I recall it.

Deliveries and acceptances went well until Depot personnel at St. Louis was doubled and a new Captain Quartermaster was brought in from civil life to take charge of the Inspecting and Receiving branch. Also, several veteran textile inspectors were ordered away to other points and new men assigned in their places.

Government specifications for any article are very complicated and the responsibility of the purchasing officer grave. There has never yet been manufactured an exact

specification blanket. The most acute and experienced judgment is required, to weigh good qualities against defects, get an excellent article, and guard against fraud.

When the new Captain and his new inspectors read their blanket specifications they were thoroughly scared. To be on the safe side, they rejected about two thirds of all deliveries. Normally, perhaps six per hundred are rejected, then these are re-examined by two or three experts and some of them accepted.

Lippert told me that by January 26, 1918, the Depot Quartermaster had about 25,000 blankets in the rejected pile. The mill had 15,000 more ready for shipment, but would not send any until some arrangement was made about those in controversy. The St. Louis Depot would neither accept nor release the 25,000; nobody could seem to do anything, and the mill faced grave financial difficulties, even bankruptcy.

To make matters worse, the swarming recruits in camps were without proper covering and feeling the cold. Complaints were pouring into the War Department. So Knight, at Chicago, was ordered to rush into the open market and buy any kind of blanket or quilt obtainable—at any price. He had called upon Lippert, offering him as much as \$6 for those rejects!

I questioned Lippert closely, asking if the blankets were really faulty in weaving or had any shoddy in them. He assured me that one had only to examine them to see that they were well-woven, of full weight, standard wool, really fine blankets. But in "fulling" some had come out a trifle short, as much as an inch in some cases. He begged me to tell him what to do, to get the rejects accepted or released.

The situation seemed quite clear. Also, I realized how

badly the blankets were needed and I knew that both Knight and Clarke—the St. Louis Quartermaster—were due for serious trouble if it ever became known that one had rejected blankets at \$3.85, while the other had bought them eagerly at almost double that.

At last I told Lippert that I would be glad to go out to St. Louis and investigate, if he paid expenses. I warned him that my work might not accomplish anything. He seemed highly pleased and said that he would gladly abide by my decision. I accepted \$100 expense money, later returning \$22 of it.

In St. Louis I saw Colonel Clarke, telling him that my visit was absolutely unofficial. We inspected about a hundred of the "worst" rejects and found them exactly as Lippert had stated. All were full weight, well-woven of excellent wool, but some were short. I told Clarke unofficially that I would not hesitate to accept every blanket; and that if he let them get away Knight would snap up the bunch at a much higher price and the Army would have them, anyway.

Clarke agreed and returned to his office to begin filling delayed requisitions. Going home, I felt thoroughly pleased with myself. I had certainly saved the Government between \$25,000 and \$50,000, the boys in camps would get good blankets promptly and—I firmly believed—both Knight and Clarke had been saved from what might have blossomed into a scandal impossible to explain.

Then it occurred to me that I had used Lippert's expense money to cost him a good deal! But there was no help for that; he would just have to bear it. When I saw Lippert at the Shoreham I explained that I had acted according to my best judgment. He said that it was all perfectly satisfactory, both to him and to his mill. Clarke

was taking all the blankets; those at the mill were being shipped; Clarke was paying and asking for the rest of the contracted number. There would be no penalties to pay and satisfactory relations were re-established all around.

"Now," he said, "how much do I owe you?"

"Nothing," I answered. "I did the Government more good than I did you, even though it won't pay me for the service."

He insisted upon giving me a thousand dollars, remarking that the amount by no means expressed his appreciation for my help. In fact, if I wanted more he would gladly give it. The check astonished me for I had no reason at all to expect it.

"We were facing bankruptcy for several days," he told me. "You will never know the feeling of relief I had, when you telegraphed from St. Louis. Any lawyer would charge us two or three times what you're getting—and doubtless would not have helped at all."

After more argument and expostulation I took the fee and deposited it in my account at the Riggs National Bank. Lippert asked me to become his Washington representative at \$300 a month, not to figure in any of his contracts, but only to advise him. I drew one month's pay and made another trip. Then on a March morning I waked to find myself on the front pages:

"GENERAL CRUSE A GRAFTER!" the huge headlines screamed. Subheads were still more startling, expressing guesses as to my probable punishment.

To a man who had completed more than forty years of spotless service, his honesty and uprightness often commended by associates both civil and military, this was a sickening jolt. The Inspector General demanded an explanation of my connection with Lippert. I gave it in

detail, remarking that I had openly deposited the check. The Department kept me waiting until April 21, then informed me that while my conduct had not been *reprehensible*, it was *unethical*. My connection with Lippert must cease immediately and every cent received from him returned.

I was indignant; very bitter about the misconstructions placed upon the whole affair. But the orders were obeyed and when nobody could explain why I had been bribed to cost Lippert money he might have made, the case was forgotten.

One tower of strength in that troubled time I shall never forget. Attorney Frank Hogan and I had been friends since his days in the War Department as stenographer to the Quartermaster General. He took my statement of facts to the Press Club and saw that it was printed in all prominent papers of America.

Lippert lived in Chicago, and the *Tribune* of that city had in consequence broken the story. Hogan carried a paper with the scareheads to John Callen O'Laughlin, Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*.

"‘General Cruse A Graftor?’” he read, then remarked: “Well, *I guess not*, Cal! I would advise you to telegraph your paper to go slow!”

O'Laughlin followed the advice, and the story began to fizzle from that moment. The District Attorney in Chicago was asked to indict Lippert, but refused flatly. That ended it, from a publicity angle.

As soon as the Department decided in my case, Mrs. Cruse and I left Washington, to live in Atlantic City, or on the wing to make visits.

The greatest sorrow of my life came February 15, 1936, when my beloved wife, companion, and friend fell peace-

fully asleep in Walter Reed Hospital, just one day after our fifty-fourth wedding anniversary. In Arlington Cemetery she rests by her idolized son, James, and many of our friends.

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